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# THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

1580-1912

With an Appendix Containing a Few Well-known Poems  
in Other Languages

Selected and Arranged

By

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

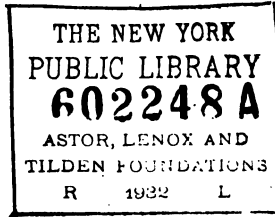
VOLUME V

FAMILIAR VERSE, AND POEMS  
HUMOROUS AND SATIRIC



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**PART IV**  
**FAMILIAR VERSE, AND POEMS**  
**HUMOROUS AND SATIRIC**



## BALLADE OF THE PRIMITIVE JEST

"What did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blonde Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe?"—BRANDER MATTHEWS

I AM an ancient Jest!  
Palæolithic man  
In his arboreal nest  
The sparks of fun would fan;  
My outline did he plan,  
And laughed like one possessed,  
'Twas thus my course began,  
I am a Merry Jest!

I am an early Jest!  
Man delved, and built, and span;  
Then wandered South and West  
The peoples Aryan,  
I journeyed in their van;  
The Semites, too, confessed,—  
From Beersheba to Dan,—  
I am a Merry Jest!

I am an ancient Jest!  
Through all the human clan,  
Red, black, white, free, oppressed,  
Hilarious I ran!  
I'm found in Lucian,  
In Poggio, and the rest,  
I'm dear to Moll and Nan!  
I am a Merry Jest!

### ENVOY

Prince, you may storm and ban—  
Joe Millers *are* a pest,  
Suppress me if you can!  
I am a Merry Jest!

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

## THE KINDLY MUSE

### TIME TO BE WISE

YES; I write verses now and then,  
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,  
No longer talked of by young men

As rather clever:

In the last quarter are my eyes,  
You see it by their form and size;  
Is it not time then to be wise?

Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!  
While Time allows the short reprieve,  
Just look at me! would you believe

'Twas once a lover?

I cannot clear the five-bar gate;  
But, trying first its timber's state,  
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait  
To trundle over.

Through gallopade I cannot swing  
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:  
I cannot say the tender thing,

Be't true or false,

And am beginning to opine  
Those girls are only half-divine  
Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine  
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder;  
I wish them wiser, graver, older,  
Sedater, and no harm if colder,

And panting less.  
 Ah! people were not half so wild  
 In former days, when, starchly mild,  
 Upon her high-heeled Essex smiled  
 The brave Queen Bess.  
*Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]*

### UNDER THE LINDENS

UNDER the lindens lately sat  
 A couple, and no more, in chat;  
 I wondered what they would be at  
     Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet,  
 I heard the words, "How sweet! how sweet!"  
 Had then the Fairies given a treat  
     Under the lindens?

I pondered long and could not tell  
 What dainty pleased them both so well:  
 Bees! bees! was it your hydromel  
     Under the lindens?  
*Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]*

### ADVICE

To write as your sweet mother does  
     Is all you wish to do.  
 Play, sing, and smile for others, Rose!  
     Let others write for you.

Or mount again your Dartmoor gray,  
     And I will walk beside,  
 Until we reach that quiet bay  
     Which only hears the tide.

Then wave at me your pencil, then  
     At distance bid me stand,  
 Before the caverned cliff, again  
     The creature of your hand.

And bid me then go past the nook  
 To sketch me less in size;  
 There are but few content to look  
 So little in your eyes.

Delight us with the gifts you have,  
 And wish for none beyond:  
 To some be gay, to some be grave,  
 To one (blest youth!) be fond.

Pleasures there are how close to Pain  
 And better unpossessed!  
 Let poetry's too throbbing vein  
 Lie quiet in your breast.

*Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]*

TO FANNY

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prosés,  
 You want not antiquity's stamp;  
 The lip, that such fragrance discloses,  
 Oh! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses  
 Have long set the Loves at defiance,  
 Now, done with the science of blisses,  
 May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,  
 Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,  
 Condemned but to read of enjoyments,  
 Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—  
 Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages;  
 Who could not in *one* of your looks  
 Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eyes  
 Better light than she studies above,  
 And Music must borrow your sighs  
 As the melody fittest for Love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,  
 In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;  
 Oh! show but that mole on your neck,  
 And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip  
 When to kiss and to count you endeavor;  
 But eloquence glows on your lip  
 When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance  
 Of arts is assembled in you,—  
 A course of more exquisite science  
 Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh!—if a Fellow like me  
 May confer a diploma of hearts,  
 With my lip thus I seal your degree,  
 My divine little Mistress of Arts!

*Thomas Moore [1779-1852]*

#### "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY"

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,  
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet;  
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,  
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!  
 I'd never languish for wealth, or for power,  
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet:  
 I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,  
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

O could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,  
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;  
 Their summer days' ramble is sportive and airy,  
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.  
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary;  
 Power, alas! naught but misery brings!  
 I'd be a Butterfly, sportive and airy,  
 Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings!

“I’m Not a Single Man.” 1655

What, though you tell me each gay little rover  
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day:  
Surely 'tis better when summer is over  
To die when all fair things are fading away.  
Some in life's winter may toil to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay—  
I'd be a butterfly; living, a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away!

*Thomas Haynes Bayly [1797-1839]*

“I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN ”

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask  
A Benedictine pen,  
That cannot quite at freedom write  
Like those of other men.  
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint  
To fill this page's span,  
But be correct and recollect  
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think, for pen and ink  
How hard to get along,  
That may not turn on words that burn,  
Or Love, the life of song!  
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I  
May woo all in a clan;  
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—  
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head,  
May eke it out with heart,  
And in their lays it often plays  
A rare first-fiddle part.  
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,  
But if *I* so began,  
I have my fears about my ears—  
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,  
 Nor on your lip be warm,  
 I must be wise about your eyes,  
 And formal with your form;  
 Of all that sort of thing, in short,  
 On T. H. Bayly's plan,  
 I must not twine a single line—  
 I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart  
 To keep you off its beat,  
 And I might dare as soon to swear  
 At *you*, as at your feet.  
 I can't expire in passion's fire  
 As other poets can—  
 My life (she's by) won't let me die—  
 I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,  
 Forbidden bow and dart;  
 Without a groan to call my own,  
 With neither hand nor heart;  
 To Hymen vowed, and not allowed  
 To flirt e'en with your fan,  
 Here end, as just a friend, I must—  
 I'm not a single man.

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

TO ———

We met but in one giddy dance,  
 Good-night joined hands with greeting;  
 And twenty thousand things may chance  
 Before our second meeting;  
 For oh! I have been often told  
 That all the world grows older,  
 And hearts and hopes to-day so cold,  
 To-morrow must be colder.  
 If I have never touched the string  
 Beneath your chamber, dear one,  
 And never said one civil thing  
 When you were by to hear one,—

If I have made no rhymes about  
Those looks which conquer Stoics,  
And heard those angel tones, without  
One fit of fair heroics,—

Yet do not, though the world's cold school  
Some bitter truths has taught me,  
Oh, do not deem me quite the fool  
Which wiser friends have thought me!  
There is one charm I still could feel,  
If no one laughed at feeling;  
One dream my lute could still reveal,—  
If it were worth revealing.

But Folly little cares what name  
Of friend or foe she handles,  
When merriment directs the game,  
And midnight dims the candles;  
I know that Folly's breath is weak  
And would not stir a feather;  
But yet I would not have her speak  
Your name and mine together.

Oh no! this life is dark and bright,  
Half rapture and half sorrow;  
My heart is very full to-night,  
My cup shall be to-morrow!  
But they shall never know from me,  
On any one condition,  
Whose health made bright my Burgundy,  
Whose beauty was my vision!  
*Winthrop Mackworth Praed* [1802-1839]

## THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere Time and Taste  
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,  
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
And roads as little known as scurvy,



The man who lost his way between  
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,  
Was always shown across the Green,  
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;  
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
Led the lorn traveller up the path  
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;  
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
Upon the parlor steps collected,  
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,  
"Our master knows you; you're expected!"

Up rose the Reverend Doctor Brown,  
Up rose the Doctor's "winsome marrow";  
The lady laid her knitting down,  
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;  
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,  
He found a stable for his steed,  
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,  
And warmed himself in court or college,  
He had not gained an honest friend,  
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—  
If he departed as he came,  
With no new light on love or liquor,—  
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses;  
It slipped from politics to puns;  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,  
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;  
And when, by dint of page and line,  
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep,  
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,  
And the lean Levite went to sleep  
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed  
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,  
Without refreshment on the road  
From Jerome, or from Athanasius;  
And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
The hand and head that penned and planned them,  
For all who understood, admired,  
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,  
Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
And hints to noble lords and nurses;  
True histories of last year's ghost;  
Lines to a ringlet or a turban;  
And trifles to the Morning Post,  
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
Although he had a knack of joking;  
He did not make himself a bear,  
Although he had a taste for smoking;  
And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
And share the widow's homelier pottage.

At his approach complaint grew mild,  
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter,  
 The clammy lips of Fever smiled  
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
 Of Julius Caesar or of Venus;  
 From him I learned the rule of three,  
 Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.  
 I used to sing his powdered wig,  
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
 And make the puppy dance a jig  
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change! In vain I look  
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;  
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled.  
 The church is larger than before,  
 You reach it by a carriage entry:  
 It holds three hundred people more,  
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat; you'll hear  
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
 Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,  
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.  
 Where is the old man laid? Look down,  
 And construe on the slab before you:  
 "*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*  
*Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.*"  
*Winthrop Mackworth Praed* [1802-1839]

#### THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams  
 Had been of being wise or witty;  
 Ere I had done with writing themes,  
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;—

## The Belle of the Ball-Room 1661

Years, years ago, while all my joy  
Were in my fowling-piece and filly;  
In short, while I was yet a boy,  
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at the County Ball;  
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle  
Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
Of hands across and down the middle,  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:  
She was our queen, our rose, our star;  
And then she danced,—oh, heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;  
Her voice was exquisitely tender;  
Her eyes were full of liquid light;  
I never saw a waist so slender;  
Her every look, her every smile,  
Shot right and left a score of arrows;  
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,  
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,—  
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,  
Of dangles or of dancing bears,  
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;  
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,  
To me it mattered not a tittle,  
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,  
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,  
I loved her with a love eternal;  
I spoke her praises to the moon,  
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal.  
My mother laughed; I soon found out  
That ancient ladies have no feeling:  
My father frowned; but how should gout  
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,  
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;  
She had one brother just thirteen,  
Whose color was extremely hectic;  
Her grandmother, for many a year,  
Had fed the parish with her bounty;  
Her second cousin was a peer,  
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,  
And mortgages, and great relations,  
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,  
Oh, what are they to love's sensations?  
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,—  
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;  
He cares as little for the stocks,  
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,  
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;  
She botanized; I envied each  
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:  
She warbled Handel; it was grand,—  
She made the Catilina jealous;  
She touched the organ; I could stand  
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,  
Well filled with all an album's glories;  
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,  
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories,  
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,  
And autographs of Prince Lèboo,  
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;  
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;  
Her poodle-dog was quite adored;  
Her sayings were extremely quoted.

' The Fine Old English Gentleman 1663

She laughed, and every heart was glad,  
As if the taxes were abolished;  
She frowned, and every look was sad,  
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun,—  
I knew that there was nothing in it;  
I was the first, the only one  
Her heart had thought of for a minute.  
I knew it, for she told me so,  
In phrase which was divinely moulded;  
She wrote a charming hand, and oh,  
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves,—  
A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;  
Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted: months and years rolled by;  
We met again four summers after.  
Our parting was all sob and sigh,—  
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;  
For, in my heart's most secret cell,  
There had been many other lodgers;  
And she was not the ball-room's belle,  
But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers!  
*Winthrop Mackworth Praed [1802-1839]*

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

I'LL sing you a good old song,  
Made by a good old pate,  
Of a fine old English gentleman  
Who had an old estate,

And who kept up his old mansion  
At a bountiful old rate;  
With a good old porter to relieve  
The old poor at his gate,  
Like a fine old English gentleman  
All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around  
With pikes and guns and bows,  
And swords, and good old bucklers,  
That had stood some tough old blows;  
'Twas there "his worship" held his state  
In doublet and trunk hose,  
And quaffed his cup of good old sack,  
To warm his good old nose,  
Like a fine old English gentleman  
All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,  
He opened house to all;  
And though threescore and ten his years,  
He featly led the ball;  
Nor was the houseless wanderer  
E'er driven from his hall;  
For while he feasted all the great,  
He ne'er forgot the small;  
Like a fine old English gentleman  
All of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight,  
And years rolled swiftly by;  
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaimed  
This good old man must die!  
He laid him down right tranquilly,  
Gave up life's latest sigh;  
And mournful stillness reigned around,  
And tears bedewed each eye,  
For this fine old English gentleman  
All of the olden time.

Now surely this is better far  
Than all the new parade  
Of theaters and fancy balls,  
"At home" and masquerade:  
And much more economical,  
For all his bills were paid,  
Then leave your new vagaries quite,  
And take up the old trade  
Of a fine old English gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

*Unknown*

#### SIR MARMADUKE

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight,—  
Good man! old man!  
He's painted standing bolt upright,  
With his hose rolled over his knee;  
His periwig's as white as chalk,  
And on his fist he holds a hawk;  
And he looks like the head  
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide,—  
Good man! old man!  
His spaniels lay by the fireside;  
And in other parts, d'ye see,  
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;  
And he looked like the head  
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate,—  
Good man! old man!  
But was always ready to break the pate  
Of his country's enemy.  
What knight could do a better thing  
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?  
And so may every head  
Of an ancient family.

*George Colman the Younger [1762-1836]*



## CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT

FAIR cousin mine! the golden days  
Of old romance are over;  
And minstrels now care naught for bays,  
Nor damsels for a lover;  
And hearts are cold, and lips are mute  
That kindled once with passion,  
And now we've neither lance nor lute,  
And tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time  
When Love found words in flowers;  
When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,  
And sweetest songs in bowers;  
Now wedlock is a sober thing—  
No more of chains or forges!—  
A plain young man—a plain gold ring—  
The curate—and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,  
And every heart a fetter;  
And making love was quite the thing,  
And making verses better;  
And maiden-aunts were never seen,  
And gallant beaux were plenty;  
And lasses married at sixteen,  
And died at one-and-twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,  
And chess a pretty science;  
And huntsmen learned to blow a *morte*,  
And heralds a defiance;  
And knights and spearmen showed their might,  
And timid hinds took warning;  
And hypocras was warmed at night,  
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,  
And patron-saints were lauded;  
And noble deeds were bravely dared,  
And noble dames applauded.

And Beauty played the leech's part,  
And wounds were healed with syrup;  
And warriors sometimes lost a heart,  
But never lost a stirrup.

Then there was no such thing as Fear,  
And no such word as Reason;  
And Faith was like a pointed spear,  
And Fickleness was treason;  
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard;  
But when the fight was over,  
A brimming goblet cheered the board,  
His Lady's smile the lover.

Ay, those were golden days! The moon  
Had then her true adorers;  
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,  
And no such thing as snorers;  
And lovers swam, and held at naught  
Streams broader than the Mersey;  
And fifty thousand would have fought  
For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,  
And had no use for tailors;  
And the artizans who lived the best  
Were armorers and nailers;  
And steel was measured by the ell,  
And trousers lined with leather;  
And jesters wore a cap and bell,  
And knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,  
And married ones might sever;  
Uncommon doctors had their fees,  
But Doctor's Commons never;  
O! had we in those times been bred,  
Fair cousin, for thy glances,  
Instead of breaking Priscian's head,  
I had been breaking lances!

*Edward Fitzgerald* [1809-1883]

## THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
For which no rhyme our language yields,  
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—  
The New Street of the Little Fields;  
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
But still in comfortable case—  
The which in youth I oft attended,  
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
That Greenwich never could outdo;  
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:  
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;  
And true philosophers, methinks,  
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
And Cordelier or Benedictine  
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,  
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?  
Yes, here the lamp is as before;  
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is  
Still opening oysters at the door.  
Is Terré still alive and able?  
I recollect his droll grimace;  
He'd come and smile before your table  
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.  
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"  
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder;—  
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse 1669

"It is the lot of saint and sinner.  
So honest Terré's run his race!"  
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"  
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"  
  
"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;  
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"  
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, Sir;  
The Chambertin with yellow seal."  
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in  
My old accustomed corner-place;  
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,  
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,—  
The table still is in the nook;  
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,  
This well-known chair since last I took,  
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,  
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,  
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,  
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
Of early days here met to dine?  
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—  
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.  
The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace;  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;  
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;  
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;  
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;  
On James's head the grass is growing:  
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!  
 I mind me of a time that's gone,  
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
 In this same place—but not alone.  
 A fair young form was nestled near me,  
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.  
 —There's no one now to share my cup. . . .

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;  
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
 In memory of dear old times.  
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;  
 And sit you down and say your grace  
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.  
 —Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!  
*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### TO MY GRANDMOTHER

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY

*Under the elm a rustic seat  
 Was merriest Susan's pet retreat  
 To merry-make*

THIS Relative of mine  
 Was she seventy-and-nine  
 When she died?  
 By the canvas may be seen  
 How she looked at seventeen,  
 As a Bride.

Beneath a summer tree  
 Her maiden reverie  
 Has a charm;  
 Her ringlets are in taste;  
 What an arm! and what a waist  
 For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,  
 Lace farthingale, and gay

*Falbalà,—*

If Romney's touch be true,  
What a lucky dog were you,  
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;  
They are parting! Do they move?  
Are they dumb?  
Her eyes are blue, and beam  
Beseechingly, and seem  
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips  
From atween these cherry lips?  
Whisper me,  
Fair Sorceress in paint,  
What canon says I mayn't  
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time  
Has a confidence sublime!  
When I first  
Saw this Lady, in my youth,  
Her winters had, forsooth,  
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,  
Once shamed the swarthy crow;  
By-and-by  
That fowl's avenging sprite  
Set his cruel foot for spite  
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,  
And her silk was bombazine:  
Well I wot  
With her needles would she sit,  
And for hours would she knit,—  
Would she not?

Ah perishable clay!  
 Her charms had dropped away  
 One by one:  
 But if she heaved a sigh  
 With a burden, it was, "Thy  
 Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,  
 With the fardel of her years  
 Overpressed,  
 In mercy she was borne  
 Where the weary and the worn  
 Are at rest.

Oh, if you now are there,  
*And sweet as once you were,*  
 Grandmamma,  
 This nether world agrees  
 You'll all the better please  
 Grandpapa.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

#### MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS

*She has dancing eyes and ruby lips,  
 Delightful boots—and away she skips*

THEY nearly strike me dumb,—  
 I tremble when they come  
 Pit-a-pat:  
 This palpitation means  
 These Boots are Geraldine's—  
 Think of that!

O, where did hunter win  
 So delicate a skin  
 For her feet?  
 You lucky little kid,  
 You perished, so you did,  
 For my Sweet.

The fairy stitching gleams  
 On the sides, and in the seams,

And reveals  
That the Pixies were the wags  
Who tipped these funny tags,  
And these heels.

What soles to charm an elf!—  
Had Crusoe, sick of self,  
Chanced to view  
*One* printed near the tide,  
O, how hard he would have tried  
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair,  
And innocent and fair  
As a rose;  
She's an Angel in a frock,—  
She's an Angel with a clock  
To her hose!

The simpletons who squeeze  
Their pretty toes to please  
Mandarins,  
Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*  
To Geraldine's were frights:  
And I trow  
The Damsel, deftly shod,  
Has dutifully trod  
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits  
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)  
These to don,  
Set your dainty hand awhile  
On my shoulder, Dear, and I'll  
Put them on.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]



## A GARDEN LYRIC

GERALDINE AND I

Dite, Damasippe, deæque  
 Verum ob consilium donent tonsore.

WE have loitered and laughed in the flowery croft,  
 We have met under wintry skies;  
 Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft  
 Is the light in her wistful eyes;  
 It is bliss in the silent woods, among  
 Gay crowds, or in any place,  
 To mould her mind, to gaze in her young  
 Confiding face.

For ever may roses divinely blow,  
 And wine-dark pansies charm  
 By that prim box path where I felt the glow  
 Of her dimpled, trusting arm,  
 And the sweep of her silk as she turned and smiled  
 A smile as pure as her pearls;  
 The breeze was in love with the darling Child,  
 And coaxed her curls.

She showed me her ferns and woodbine sprays,  
 Foxglove and jasmine stars,  
 A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze  
 Of red in the celadon jars:  
 And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,  
 And roses of bountiful Spring.  
 But I said—"Though roses and bees have spells,  
 They have thorn, and sting."

She showed me ripe peaches behind a net  
 As fine as her veil, and fat  
 Goldfish a-gape, who lazily met  
 For her crumbs—I grudged them that!  
 A squirrel, some rabbits with long lop ears,  
 And guinea-pigs, tortoise-shell—wee;  
 And I told her that eloquent truth inheres  
 In all we see.

I lifted her doe by its lops, quoth I,  
 "Even here deep meaning lies,—  
 Why have squirrels these ample tails, and why  
 Have rabbits these prominent eyes?"  
 She smiled and said, as she twirled her veil,  
 "For some nice little cause, no doubt—  
 If you lift a guinea-pig up by the tail  
 His eyes drop out!"

*Frederick Locker-Lampson [1821-1895]*

### MRS. SMITH

*Heigh-ho! they're wed. The cards are dealt,  
 Our frolic games are o'er;  
 I've laughed, and fooled, and loved. I've felt—  
 As I shall feel no more!  
 Yon little thatch is where she lives,  
 Yon spire is where she met me;—  
 I think that if she quite forgives,  
 She cannot quite forget me.*

LAST year I trod these fields with Di,—  
 Fields fresh with clover and with rye;  
 They now seem arid:  
 Then Di was fair and single; how  
 Unfair it seems on me, for now  
 Di's fair,—and married!

A blissful swain,—I scorned the song  
 Which tells us though young Love is strong,  
 The Fates are stronger:  
 Then breezes blew a boon to men,  
 Then buttercups were bright, and then  
 The grass was longer.

That day I saw, and much esteemed,  
 Di's ankles, that the clover seemed  
 Inclined to smother:  
 It twitched, and soon untied (for fun)  
 The ribbons of her shoes, first one,  
 And then the other.

I'm told that virgins augur some  
 Misfortune if their shoe-strings come

To grief on *Friday*:  
 And so did Di,—and then her pride  
 Decreed that shoe-strings so untied,  
 Are “so untidy!”

Of course I knelt; with fingers deft  
 I tied the right, and tied the left:  
     Says Di, “This stubble  
 Is very stupid!—as I live  
 I’m quite ashamed!—I’m shocked to give  
     You so much trouble!”

For answer I was fain to sink  
 To what we all would say and think  
     Were Beauty present:  
 “Don’t mention such a simple act—  
 A trouble? not the least! In fact  
     It’s rather pleasant!”

I trust that Love will never tease  
 Poor little Di, or prove that he’s  
     A graceless rover.  
 She’s happy now as *Mrs. Smith*—  
 But less polite when walking with  
     Her chosen lover!

Heigh-ho! Although no moral clings  
 To Di’s blue eyes, and sandal strings,  
     We had our quarrels.  
 I think that Smith is thought an ass,—  
 I know that when they walk in grass  
     She wears *balmorals*.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

#### THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

THE characters of great and small  
 Come ready made, we can’t bespeak one;  
 Their sides are many, too, and all  
     (Except ourselves) have got a weak one.

## The Skeleton in the Cupboard 1677

Some sanguine people love for life,  
Some love their hobby till it flings them.  
How many love a pretty wife  
For love of the *éclat* she brings them! . . .

A little to relieve my mind  
I've thrown off this disjointed chatter,  
But more because I'm disinclined  
To enter on a painful matter:  
Once I was bashful; I'll allow  
I've blushed for words untimely spoken;  
I still am rather shy, and now . . .  
And now the ice is fairly broken.

We all have secrets: you have one  
Which may n't be quite your charming spouse's;  
We all lock up a Skeleton  
In some grim chamber of our houses;  
Familiars who exhaust their days  
And nights in probing where our smart is,  
And who, for all their spiteful ways,  
Are "silent, unassuming *Parties*."

We hug this Phantom we detest,  
Rarely we let it cross our portals:  
It is a most exacting guest,  
And we are much afflicted mortals.  
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,  
As *Dives* rich, and brave as Hector,  
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,  
On shaking knees, to see his Specter.

Old *Dives* fears a pauper fate,  
So hoarding is his ruling passion:—  
Some gloomy souls anticipate  
A waistcoat, straiter than the fashion!  
She childless pines, that lonely wife,  
And secret tears are bitter shedding;  
Hector may tremble all his life,  
And die,—but not of that he's dreading. . . .

Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!  
 The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles;  
 They shriek, they stir it for our sins,  
 And we must drain it for our troubles.  
 We toil, we groan; the cry for love  
 Mounts up from this poor seething city,  
 And yet I know we have above  
 A FATHER, infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,  
 Where sunbeams play, where shadows darken,  
 One inmate of our dwelling keeps  
 Its ghastly carnival; but hearken!  
 How dry the rattle of the bones!  
 That sound was not to make *you* start meant:  
 Stand by! Your humble servant owns  
 The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

### A TERRIBLE INFANT

I RECOLLECT a nurse called Ann,  
 Who carried me about the grass,  
 And one fine day a fine young man  
 Came up, and kissed the pretty lass:  
 She did not make the least objection!  
 Thinks I, "Aha!  
 When I can talk, I'll tell Mamma."  
 —And that's my earliest recollection.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

### COMPANIONS

#### A TALE OF A GRANDFATHER

I KNOW not of what we pondered  
 Or made pretty pretence to talk,  
 As, her hand within mine, we wandered  
 Toward the pool by the lime-tree walk,  
 While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers  
 And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure:

Was it regal as Juno's own?

Or only a trifle bigger

Than the elves who surround the throne

Of the Fairy Queen, and are seen, I ween,

By mortals in dreams alone?

What her eyes were like I know not:

Perhaps they were blurred with tears;

And perhaps in yon skies there glow not

(On the contrary) clearer spheres.

No! as to her eyes I am just as wise

As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly":

But which was she, brunette or blonde?

Her hair, was it quaintly curly,

Or as straight as a beadle's wand?

That I failed to remark: it was rather dark

And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that reposed so snugly

In mine,—was it plump or spare?

Was the countenance fair or ugly?

Nay, children, you have me there!

My eyes were p'haps blurred; and besides I'd heard

That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I,—was I brusque and surly?

Or oppressively bland and fond?

Was I partial to rising early?

Or why did we twain abscond,

When nobody knew, from the public view

To prow! by a misty pond?

What passed, what was felt or spoken,—

Whether anything passed at all,—

And whether the heart was broken

That beat under that sheltering shawl,—

(If shawl she had on, which I doubt),—has gone,

Yes, gone from me past recall,

Was I haply the lady's suitor?  
 Or her uncle? I can't make out;  
 Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.  
 For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt  
 As to why we were there, who on earth we were,  
 And what this is all about.

*Charles Stuart Calverley [1831-1884]*

## DOROTHY Q

### A FAMILY PORTRAIT

GRANDMOTHER's mother: her age, I guess,  
 Thirteen summers, or something less;  
 Girlish bust, but womanly air;  
 Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;  
 Lips that lover has never kissed;  
 Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
 Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
 Hold up the canvas full in view,—  
 Look! there's a rent the light shines through,  
 Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—  
 That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!  
 Such is the tale the lady old,  
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—  
 One whose best was not over well;  
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
 Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;  
 Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
 Dainty colors of red and white,  
 And in her slender shape are seen  
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—  
 Dorothy Q. was a lady born!

Ay! since the galloping Normans came,  
England's annals have known her name;  
And still to the three-hilled rebel town  
Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
For many a civic wreath they won,  
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q!  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;  
Such a gift as never a king  
Save to daughter or son might bring,—  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land;  
Mother and sister and child and wife  
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:  
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;  
But never a cable that holds so fast  
Through all the battles of wave and blast,  
And never an echo of speech or song  
That lives in the babbling air so long!  
There were tones in the voice that whispered then  
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
Your images hover,—and here we are  
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—  
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—  
A goodly record for Time to show  
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—



Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!  
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,  
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,  
And gild with a rhyme your household name;  
So you shall smile on us brave and bright  
As first you greeted the morning's light,  
And live untroubled by woes and fears  
Through a second youth of a hundred years.  
*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!  
Long years have o'er her flown;  
Yet still she strains the aching clasp  
That binds her virgin zone;  
I know it hurts her,—though she looks  
As cheerful as she can;  
Her waist is ampler than her life,  
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!  
Her hair is almost gray;  
Why will she train that winter curl  
In such a spring-like way?  
How can she lay her glasses down,  
And say she reads as well,  
When, through a double convex lens,  
She just makes out to spell?

Her father,—grandpapa! forgive  
This erring lip its smiles,—  
Vowed she should make the finest girl  
Within a hundred miles;  
He sent her to a stylish school;  
'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
And with her, as the rules required,  
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,  
To make her straight and tall;  
They laced her up, they starved her down,  
To make her light and small;  
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
They screwed it up with pins;—  
Oh, never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
My grandsire brought her back;  
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
Might follow on the track;)  
“Ah!” said my grandsire, as he shook  
Some powder in his pan,  
“What could this lovely creature do  
Against a desperate man!”

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
Nor bandit cavalcade,  
Tore from the trembling father’s arms  
His all-accomplished maid.  
For her how happy had it been!  
And Heaven had spared to me  
To see one sad, ungathered rose  
On my ancestral tree.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809–1894]

### THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o’er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time

## The Kindly Muse

Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago,—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
    In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

## CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below"

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;  
I only wish a hut of stone,  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)     That I may call my own;—  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;  
Three courses are as good as ten;—  
If Nature can subsist on three,  
    Thank Heaven for three. Amen!  
I always thought cold victual nice;—  
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—  
Give me a mortgage here and there,—  
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,  
    Or trifling railroad share,—  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—  
    But only near St. James;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things;—  
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—  
    Some, *not so large*, in rings,—  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;  
    (Good heavy silks are never dear;)—  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
    Some shawls of true Cashmere,—  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
    So fast that folks must stop and stare;  
An easy gait—two forty-five—  
    Suits me; I do not care;—  
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
    Titians and Raphaels three or four,—  
I love so much their style and tone,—  
    One Turner, and no more,  
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—  
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score  
    For daily use, and bound for wear;  
The rest upon an upper floor;—  
    Some *little* luxury *there*  
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,  
    Which others often show for pride,  
I value for their power to please,  
    And selfish churls deride;—  
One Stradivarius, I confess,  
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—  
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
 But *all* must be of buhl?  
 Give grasping pomp its double share,—  
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
 I shall not miss them *much*,—  
 Too grateful for the blessing lent  
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### THE BOYS

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.  
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!  
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?  
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!  
 "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please!  
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can  
 freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!  
 Look close,—you will not see a sign of a flake!  
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—  
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,  
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—  
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"  
 It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;  
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;  
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me  
laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,  
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!  
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical chain;  
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,  
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—  
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;  
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,

## The Jolly Old Pedagogue 1689

But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
"Let us be happy down here below:  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing, and reading, and history, too;  
He took the little ones up on his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:  
"Learn while you're young," he often said,  
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;  
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones;  
The rod was hardly known in his school . . .  
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones;  
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:  
"We should make life pleasant, down here below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door;  
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor;  
"I need so little," he often said;  
"And my friends and relatives here below  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,  
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,  
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,  
Making an unceremonious call,  
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:



This was the finest picture, he said,  
 Of the many he tasted, here below;  
 "Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face  
 Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;  
 He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,  
 Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,  
 Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles:  
 "I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,  
 "I've lingered a long while, here below;  
 But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,  
 Every night when the sun went down,  
 While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
 Leaving its tenderest kisses there,  
 On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:  
 And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,  
 'Twas a glorious world, down here below;  
 "Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,  
 After the sun had sunk in the west,  
 And the lingering beams of golden light  
 Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
 While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"  
 Gently, gently, he bowed his head. . . .  
 There were angels waiting for him, I know;  
 He was sure of happiness, living or dead,  
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

*George Arnold* [1834-1865]

#### ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA

BENEATH the warrior's helm, behold  
 The flowing tresses of the woman!  
 Minerva, Pallas, what you will—  
 A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

## On an Intaglio Head of Minerva 1691

Minerva? No! 'tis some sly minx  
In cousin's helmet masquerading;  
If not—then Wisdom was a dame  
For sonnets and for serenading!

I thought the goddess cold, austere,  
Not made for love's despairs and blisses:  
Did Pallas wear her hair like that?  
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The Nightingale should be her bird,  
And not the Owl, big-eyed and solemn:  
How very fresh she looks, and yet  
She's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,  
And set this vine-work round it running,  
Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought,  
Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,  
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?  
Perchance he graved the dainty head  
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden-place,  
Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,  
He flung the jewel at the feet  
Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Laïs.

But he is dust; we may not know  
His happy or unhappy story:  
Nameless, and dead these centuries,  
His work outlives him,—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth  
Beneath a lava-buried city;  
The countless summers came and went,  
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left  
The jewel fresh as any blossom,  
Till some Visconti dug it up,—  
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O nameless brother! see how Time  
 Your gracious handiwork has guarded:  
 See how your loving, patient art  
 Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,  
 And pangs of hopeless passion also,  
 To have his carven agate-stone  
 On such a bosom rise and fall so!

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1837-1907]*

### THALIA

A MIDDLE-AGED LYRICAL POET IS SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING  
 FINAL LEAVE OF THE MUSE OF COMEDY. SHE HAS BROUGHT  
 HIM HIS HAT AND GLOVES, AND IS ABSTRACTEDLY PICKING  
 A THREAD OF GOLD HAIR FROM HIS COAT SLEEVE AS HE  
 BEGINS TO SPEAK:

I SAY it under the rose—  
 oh, thanks!—yes, under the laurel,  
 We part lovers, not foes;  
 we are not going to quarrel.

We have too long been friends  
 on foot and in gilded coaches,  
 Now that the whole thing ends,  
 to spoil our kiss with reproaches.

I leave you; my soul is wrung;  
 I pause, look back from the portal—  
 Ah, I no more am young,  
 and you, child, you are immortal!

Mine is the glacier's way,  
 yours is the blossom's weather—  
 When were December and May  
 known to be happy together?

Before my kisses grow tame,  
 before my moodiness grieve you,  
 While yet my heart is flame,  
 and I all lover, I leave you.

So, in the coming time,  
    when you count the rich years over,  
Think of me in my prime,  
    and not as a white-haired lover,

Fretful, pierced with regret,  
    the wraith of a dead Desire  
Thrumming a cracked spinet  
    by a slowly dying fire.

When, at last, I am cold—  
    years hence, if the gods so will it—  
Say, "He was true as gold,"  
    and wear a rose in your fillet!

Others, tender as I,  
    will come and sue for caresses,  
Woo you, win you, and die—  
    mind you, a rose in your tresses!

Some Melpomene woo,  
    some hold Clio the nearest;  
You, sweet Comedy—you  
    were ever sweetest and dearest!

Nay, it is time to go.  
    When writing your tragic sister  
Say to that child of woe  
    how sorry I was I missed her.

Really, I cannot stay,  
    though "parting is such sweet sorrow" . . .  
Perhaps I will, on my way  
    down-town, look in to-morrow!

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1837-1907]*

## PAN IN WALL STREET

A. D. 1867

JUST where the Treasury's marble front  
    Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;  
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont  
    To throng for trade and last quotations;

Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold  
    Outrival, in the ears of people,  
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled  
    From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain  
    Sound high above the modern clamor,  
Above the cries of greed and gain,  
    The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;  
And swift, on Music's misty ways,  
    It led, from all this strife for millions,  
To ancient, sweet-to-nothing days  
    Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,  
    And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,  
I saw the minstrel, where he stood  
    At ease against a Doric pillar:  
One hand a droning organ played,  
    The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned  
Like those of old) to lips that made  
    The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here  
    A-strolling through this sordid city,  
And piping to the civic ear  
    The prelude of some pastoral ditty!  
The demigod had crossed the seas,—  
    From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,  
And Syracusan times,—to these  
    Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;  
    But—hidden thus—there was no doubting  
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,  
    His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;  
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,  
    Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,  
And trousers, patched of divers hues,  
    Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,  
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,  
And with his goat's-eyes looked around  
Where'er the passing current drifted;  
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills  
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,  
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,  
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew  
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,  
As erst, if pastorals be true,  
Came beasts from every wooded valley;  
The random passers stayed to list,—  
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,  
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst  
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long  
In tattered cloak of army pattern,  
And Galatea joined the throng,—  
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;  
While old Silenus staggered out  
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,  
And bade the piper, with a shout,  
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl  
Like little Fauns began to caper:  
His hair was all in tangled curl,  
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;  
And still the gathering larger grew,  
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,  
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew  
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still  
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—  
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,  
Or by the Arethusan water!

New forms may fold the speech, new lands  
 Arise within these ocean-portals,  
 But Music waves eternal wands,—  
 Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod  
 A man in blue, with legal baton,  
 And scoffed the vagrant demigod,  
 And pushed him from the step I sat on.  
 Doubting I mused upon the cry,  
 "Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people  
 Went on their ways:—and clear and high  
 The quarter sounded from the steeple.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman* [1833-1908]

#### UPON LESBIA—ARGUING

My Lesbia, I will not deny,  
 Bewitches me completely;  
 She has the usual beaming eye,  
 And smiles upon me sweetly:  
 But she has an unseemly way  
 Of contradicting what I say.

And, though I am her closest friend,  
 And find her fascinating,  
 I cannot cordially commend  
 Her method of debating:  
 Her logic, though she is divine,  
 Is singularly feminine.

Her reasoning is full of tricks,  
 And butterfly suggestions,  
 I know no point to which she sticks,  
 She begs the simplest questions;  
 And, when her premises are strong,  
 She always draws her inference wrong.

Broad, liberal views on men and things  
 She will not hear a word of;  
 To prove herself correct she brings  
 Some instance she has heard of;

The argument *ad hominem*  
Appears her favorite strategem.

Old Socrates, with sage replies  
To questions put to suit him,  
Would not, I think, have looked so wise  
With Lesbia to confute him;  
He would more probably have bade  
Xantippe hasten to his aid.

Ah! well, my fair philosopher,  
With clear brown eyes that glisten  
So sweetly, that I much prefer  
To look at them than listen,  
Preach me your sermon: have your way,  
The voice is yours, whate'er you say.  
*Alfred Cochrane* [1865—

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM  
ANYTHING

(NEW STYLE)

AM I sincere? I say I dote  
On everything that Browning wrote;  
I know some bits by heart to quote—  
But then She reads him.  
I say—and is it strictly true?—  
How I admire her cockatoo;  
Well! in a way of course I do:  
But then She feeds him.

And I become, at her command,  
The sternest Tory in the land;  
The Grand Old Man is far from grand;  
But then She states it.  
Nay! worse than that, I am so tame,  
I once admitted—to my shame—  
That football was a brutal game:  
Because She hates it.



My taste in Art she hailed with groans,  
 And I, once charmed with bolder tones,  
 Now love the yellows of Burne-Jones:

But then She likes them.

My tuneful soul no longer hoards  
 Stray jewels from the Empire boards;  
 I revel now in Dvorak's chords:

But then She strikes them.

Our age distinctly cramps a knight;  
 Yet, though debarred from tilt and fight,  
 I can admit that black is white,

If She asserts it.

Heroes of old were luckier men  
 Than I—I venture now and then  
 To hint—retracting meekly when

She controverts it.

*Alfred Cochrane* [1865—

#### THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK

THE days of Bute and Grafton's fame,  
 Of Chatham's waning prime,  
 First heard your sounding gong proclaim  
 Its chronicle of Time;  
 Old days when Dodd confessed his guilt,  
 When Goldsmith drave his quill,  
 And genial gossip Horace built  
 His house on Strawberry Hill.

Now with a grave unmeaning face  
 You still repeat the tale,  
 High-towering in your somber case,  
 Designed by Chippendale;  
 Without regret for what is gone,  
 You bid old customs change,  
 As year by year you travel on  
 To scenes and voices strange.

We might have mingled with the crowd  
Of courtiers in this hall,  
The fans that swayed, the wigs that bowed,  
But you have spoiled it all;  
We might have lingered in the train  
Of nymphs that Reynolds drew,  
Or stared spell-bound in Drury Lane  
At Garrick—but for you.

We might in Leicester Fields have swelled  
The throng of beaux and cits,  
Or listened to the concourse held  
Among the Kitcat wits;  
Have strolled with Selwyn in Pall Mall,  
Arrayed in gorgeous silks,  
Or in Great George Street raised a yell  
For Liberty and Wilkes.

This is the life which you have known,  
Which you have ticked away,  
In one unmoved unfaltering tone  
That ceased not day by day,  
While ever round your dial moved  
Your hands from span to span,  
Through drowsy hours and hours that proved  
Big with the fate of man.

A steady tick for fatal creeds,  
For youth on folly bent,  
A steady tick for worthy deeds,  
And moments wisely spent;  
No warning note of emphasis,  
No whisper of advice,  
To ruined rake or flippant miss,  
For coquetry or dice.

You might, I think, have hammered out  
With meaning doubly clear,  
The midnight of a Vauxhall rout  
In Evelina's ear;

## The Kindly Muse

Or when the night was almost gone,  
You might, the deals between,  
Have startled those who looked upon  
The cloth when it was green.

But no, in all the vanished years  
Down which your wheels have run,  
Your message borne to heedless ears  
Is one and only one—  
No wit of men, no power of kings,  
Can stem the overthrow  
Wrought by this pendulum that swings  
Sedately to and fro.

*Alfred Cochrane* [1865—

## A PORTRAIT

IN sunny girlhood's vernal life  
She caused no small sensation,  
But now the modest English wife  
To others leaves flirtation.  
She's young still, lovely, debonair,  
Although sometimes her features  
Are clouded by a thought of care  
For those two tiny creatures.

Each tiny, toddling, mottled mite  
Asserts with voice emphatic,  
In lisping accents, "Mite is right,"  
Their rule is autocratic:  
The song becomes, that charmed mankind,  
Their musical narcotic,  
And baby lips than Love, she'll find,  
Are even more despotic.

Soft lullaby when singing there,  
And castles ever building,  
Their destiny she'll carve in air,  
Bright with maternal gilding:

Young Guy, a clever advocate,  
 So eloquent and able!  
 A powdered wig upon his pate,  
 A coronet for Mabel!

*Joseph Ashby-Sterry* [18 -

"OLD BOOKS ARE BEST"

OLD Books are best! With what delight  
 Does "Faithorne fecit" greet our sight  
 On frontispiece or title-page  
 Of that old time, when on the stage  
 "Sweet Nell" set "Rowley's" heart alight!

And you, O Friend, to whom I write,  
 Must not deny, e'en though you might,  
 Through fear of modern pirates' rage,  
 Old Books are best.

What though the print be not so bright,  
 The paper dark, the binding slight?  
 Our author, be he dull or sage,  
 Returning from that distant age  
 So lives again, we say of right:  
 Old Books are best.

*Beverly Chew* [1850-

IMPRESSION

IN these restrained and careful times  
 Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes;  
 Ah! for that reckless fire men had  
 When it was witty to be mad;  
 When wild conceits were piled in scores,  
 And lit by flaming metaphors,  
 When all was crazed and out of tune,—  
 Yet throbbed with music of the moon.  
 If we could dare to write as ill  
 As some whose voices haunt us still,  
 Even we, perchance, might call our own  
 Their deep enchanting undertone.

We are too diffident and nice,  
 Too learned and too over-wise,  
 Too much afraid of faults to be  
 The flutes of bold sincerity.

For, as this sweet life passes by,  
 We blink and nod with critic eye;  
 We've no words rude enough to give  
 Its charm so frank and fugitive.

The green and scarlet of the Park,  
 The undulating streets at dark,  
 The brown smoke blown across the blue,  
 This colored city we walk through;—

The pallid faces full of pain,  
 The field-smell of the passing wain,  
 The laughter, longing, perfume, strife,  
 The daily spectacle of life;—

Ah! how shall this be given to rhyme,  
 By rhymesters of a knowing time?  
 Ah! for the age when verse was clad,  
 Being godlike, to be bad and mad.

*Edmund Gosse* [1849—

#### “WITH STRAWBERRIES”

WITH strawberries we filled a tray,  
 And then we drove away, away  
     Along the links beside the sea,  
     Where wave and wind were light and free,  
 And August felt as fresh as May.

And where the springy turf was gay  
 With thyme and balm and many a spray  
     Of wild roses, you tempted me  
     With strawberries!

A shadowy sail, silent and gray,  
 Stole like a ghost across the bay;

Ballade of Ladies' Names 1703

But none could hear me ask my fee,  
And none could know what came to be.  
Can sweethearts *all* their thirst allay  
With strawberries?

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

BALLADE OF LADIES' NAMES

BROWN's for Lalage, Jones for Lelia,  
Robinson's bosom for Beatrice glows,  
Smith is a Hamlet before Ophelia.  
The glamor stays if the reason goes!  
Every lover the years disclose  
Is of a beautiful name made free.  
One befriends, and all others are foes.  
Anna's the name of names for me.

Sentiment hallows the vowels of Delia;  
Sweet simplicity breathes from Rose;  
Courtly memories glitter in Delia;  
Rosalind savors of quips and hose,  
Araminta of wits and beaux,  
Prue of puddings, and Coralie  
All of sawdust and spangled shows;  
Anna's the name of names for me.

Fie upon Caroline, Madge, Amelia—  
These I reckon the essence of prose!—  
Cavalier Katherine, cold Cornelia,  
Portia's masterful Roman nose,  
Maud's magnificence, Totty's toes,  
Poll and Bet with their twang of the sea,  
Nell's impertinence, Pamela's woes!  
Anna's the name of names for me.

ENVOY

Ruth like a gillyflower smells and blows,  
Sylvia prattles of Arcadee,  
Sybil mystifies, Connie crows,  
Anna's the name of names for me!

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## NELL GWYNNE'S LOOKING-GLASS

GLASS antique, 'twixt thee and Nell

Draw we here a parallel.

She, like thee, was forced to bear

All reflections, foul or fair.

Thou art deep and bright within,

Depths as bright belonged to Gwynne;

Thou art very frail as well,

Frail as flesh is,—so was Nell.

Thou, her glass, art silver-lined,

She too, had a silver mind:

Thine is fresh till this far day,

Hers till death ne'er wore away:

Thou dost to thy surface win

Wandering glances, so did Gwynne;

Eyes on thee love long to dwell,

So men's eyes would do on Nell.

Life-like forms in thee are sought,

Such the forms the actress wrought;

Truth unfailing rests in you,

Nell, whate'er she was, was true.

Clear as virtue, dull as sin,

Thou art oft, as oft was Gwynne;

Breathe on thee, and drops will swell:

Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.

Thine's a frame to charm the sight,

Framed was she to give delight;

Waxen forms here truly show

Charles above and Nell below;

But between them, chin with chin,

Stuart stands as low as Gwynne,—

Paired, yet parted,—meant to tell

Charles was opposite to Nell.

Round the glass wherein her face

Smiled so soft, her "arms" we trace;

Thou, her mirror, hast the pair,

Lion here, and leopard there.

She had part in these,—akin  
To the lion-heart was Gwynne;  
And the leopard's beauty fell  
With its spots to bounding Nell.

Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,  
Thou art firm, if brittle too;  
So her will, on good intent,  
Might be broken, never bent.

What the glass was, when therein  
Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynne,  
Was that face by beauty's spell  
To the honest soul of Nell.

*Laman Blanchard [1804-1845]*

#### MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

You promise heavens free from strife,  
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;  
But sweet, sweet is this human life,  
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still:  
Your chilly stars I can forego,  
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,  
One great reality above:  
Back from that void I shrink in fear,  
And child-like hide myself in love:  
Show me what angels fell. Till then,  
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires  
From faltering lips and fitful veins  
To sexless souls, ideal choirs,  
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:  
My mind with fonder welcome owns  
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give  
To that which cannot pass away;  
All beauteous things for which we live  
By laws of time and space decay.



But oh, the very reason why  
I clasp them, is because they die.

*William Johnson Cory [1823-1892]*

### CLAY

"WE are but clay," the preacher saith;  
"The heart is clay, and clay the brain,  
And soon or late there cometh death  
To mingle us with earth again."

Well, let the preacher have it so,  
And clay we are, and clay shall be;—  
Why iterate?—for this I know,  
That clay does very well for me.

When clay has such red mouths to kiss,  
Firm hands to grasp, it is enough:  
How can I take it aught amiss  
We are not made of rarer stuff?

And if one tempt you to believe  
His choice would be immortal gold,  
Question him, Can you then conceive  
A warmer heart than clay can hold?

Or richer joys than clay can feel?  
And when perforce he falters nay,  
Bid him renounce his wish and kneel  
In thanks for this same kindly clay.

*Edward Verrall Lucas [18 -*

### AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

WHAT magic halo rings thy head,  
Dream-maiden of a minstrel dead?  
What charm of faerie round thee hovers,  
That all who listen are thy lovers?

What power yet makes our pulses thrill  
To see thee at thy window-sill,  
And by that dangerous cord down-sliding,  
And through the moonlit garden gliding?

True maiden art thou in thy dread;  
True maiden in thy hardihead;  
True maiden when, thy fears half-over,  
Thou lingerest to try thy lover.

And ah! what heart of stone or steel  
But doth some stir unwonted feel,  
When to the day new brightness bringing  
Thou standest at the stair-foot singing!

Thy slender limbs in boyish dress,  
Thy tones half glee, half tenderness,  
Thou singest, 'neath the light tale's cover,  
Of thy true love to thy true lover.

O happy lover, happy maid,  
Together in sweet story laid;  
Forgive the hand that here is baring  
Your old loves for new lovers' staring!

Yet, Nicolette, why fear'st thou fame?  
No slander now can touch thy name,  
Nor Scandal's self a fault discovers,  
Though each new year thou hast new lovers.

Nor, Aucassin, need'st thou to fear  
These lovers of too late a year,  
Nor dread one jealous pang's revival;  
No lover now can be thy rival.

What flower considers if its blooms  
Light haunts of men, or forest glooms?  
What care ye though the world discovers  
Your flowers of love, O flower of lovers!

*Francis William Bourdillon* [1852-

#### BALLADE OF SUMMER

WHEN strawberry pottles are common and cheap,  
Ere elms be black, or limes be sere,  
When midnight dances are murdering sleep,  
Then comes in the sweet o' the year!

And far from Fleet Street, far from here,  
 The Summer is Queen in the length of the land,  
 And moonlit nights they are soft and clear,  
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

When clamor that doves in the lindens keep  
 Mingles with musical splash of the weir,  
 When drowned green tresses of crowsfoot creep,  
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year!  
 And better a crust and a beaker of beer,  
 With rose-hung hedges on either hand,  
 Than a palace in town, and a prince's cheer,  
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

When big trout late in the twilight leap,  
 When cuckoo clamoreth far and near,  
 When glittering scythes in the hayfield reap,  
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year!  
 And it's oh to sail, with the wind to steer,  
 While kine knee-deep in the water stand,  
 On a Highland loch, or a Lowland mere,  
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

#### ENVOY

Friend, with the fops, while we dawdle here,  
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year!  
 And the Summer runs out, like grains of sand,  
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand!

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

#### THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME

WHEN the ways are heavy with mire and rut,  
 In November fogs, in December snows,  
 When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
 But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,  
 And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,  
 And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,  
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,  
 When the reason stands on its squarest toes,  
 When the mind (like a beard) has a “formal cut,”—  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
 But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,  
 And the young year draws to the “golden prime,”  
 And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—  
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,  
 In a changing quarrel of “Ayes” and “Noes,”  
 In a starched procession of “If” and “But,”—  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
 But whenever a soft glance softer grows,  
 And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,  
 And the secret is told “that no one knows,”—  
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
 But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,  
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

*Austin Dobson [1840—*

“GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!”

*Si vieillesse pouvait!—*

SCENE.—*A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair  
 sits a white-haired old Gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS

BABETTE

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*)

Day of my life! Where *can* she get!  
 Babette! I say! Babette!—Babette!

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*)

Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks  
 So loud, he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS

Where have you been?

BABETTE

Why M'sieu' knows:—

April! . . . Ville d'Avray! . . . Ma'am'selle Rose!

M. VIEUXBOIS

Ah! I am old,—and I forget.

Was the place growing green, Babette?

BABETTE

But of a greenness!—yes, M'sieu'!

And then the sky so blue!—so blue!

And when I dropped my *immortelle*,

How the birds sang!

*(Lifting her apron to her eyes)*

This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS

You're a good girl, Babette, but she,—

She was an Angel, verily.

Sometimes I think I see her yet

Stand smiling by the cabinet;

And once, I know, she peeped and laughed

Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where's the draught?

*(She gives him a cup)*

Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette;—

Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.BABETTE (*sings*)*"Once at the Angelus,**(Ere I was dead),**Angels all glorious**Came to my bed;**Angels in blue and white**Crowned on the Head."*M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*)*"She was an Angel" . . . "Once she laughed" . . .*

What, was I dreaming?

Where's the draught?

## A Dialogue from Plato

1711

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*)

The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS

How I forget!

I am so old! But sing, Babette!

BABETTE (*sings*)

*"One was the Friend I left  
Stark in the Snow;  
One was the Wife that died  
Long,—long ago;  
One was the Love I lost  
How could she know?"*

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*)

Ah, Paul! . . . old Paul! . . . Eulalie too!  
And Rose . . . And O! "the sky so blue!"

BABETTE (*sings*)

*"One had my Mother's eyes,  
Wistful and mild;  
One had my Father's face;  
One was a Child:  
All of them bent to me,—  
Bent down and smiled!"*

(He is asleep!)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*)

"How I forget!"

"I am so old!" . . . "Good-night, Babette!"

*Austin Dobson [1840—*

## A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO

*Le temps le mieux employé est celui qui on perd.*—CLAUDE TILLIER

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text  
Were fast a mist becoming;  
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,  
And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,  
And, parted light, discloses  
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze  
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"  
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"  
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;  
And I'll read mine for answer."

I read: "My Plato (Plato, too—  
That wisdom thus should harden!)  
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue  
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers  
(No author's name is stated)  
That sometimes those Philosophers  
Are sadly mistranslated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style:  
The Cynic School asserted  
That two red lips which part and smile  
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more. "My book, I find,  
Observes some modern doctors  
Would make the Cynics out a kind  
Of album-verse concocters."

Then I: "Why not? 'Ephesian law,  
No less than time's tradition,  
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw  
Diana's apparition.'"

She blushed,—this time. "If Plato's page  
No wiser precept teaches,  
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,  
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates  
(I find he too is talking)  
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease  
When Beauty goes a-walking."

The Ladies of St. James's 1713

She read no more. I leapt the sill:

The sequel's scarce essential—

Nay, more than this, I hold it still

Profoundly confidential.

*Austin Dobson [1840-*

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

*Phyllida amo ante alias.—VIRGIL*

The ladies of St. James's

Go swinging to the play;

Their footmen run before them,

With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!

She takes her buckled shoon,

When we go out a-courting

Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's

Wear satin on their backs;

They sit all night at *Ombre*,

With candles all of wax:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!

She dons her russet gown,

And runs to gather May dew

Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!

They are so fine and fair,

You'd think a box of essences

Was broken in the air:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!

The breath of heath and furze

When breezes blow at morning,

Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!

They're painted to the eyes;

Their white it stays for ever,

Their red it never dies:



But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
 Her color comes and goes;  
 It trembles to a lily,—  
 It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!  
 You scarce can understand  
 The half of all their speeches,  
 Their phrases are so grand:  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
 Her shy and simple words  
 Are clear as after rain-drops  
 The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!  
 They have their fits and freaks;  
 They smile on you—for seconds,  
 They frown on you—for weeks:  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
 Come either storm or shine,  
 From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,  
 Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!  
 I care not though they heap  
 The hearts of all St. James's,  
 And give me all to keep;  
 I care not whose the beauties  
 Of all the world may be,  
 For Phyllida—for Phyllida  
 Is all the world to me!

*Austin Dobson [1840—*

### THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street  
 Comes with his kind old face,—  
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
 And his green umbrella-case.

## A Gentleman of the Old School 1715

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*",  
And the tiny "*Hotel-de-Ville*";  
He smiles, as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,  
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,  
Where the noisy fish-wives call;  
And his compliment pays to the "*Belle Thérèse*",  
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,  
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,  
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes  
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,  
Who is said to be heterodox,  
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"  
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard  
To the furrier's daughter Lou;  
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,  
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;  
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,  
And a nod to the Sacristan:—

For ever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
And his green umbrella-case.

Austin Dobson [1840—

## A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

HE lived in that past Georgian day,  
When men were less inclined to say  
That "Time is Gold," and overlay

With toil their pleasure;  
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,—  
Where, I forget,—the house is gone;  
His Christian name, I think, was John,—  
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him, —a face  
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,  
Fresh-colored, frank, with ne'er a trace  
Of trouble shaded;  
The eyes are blue, the hair is dressed  
In plainest way,—one hand is pressed  
Deep in a flapped canary vest,  
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,  
With silver buttons,—round his throat,  
A soft cravat;—in all you note  
An elder fashion,—  
A strangeness, which, to us who shine  
In shapely hats,—whose coats combine  
All harmonies of hue and line,  
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see!  
Men were untravelled then, but we,  
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea  
With careless parting;  
He found it quite enough for him  
To smoke his pipe in "garden trim,"  
And watch, about the fish tank's brim,  
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—  
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,—  
He liked the drone of flies among  
His netted peaches;  
He liked to watch the sunlight fall  
Athwart his ivied orchard wall;  
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call  
Beyond the beeches.

## A Gentleman of the Old School 1717

His were the times of Paint and Patch,  
And yet no Ranelagh could match  
The sober doves that round his thatch  
    Spread tails and sidled;  
He liked their ruffling, puffed content;  
For him their drowsy wheelings meant  
More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,  
    Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began  
He shunned the flutter of the fan;  
He too had maybe "pinked his man"  
    In Beauty's quarrel;  
But now his "fervent youth" had flown  
Where lost things go; and he was grown  
As staid and slow-paced as his own  
    Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held  
That no composer's score excelled  
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled  
    Its jovial riot;  
But most his measured words of praise  
Caressed the angler's easy ways,—  
His idly meditative days,—  
    His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose  
Beyond a sunny summer doze;  
He never troubled his repose  
    With fruitless prying;  
But held, as law for high and low,  
What God withholds no man can know,  
And smiled away enquiry so,  
    Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read!—  
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed  
With endless controversies feed

## The Kindly Muse

Our groaning tables;  
His books—and they sufficed him—were  
Cotton's *Montaigne*, *The Grave* of Blair,  
A "Walton"—much the worse for wear,  
And *Æsop's Fables*.

One more—*The Bible*. Not that he  
Had searched its page as deep as we;  
No sophistries could make him see  
Its slender credit;  
It may be that he could not count  
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount,—  
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"—  
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,  
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;  
His ways were far too slow, he said,  
To quite forget her;  
And still when time had turned him gray,  
The earliest hawthorn buds in May  
Would find his lingering feet astray,  
Where first he met her.

"*In Cælo Quies*" heads the stone  
On Leisure's grave,—now little known,  
A tangle of wild-rose has grown  
So thick across it;  
The "Benefactions" still declare  
He left the clerk an elbow-chair,  
And "12 Pence Yearly to Prepare  
A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you,  
With too serene a conscience drew  
Your easy breath, and slumbered through  
The gravest issue;  
But we, to whom our age allows  
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,  
Look down upon your narrow house,  
Old friend, and miss you!

Austin Dobson [1840-

## INCOGNITA

JUST for a space that I met her—

Just for a day in the train!

It began when she feared it would wet her,

That tiniest spurtle of rain:

So we tucked a great rug in the sashes,

And carefully padded the pane;

And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,

Longing to do it again!

Then it grew when she begged me to reach her

A dressing-case under the seat;

She was "really so tiny a creature,

That she needed a stool for her feet!"

Which was promptly arranged to her order

With a care that was even minute,

And a glimpse—of an open-work border,

And a glance—of the fairest boot.

Then it drooped, and revived at some hovels—

"Were they houses for men or for pigs?"

Then it shifted to muscular novels,

With a little digression on prigs:

She thought "Wives and Daughters" "*so jolly*;"

"Had I read it?" She knew when I had,

Like the rest, I should dote upon "Molly;"

And "poor Mrs. Gaskell—how sad!"

"Like Browning?" "But so-so." His proof lay

Too deep for her frivolous mood,

That preferred your mere metrical *soufflé*

To the stronger poetical food;

Yet at times he was good—"as a tonic:"

Was Tennyson writing just now?

And was this new poet Byronic,

And clever, and naughty, or how?

Then we trifled with concerts and croquet,

Then she daintily dusted her face;

Then she sprinkled herself with "Ess Bouquet,"

Fished out from the foregoing case;

And we chattered of Gassier and Grisi,  
And voted Aunt Sally a bore;  
Discussed if the tight-rope were easy,  
Or Chopin much harder than Spohr.

And oh! the odd things that she quoted,  
With the prettiest possible look,  
And the price of two buns that she noted  
In the prettiest possible book;  
While her talk like a musical rillet  
Flashed on with the hours that flew,  
And the carriage, her smile seemed to fill it  
With just enough summer—for Two.

Till at last in her corner, peeping  
From a nest of rugs and of furs,  
With the white shut eyelids sleeping  
On those dangerous looks of hers,  
She seemed like a snow-drop breaking,  
Not wholly alive nor dead,  
But with one blind impulse making  
To the sounds of the spring overhead;

And I watched, in the lamplight's swerving,  
The shade of the down-dropped lid,  
And the lip-line's delicate curving,  
Where a slumbering smile lay hid,  
Till I longed that, rather than sever,  
The train should shriek into space,  
And carry us onward—for ever,—  
Me and that beautiful face.

But she suddenly woke in a fidget,  
With fears she was "nearly at home,"  
And talk of a certain Aunt Bridget,  
Whom I mentally wished—well, at Rome;  
Got out at the very next station,  
Looking back with a merry *Bon Soir*,  
Adding, too, to my utter vexation,  
A surplus, unkind *Au Revoir*.

So left me to muse on her graces,  
 To dose and to muse, till I dreamed  
 That we sailed through the sunniest places  
 In a glorified galley, it seemed;  
 But the cabin was made of a carriage,  
 And the ocean was Eau-de-Cologne,  
 And we split on a rock labelled MARRIAGE,  
 And I woke,—as cold as a stone.

And that's how I lost her—a jewel,  
*Incognita*—one in a crowd,  
 Not prudent enough to be cruel,  
 Nor worldly enough to be proud,  
 It was just a shut lid and its lashes,  
 Just a few hours in a train,  
 And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes  
 Longing to see her again.

*Austin Dobson* [1840—

“WITH PIPE AND FLUTE”

WITH pipe and flute the rustic Pan  
 Of old made music sweet for man;  
 And wonder hushed the warbling bird,  
 And closer drew the calm-eyed herd,—  
 The rolling river slower ran.

Ah! would,—ah! would, a little span,  
 Some air of Arcady could fan  
 This age of ours, too seldom stirred  
 With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;  
 And from Beersheba unto Dan,  
 Apollo's self might pass unheard,  
 Or find the night-jar's note preferred;—  
 Not so it fared, when time began,  
 With pipe and flute!

*Austin Dobson* [1840—



## ON A FAN

THAT BELONGED TO THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

CHICKEN-SKIN, delicate, white,  
 Painted by Carlo Vanloo,  
 Loves in a riot of light,  
 Roses and vaporous blue;  
 Hark to the dainty *frou-frou*!  
 Picture above, if you can,  
 Eyes that could melt as the dew,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,  
 Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,  
 Courtiers as butterflies bright,  
 Beauties that Fragonard drew,  
*Talon-rouge*, *falbala*, queue,  
 Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,  
 Eager to sigh or to sue,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite  
 Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous*!  
 Matters of state and of might,  
 Things that great ministers do;  
 Things that, maybe, overthrew  
 Those in whose brains they began;  
 Here was the sign and the cue,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

## ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew?  
 Weavings of plot and of plan?  
 —But where is the Pompadour, too?  
 This was the Pompadour's Fan!

Austin Dobson [1840—

"WHEN I SAW YOU LAST, ROSE"

WHEN I saw you last, Rose,  
You were only so high;—  
How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,  
You just peeped at the sky,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

Now your petals uncloze,  
Now your May-time is nigh;—  
How fast the time goes!

And a life,—how it grows!  
You were scarcely so shy,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

In your bosom it shows  
There's a guest on the sly;  
(How fast the time goes!)

Is it Cupid? Who knows!  
Yet you used not to sigh,  
When I saw you last, Rose;—  
How fast the time goes!

*Austin Dobson* [1840-

URCEUS EXIT

I INTENDED an Ode,  
And it turned to a Sonnet.  
It began *à la mode*,  
I intended an Ode;  
But Rose crossed the road  
In her latest new bonnet;  
I intended an Ode;  
And it turned to a Sonnet.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-

## A CORSAGE BOUQUET

MYRTILLA, to-night,  
 Wears Jacqueminot roses.  
 She's the loveliest sight!  
 Myrtilla to-night:—  
 Correspondingly light  
 My pocket-book closes.  
 Myrtilla, to-night  
 Wears Jacqueminot roses.

*Charles Henry Lüders [1858-1891]*

## TWO TRIOLETS

*What he said:—*

THIS kiss upon your fan I press—  
 Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it!  
 And may it from its soft recess—  
 This kiss upon your fan I press—  
 Be blown to you, a shy caréss,  
 By this white down, whene'er you use it.  
 This kiss upon your fan I press,—  
 Ah, Sainte Nitouche, you *don't* refuse it!

*What she thought:—*

To kiss a fan!  
 What a poky poet!  
 The stupid man  
 To kiss a fan  
 When he knows—that—he—can—  
 Or ought to know it—  
 To kiss a fan!  
 What a poky poet!  
*Harrison Robertson [1856-*

## THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES \*

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS VILLON 1450

TELL me now in what hidden way is  
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?  
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,  
 Neither of them the fairer woman?

\* For the original of this poem see page 3587.

Where is Echo, beheld of no man,  
Only heard on river and mere,—  
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learnèd nun,  
For whose sake Abeilard, I ween,  
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?  
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)  
And where, I pray you, is the Queen  
Who willed that Buridan should steer  
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,  
With a voice like any mermaiden,—  
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice, '  
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—  
And that good Joan whom Englishmen  
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—  
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,  
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,  
Except with this for an overword,—  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

## BALLADE OF DEAD LADIES

### AFTER VILLON

NAY, tell me now in what strange air  
The Roman Flora dwells to-day,  
Where Archippiada hides, and where  
Beautiful Thais has passed away?  
Whence answers Echo, afield, astray,  
By mere or stream,—around, below?  
Lovelier she than a woman of clay;  
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

Where is wise Héloïse, that care  
 Brought on Abeilard, and dismay?  
 All for her love he found a snare,  
 A maimed poor monk in orders gray;  
 And where's the Queen who willed to slay  
 Buridan, that in a sack must go  
 Afloat down Seine,—a perilous way—  
 Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

Where's that White Queen, a lily rare,  
 With her sweet song, the Siren's lay?  
 Where's Bertha Broad-foot, Beatrice fair?  
 Alys and Ermengarde, where are they?  
 Good Joan, whom English did betray  
 In Rouen town, and burned her? No,  
 Maiden and Queen, no man may say;  
 Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

#### ENVOY

Prince, all this week thou needst not pray,  
 Nor yet this year the thing to know.  
 One burden answers, ever and aye,  
 "Nay, but where is the last year's snow?"

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

### A BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

#### AFTER VILLON

From "If I Were King"

I WONDER in what Isle of Bliss  
 Apollo's music fills the air;  
 In what green valley Artemis  
 For young Endymion spreads the snare:  
 Where Venus lingers debonair:  
 The Wind has blown them all away—  
 And Pan lies piping in his lair—  
 Where are the Gods of Yesterday?

Say where the great Semiramis  
 Sleeps in a rose-red tomb; and where  
 The precious dust of Caesar is,  
 Or Cleopatra's yellow hair:  
 Where Alexander Do-and-Dare;  
 The Wind his blown them all away—  
 And Redbeard of the Iron Chair;  
 Where are the Dreams of Yesterday?

Where is the Queen of Herod's kiss,  
 And Phryne in her beauty bare;  
 By what strange sea does Tomyris  
 With Dido and Cassandra share  
 Divine Proserpina's despair;  
 The Wind has blown them all away—  
 For what poor ghost does Helen care?  
 Where are the Girls of Yesterday?

ENVOY

Alas for lovers! Pair by pair  
 The Wind has blown them all away:  
 The young and yare, the fond and fair:  
 Where are the Snows of Yesterday?  
*Justin Huntly McCarthy* [1860—

IF I WERE KING

AFTER VILLON

From "If I Were King"

ALL French folk, whereso'er ye be,  
 Who love your country, sail and sand,  
 From Paris to the Breton sea,  
 And back again to Norman strand,  
 Forsooth ye seem a silly band,  
 Sheep without shepherd, left to chance—  
 Far otherwise our Fatherland,  
 If Villon were the King of France!

The figure on the throne you see  
 Is nothing but a puppet, planned  
 To wear the regal bravery  
 Of silken coat and gilded wand.  
 Not so we Frenchmen understand  
 The Lord of lion's heart and glance,  
 And such a one would take command  
 If Villon were the King of France!

His counsellors are rogues, Perdie!  
 While men of honest mind are banned  
 To creak upon the Gallows Tree,  
 Or squeal in prisons over-manned;  
 We want a chief to bear the brand,  
 And bid the damned Burgundians dance.  
 God! Where the Oriflamme should stand  
 If Villon were the King of France!

## ENVOY

Louis the Little, play the grand;  
 Buffet the foe with sword and lance;  
 'Tis what would happen, by this hand,  
 If Villon were the King of France!  
*Justin Huntly McCarthy* [1860—

## BIFTEK AUX CHAMPIGNONS

MIMI, do you remember—  
 Don't get behind your fan—  
 That morning in September  
 On the cliffs of Grand Manan,  
 Where to the shock of Fundy  
 The topmost harebells sway  
 (*Campanula rotundi-*  
*folia: cf. Gray*)?

On the pastures high and level,  
 That overlook the sea,  
 Where I wondered what the devil  
 Those little things could be

That Mimi stooped to gather,  
 As she strolled across the down,  
 And held her dress skirt rather—  
 Oh, now, you need n't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,  
 And your boots, *I* know, were thin;  
 So a little extra brevity  
 in skirts was, sure, no sin.  
 Besides, who minds a cousin?  
 First, second, even third,—  
 I've kissed 'em by the dozen,  
 And they never once demurred.

"If one's allowed to ask it,"  
 Quoth I, "*Ma belle cousine*,  
 What have you in your basket?"  
 (Those baskets white and green  
 The brave Passamaquoddies  
 Weave out of scented grass,  
 And sell to tourist bodies  
 Who through Mt. Desert pass.)

You answered, slightly frowning,  
 "Put down your stupid book—  
 That everlasting Browning!—"  
 And come and help me look.  
*Mushroom* you spik him English,  
 I call him *champignon*:  
 I'll teach you to distinguish  
 The right kind from the wrong."

There was no fog on Fundy  
 That blue September day;  
 The west wind, for that one day,  
 Had swept it all away.  
 The lighthouse glasses twinkled,  
 The white gulls screamed and flew,  
 The merry sheep-bells tinkled,  
 The merry breezes blew.



The bayberry aromatic,  
The papery immortelles  
(That give our grandma's attic  
That sentimental smell,  
Tied up in little brush-brooms)  
Were sweet as new-mown hay,  
While we went hunting mushrooms  
That blue September day.

*Henry Augustin Beers [1847-*

### MISS NANCY'S GOWN

In days when George the Third was King  
And ruled the Old Dominion,  
And Law and Fashion owned the sway  
Of Parliament's opinion,  
A good ship brought across the sea,—  
A treasure fair and fine,—  
Miss Nancy's gown from London town,  
The latest Court design!

The plaited waist from neck to belt  
Scarce measured half a span;  
The sleeves, balloon-like, at the top  
Could hold her feather fan;  
The narrow skirt with bias gore  
Revealed an ankle neat,  
Whene'er she put her dainty foot  
From carriage step to street!

By skilful hands this wondrous gown  
Of costliest stuff was made,  
Cocoons of France on Antwerp looms  
Wrought to embossed brocade,  
Where roses red and violets  
In blooming beauty grew,  
As if young May were there alway,  
And June and April too!

---

And from this bower of delight  
Miss Nancy reigned a Queen,  
Nor one disloyal heart rebelled  
In all her wide demesne:  
The noble House of Burgesses  
Forgot its fierce debate  
O'er rights of Crown, when Nancy's gown  
Appeared in Halls of State!

Through jocund reel, or measured tread  
Of stately minuet,  
Like fairy vision shone the bloom  
Of rose and violet,  
As, hand in hand with Washington,  
The hero of the day,  
The smiling face and nymph-like grace  
Of Nancy led the way!

A century, since that gay time  
The merry dance was trod,  
Has passed, and Nancy long has slept  
Beneath the churchyard sod;  
Yet on the brocade velvet gown  
The rose and violet  
Are blooming bright as on the night  
She danced the minuet!

*Zitella Cocke [1847-*

#### WING TEE WEE

OH, Wing Tee Wee  
Was a sweet Chinee,  
And she lived in the town of Tac.  
Her eyes were blue,  
And her curling cue  
Hung dangling down her back;  
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil  
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

## The Kindly Muse

And oh, Tim Told  
 Was a pirate bold,  
 And he sailed in a Chinese junk  
 And he loved, ah me!  
 Sweet Wing Tec Wee,  
 But his valiant heart had sunk;  
 So he drowned his blues in fickle fizz,  
 And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tim Told  
 Showed all his gold  
 To the maid in the town of Tac,  
 And sweet Wing Wee  
 Eloped to sea,  
 And nevermore came back;  
 For in far Chinees the maids are fair,  
 And the maids are false, as everywhere.  
*J. P. Denison* [18 -

## A SOUTHERN GIRL

HER dimpled cheeks are pale;  
 She's a lily of the vale,  
     Not a rose.  
 In a muslin or a lawn  
 She is fairer than the dawn  
     To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat,—  
 She is vain about her feet,  
     It is said.  
 She amputates her r's,  
 But her eyes are like the stars  
     Overhead.

On a balcony at night,  
 With a fleecy cloud of white  
     Round her hair—  
 Her grace, ah, who could paint?  
 She would fascinate a saint,  
     I declare.

## Peggy at the Brook

1733

'Tis a matter of regret,  
She's a bit of a coquette,  
Whom I sing:  
On her cruel path she goes  
With half a dozen beaux  
To her string.

But let all that pass by,  
As her maiden moments fly,  
Dew-empearled;  
When she marries, on my life,  
She will make the dearest wife  
In the world.

*Samuel Minturn Peck* [1854-

### PEGGY AT THE BROOK

A MOMENT on the bank to view  
The tide with timid air,  
And in she tripped with kirtle blue  
Above her white feet bare.  
So fair a sight it never knew,  
That shy and liliated nook;  
Nor I amid  
The willows hid,  
When Peggy crossed the brook.

The glistening water loath to go,  
Encircled rock and fern;  
It eddied in its silver flow  
With many a twist and turn.  
The old mill waited far below—  
The stream the call forsook;  
And hushed its trill,  
And tarried till  
Sweet Peggy crossed the brook.

The sun slipped through the yellow leaves,  
And fell upon her hair;  
'Mid locks the hue of autumn sheaves  
It wove a witching snare.

Too late my beating heart perceives  
 The peril of a look:  
 The spell was wrought,  
 My heart was caught  
 As Peggy crossed the brook.

The mowers sang a merry lay,  
 Haymaking on the hill;  
 But down beside the brook that day  
 The air was soft and still.  
 I wished the scene might live for aye,  
 Like pictures in a book;  
 But fairest things  
 Have fleetest wings—  
 And Peggy crossed the brook.

*Samuel Minturn Peck* [1854—

#### MY GRANDMOTHER'S TURKEY-TAIL FAN

It owned not a color that vanity dons  
 Or slender wits choose for display;  
 Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,  
 A brown softly blended with gray.  
 From her waist to her chin, spreading out without break,  
 'Twas built on a generous plan:  
 The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make  
 My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:  
 In a chest between two silken cloths  
 'Twas kept safely hidden with careful intent  
 In camphor to keep out the moths.  
 'Twas famed far and wide through the whole country side,  
 From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;  
 And often at meeting with envy 'twas eyed,  
 My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.  
 Like a crook unto sheep gone astray  
 It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,  
 And exhorted the sinners to pray.

It always beat time when the choir went wrong,  
In psalmody leading the van.  
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—  
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,  
Suited only to frivolous mirth!  
A different thing is the fan that I praise,  
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.  
At bees and at quiltings 'twas aye to be seen.  
The best of the gossip began  
When in at the doorway had entered serene  
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.  
Its handle of leather was buff.  
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales  
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.  
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:  
'Twas limned for the future to scan,  
Just under a smiling, gold-spectacled face,  
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.  
*Samuel Minturn Peck* [1854-

## A MORAL IN SEVRES

UPON my mantel-piece they stand,  
While all its length between them lies;  
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,  
She glances back with bashful eyes.

The china Shepherdess is fair,  
The Shepherd's face denotes a heart  
Burning with ardor and despair.  
Alas, they stand so far apart!

And yet, perhaps, if they were moved,  
And stood together day by day,  
Their love had not so constant proved,  
Nor would they still have smiled so gay.

His hand the Shepherd might have kissed  
 The match-box Angel's heart to win;  
 The Shepherdess, his love have missed,  
 And flirted with the Mandarin.

But on my mantel-piece they stand,  
 While all its length between them lies;  
 He throws a kiss with graceful hand,  
 She glances back with bashful eyes.

*Mildred Howells* [18 -

#### ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK OF OLD PLAYS

At Cato's Head in Russell Street  
 These leaves she sat a-stitching;  
 I fancy she was trim and neat,  
 Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her on the street below,  
 All powder, ruffs, and laces,  
 There strutted idle London beaux  
 To ogle pretty faces;

While, filling many a Sedan chair  
 With monstrous hoop and feather,  
 In paint and powder London's fair  
 Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap  
 They sauntered slowly past her,  
 Or printer's boy, with gown and cap,  
 For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look;  
 Nor lord nor lady minding,  
 She bent her head above this book,  
 Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,  
 Caught on her nimble fingers,  
 Was stitched within this volume, where  
 Until to-day it lingers.

## The Talented Man

1737

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair,  
Wigs, powder, all outdated;  
A queer antique, the Sedan chair,  
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd, old plays,  
This single stray lock finding,  
I'm back in those forgotten days,  
And watch her at her binding.

*Waller Learned* [1847—

### THE TALENTED MAN

A LETTER FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO A LADY AT LAUSANNE

DEAR Alice! you'll laugh when you know it,—  
Last week, at the Duchess's ball,  
I danced with the clever new poet,—  
You've heard of him,—Tully St. Paul.  
Miss Jonquil was perfectly frantic;  
I wish you had seen Lady Anne!  
It really was very romantic,  
He *is* such a talented man!

He came up from Brazen Nose College,  
Just caught, as they call it, this spring;  
And his head, love, is stuffed full of knowledge  
Of every conceivable thing.  
Of science and logic he chatters,  
As fine and as fast as he can;  
Though I am no judge of such matters,  
I'm sure he's a talented man.

His stories and jests are delightful;—  
Not stories or jests, dear, for you;  
The jests are exceedingly spiteful,  
The stories not always *quite* true.  
Perhaps to be kind and veracious  
May do pretty well at Lausanne;  
But it never would answer,—good gracious!  
*Chez nous*—in a talented man.



He sneers,—how my Alice would scold him!—  
 At the bliss of a sigh or a tear;  
 He laughed—only think!—when I told him  
 How we cried o'er Trevelyan last year;  
 I vow I was quite in a passion;  
 I broke all the sticks of my fan;  
 But sentiment's quite out of fashion,  
 It seems, in a talented man.

Lady Bab, who is terribly moral,  
 Has told me that Tully is vain,  
 And apt—which is silly—to quarrel,  
 And fond—which is sad—of champagne.  
 I listened, and doubted, dear Alice,  
 For I saw, when my Lady began,  
 It was only the Dowager's malice;—  
 She *does* hate a talented man!

He's hideous, I own it. But fame, love,  
 Is all that these eyes can adore;  
 He's lame,—but Lord Byron was lame, love,  
 And dumpy,—but so is Tom Moore.  
 Then his voice,—*such* a voice! my sweet creature,  
 It's like your Aunt Lucy's toucan:  
 But oh! what's a tone or a feature,  
 When once one's a talented man?

My mother, you know, all the season,  
 Has talked of Sir Geoffrey's estate;  
 And truly, to do the fool reason,  
 He *has* been less horrid of late.  
 But to-day, when we drive in the carriage,  
 I'll tell her to lay down her plan;—  
 If ever I venture on marriage,  
 It must be a talented man!

P. S.—I have found, on reflection,  
 One fault in my friend,—*entre nous*;  
 Without it, he'd just be perfection;—  
 Poor fellow, he has not a *soul*

And so, when he comes in September  
 To shoot with my uncle, Sir Dan,  
 I've promised mamma to remember  
 He's *only* a talented man!  
*Winthrop Mackworth Praed [1802-1839]*

## A LETTER OF ADVICE

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILLIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS  
 ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON

*"Enfin, Monsieur, un homme aimable;  
 Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."*—SCRIBE

You tell me you're promised a lover,  
 My own Araminta, next week;  
 Why cannot my fancy discover  
 The hue of his coat, and his cheek?  
 Alas! if he look like another,  
 A vicar, a banker, a beau,  
 Be deaf to your father and mother,  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,  
 Taught us both how to sing and to speak,  
 And we loved one another with passion,  
 Before we had been there a week:  
 You gave me a ring for a token;  
 I wear it wherever I go;  
 I gave you a chain,—it is broken?  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

O think of our favorite cottage,  
 And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!  
 How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,  
 And drank of the stream from the brook;  
 How fondly our loving lips faltered,  
 "What further can grandeur bestow?"  
 My heart is the same;—is yours altered?  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances  
We read on the bank in the glen;  
Remember the suitors our fancies  
Would picture for both of us then;  
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,  
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—  
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?  
My own Araminta, say “No!”

You know, when Lord Rigmarole’s carriage,  
Drove off with your cousin Justine,  
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,  
And whispered “How base she has been!”  
You said you were sure it would kill you,  
If ever your husband looked so;  
And you will not apostatize,—will you?  
My own Araminta, say “No!”

When I heard I was going abroad, love,  
I thought I was going to die;  
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,  
We looked arm in arm to the sky;  
And I said, “When a foreign postilion  
Has hurried me off to the Po,  
Forget not Medora Trevilian:—  
My own Araminta, say “No!”

We parted! but sympathy’s fetters  
Reach far over valley and hill;  
I muse o’er your exquisite letters,  
And feel that your heart is mine still;  
And he who would share it with me, love,—  
The richest of treasures below,—  
If he’s not what Orlando should be, love,  
My own Araminta, say “No!”

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,  
If he comes to you riding a cob,  
If he talks of his baking or brewing,  
If he puts up his feet on the hob,

If he ever drinks port after dinner,  
If his brow or his breeding is low,  
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"  
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers  
While you are preparing the tea,  
If he talks of the damps or the vapors  
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,  
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,  
If he has not a musical "Oh!"  
If he does not call Werther delicious,—  
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the city  
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,  
If he has not a heart full of pity,  
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,  
If his lips are not redder than roses,  
If his hands are not whiter than snow,  
If he has not the model of noses,—  
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,  
If he does not look grand on his knees,  
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,  
If he dotes not on desolate towers,  
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,  
If he knows not the language of flowers,—  
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk like a god of old story  
Come down from the home of his rest;  
He must smile like the sun in his glory  
On the buds he loves ever the best;  
And oh! from its ivory portal  
Like music his soft speech must flow!—  
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,  
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,  
 Don't hear what they say of his birth,  
 Don't look at his seat in the county,  
 Don't calculate what he is worth;  
 But give him a theme to write verse on,  
 And see if he turns out his toe;—  
 If he's only an excellent person,  
 My own Araminta, say "No!"  
*Winthrop Mackworth Praed [1802-1839]*

### A NICE CORRESPONDENT

*"There are plenty of roses" (the patriarch speaks)  
 "Alas not for me, on your lips and your cheeks;  
 Fair maiden rose-laden enough and to spare,  
 Spare, spare me that rose that you wear in your hair."*

THE glow and the glory are plighted  
 To darkness, for evening is come;  
 The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,  
 The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.  
 I'm alone, for the others have flitted  
 To dine with a neighbor at Kew:  
 Alone, but I'm not to be pitied—  
 I'm thinking of you!

I wish you were here! Were I duller  
 Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;  
 I am dressed in your favorite color—  
 Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!  
 I am wearing my lazuli necklace,  
 The necklace you fastened askew!  
 Was there ever so rude or so reckless  
 A Darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence  
 On two or three books with a plot;  
 Of course you know "Janet's Repentance"?  
 I am reading Sir *Waverley* Scott.

That story of Edgar and Lucy,  
 How thrilling, romantic, and true!  
 The Master (his bride *was* a goosey!)  
 Reminds me of you.

They tell me Cockaigne has been crowning  
 A Poet whose garland endures;—  
 It was you that first told me of Browning,—  
 That stupid old Browning of yours!  
 His vogue and his verve are alarming,  
 I'm anxious to give him his due;  
 But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming  
 A Poet as you!

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,  
 I saw how you rode *Chanticleer*,  
 I have read the report of your speeches,  
 And echoed the echoing cheer.  
 There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,  
 Dear Fred, I believe it, I do!  
 Small marvel that Folly is making  
 Her Idol of you!

Alas for the World, and its dearly  
 Bought triumph,—its fugitive bliss;  
 Sometimes I half wish I were merely  
 A plain or a penniless Miss;  
 But, perhaps, one is blest with "a measure  
 Of pelf," and I'm not sorry, too,  
 That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,  
 My Darling, to you!

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,  
 Your taste is for letters and art;—  
 This rhyme is the commonplace passion  
 That glows in a fond woman's heart:  
 Lay it by in some sacred deposit  
 For relics—we all have a few!  
 Love, some day they'll print it, because it  
 Was written to You.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

## A DEAD LETTER

*A cœur blessé—l'ombre et le silence.—BALZAC*

## I

I DREW it from its china tomb;—  
It came out feebly scented  
With some thin ghost of past perfume  
That dust and days had lent it.

An old, old letter,—folded still!  
To read with due composure,  
I sought the sun-lit window-sill,  
Above the gray enclosure,

That, glimmering in the sultry haze,  
Faint-flowered, dimly shaded,  
Slumbered like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,  
Bedizened and brocaded.

A queer old place! You'd surely say  
Some tea-board garden-maker  
Had planned it in Dutch William's day  
To please some florist Quaker,

So trim it was. The yew-trees still,  
With pious care perverted,  
Grew in the same grim shapes; and still  
The lipless dolphin spurted;

Still in his wonted state abode  
The broken-nosed Apollo;  
And still the cypress-arbor showed  
The same umbrageous hollow.

Only,—as fresh young Beauty gleams  
From coffee-colored laces,  
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams  
The fresher modern traces;

For idle mallet, hoop, and ball  
Upon the lawn were lying;  
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,  
Round which the swifts were flying;

And, tossed beside the Guelder rose,  
A heap of rainbow knitting,  
Where, blinking in her pleased repose,  
A Persian cat was sitting.

"A place to love in,—live,—for aye,  
If we too, like Tithonus,  
Could find some God to stretch the gray  
Scant life the Fates have thrown us;

"But now by steam we run our race,  
With buttoned heart and pocket;  
Our Love's a gilded, surplus grace,—  
Just like an empty locket!

"'The time is out of joint.' Who will,  
May strive to make it better;  
For me, this warm old window-sill,  
And this old dusty letter."

## II

"Dear *John* (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,  
For Father's gone to *Chorley Fair* with *Sam*,  
And Mother's storing Apples,—*Prue* and *Me*  
Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam:  
But we shall meet before a Week is gone,—  
'Tis a long Lane that has no Turning,' *John*!

"Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait  
Behind the White-Thorn, by the broken Stile—  
We can go round and catch them at the Gate,  
All to Ourselves, for nearly one long Mile;  
Dear *Prue* won't look, and Father he'll go on,  
And *Sam's* two Eyes are all for *Cissy*, *John*!



"*John*, she's so smart,—with every Ribbon new,  
Flame-colored Sack, and Crimson Padesoy:  
As proud as proud; and has the Vapors too,  
Just like *My Lady*;—calls poor *Sam* a Boy,  
And vows no Sweet-heart's worth the Thinking-on  
Till he's past Thirty . . . I know better, *John*!

"My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much  
Before we knew each other, I and you;  
And now, why, *John*, your least, least Finger-touch,  
Gives me enough to think a Summer through.  
See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone!  
Look in this corner,—mind you find it, *John*!"

## III

This was the matter of the note,—  
A long-forgot deposit,  
Dropped in an Indian dragon's throat  
Deep in a fragrant closet,

Filed with a dapper Dresden world,—  
Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,—  
Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,  
And great jars filled with roses.

Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that kissed!  
You had no thought or presage  
Into what keeping you dismissed  
Your simple old-world message!

A reverent one. Though we to-day  
Distrust beliefs and powers,  
The artless, ageless things you say  
Are fresh as May's own flowers,

Starring some pure primeval spring,  
Ere Gold had grown despotic,—  
Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,  
Or Love a mere exotic!

The Nymph Complaining 1747

I need not search too much to find  
Whose lot it was to send it,  
That feel upon me yet the kind,  
Soft hand of her who penned it;  
And see, through two-score years of smoke,  
In by-gone, quaint apparel,  
Shine from yon time-black Norway oak  
The face of Patience Caryl,—  
The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed;  
The gray gown, primly flowered;  
The spotless, stately coif whose crest  
Like Hector's horse-plume towered;  
And still the sweet half-solemn look  
Where some past thought was clinging,  
As when one shuts a serious book  
To hear the thrushes singing.  
I kneel to you! Of those you were,  
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—  
Whose fair old faces grow more fair,  
As Point and Flanders yellow;  
Whom some old store of garnered grief,  
Their placid temples shading,  
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf  
With tender tints of fading.  
Peace to your soul! You died unwed—  
Despite this loving letter.  
And what of John? The less that's said  
Of John, I think, the better.

*Austin Dobson* [1840—

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH  
OF HER FAWN

THE wanton troopers riding by  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive  
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,

Them any harm; alas! nor could  
Thy death to them do any good.  
I'm sure I never wished them ill,  
Nor do I for all this; nor will:  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears  
Rather than fail. But O my fears!  
It cannot die so. Heaven's King  
Keeps register of everything,  
And nothing may we use in vain;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain;  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine, and wound me to the heart,  
Yet could they not be clean; their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain,  
There is not such another in  
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning, I remember well,  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me: nay, and I know  
What he said then—I'm sure I do.  
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer!"  
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
My solitary time away  
With this; and very well content  
Could so mine idle life have spent;  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Of foot and heart, and did invite

## The Nymph Complaining 1749

Me to its game: it seemed to bless  
Itself in me. How could I less  
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be  
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it, too, might have done so  
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be  
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
But I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first  
I it at mine own fingers nursed;  
And as it grew, so every day,  
It waxed more white and sweet than they.  
It had so sweet a breath! and oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft,  
And white, shall I say? than my hand—  
Nay, any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet.  
With what a pretty skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race;  
And when't had left me far away,  
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;  
For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses overgrown,  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness;  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It lovèd only to be there.  
Among the beds of lilies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,

Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes;  
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
It like a bank of lilies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed;  
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill;  
And its pure virgin lips to fold  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint  
And die as calmly as a saint!  
See how it weeps! the tears do come  
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.  
So weeps the wounded balsam; so  
The holy frankincense doth flow;  
The brotherless Heliades  
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will  
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill  
It, till it doth overflow, with mine,  
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to  
Whither the swans and turtles go;  
In fair Elysium to endure  
With milk-white lambs and ermines pure.  
O, do not run too fast, for I  
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall  
Be cut in marble; and withal  
Let it be weeping too; but there  
The engraver sure his art may spare;

## On the Death of a Favorite Cat 1751

For I so truly thee bemoan  
That I shall weep though I be stone,  
Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there;  
Then at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest alabaster made;  
For I would have thine image be  
White as I can, though not as thee.  
*Andrew Marvell [1621-1678]*

### ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:  
A whisker first and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent  
 Again she stretched, again she bent,  
 Nor knew the gulf between.  
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)  
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
 She mewed to every watery god,  
 Some speedy aid to send.  
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred:  
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard,—  
 A Favorite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,  
 Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
 And be with caution bold.  
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
 Nor all that glisters, gold.

*Thomas Gray [1716-1771]*

## TO A CAT

### I

STATELY, kindly, lordly friend,  
 Condescend  
 Here to sit by me, and turn  
 Glorious eyes that smile and burn,  
 Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,  
 On the golden page I read.

All your wondrous wealth of hair,  
 Dark and fair,  
 Silken-shaggy, soft and bright  
 As the clouds and beams of night,  
 Pays my reverent hand's caress  
 Back with friendlier gentleness.

Dogs may fawn on all and some  
     As they come;  
 You, a friend of loftier mind,  
 Answer friends alone in kind.  
 Just your foot upon my hand  
 Softly bids it understand.

Morning round this silent sweet  
     Garden-seat  
 Sheds its wealth of gathering light,  
 Thrills the gradual clouds with might,  
 Changes woodland, orchard, heath,  
 Lawn and garden there beneath.

Fair and dim they gleamed below:  
     Now they glow  
 Deep as even your sun-bright eyes,  
 Fair as even the wakening skies.  
 Can it not or can it be  
 Now that you give thanks to see?

May you not rejoice as I,  
     Seeing the sky  
 Change to heaven revealed, and bid  
 Earth reveal the heaven it hid  
 All night long from stars and moon,  
 Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day,  
     Who can say?  
 All too little may we tell,  
 Friends who like each other well,  
 What might haply, if we might,  
 Bid us read our lives aright.

II

Wild on woodland ways your sires  
     Flashed like fires;  
 Fair as flame and fierce and fleet,  
 As with wings on wingless feet



Shone and sprang your mother, free,  
Bright and brave as wind or sea.

Free and proud and glad as they,  
Here to-day  
Rests or roams their radiant child,  
Vanquished not, but reconciled,  
Free from curb of aught above  
Save the lovely curb of love.

Love through dreams of souls divine  
Fain would shine  
Round a dawn whose light and song  
Then should right our mutual wrong—  
Speak, and seal the love-lit law  
Sweet Assisi's seer foresaw.

Dreams were theirs; yet haply may  
Dawn a day  
When such friends and fellows born,  
Seeing our earth as fair at morn,  
May for wiser love's sake see  
More of heaven's deep heart than we.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]*

#### VERSES ON A CAT

CLUBBY! thou surely art, I ween,  
A Puss of most majestic mien,  
So stately all thy paces!  
With such a philosophic air  
Thou seek'st thy professorial chair,  
And so demure thy face is!

And as thou sit'st, thine eye seems fraught  
With such intensity of thought  
That could we read it, knowledge  
Would seem to breathe in every mew,  
And learning yet undreamt by you  
Who dwell in Hall or College.

## Epitaph on a Hare

1755

Oh! when in solemn taciturnity  
Thy brain seems wandering through eternity,  
What happiness were mine  
Could I then catch the thoughts that flow,  
Thoughts such as ne'er were hatched below,  
But in a head like thine.

Oh then, throughout the livelong day,  
With thee I'd sit and purr away  
In ecstasy sublime;  
And in thy face, as from a book,  
I'd drink in science at each look,  
Nor fear the lapse of time.

*Charles Daubeny [1745-1827]*

### EPITAPH ON A HARE

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
Nor swifter greyhound follow,  
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
Who, nursed with tender care,  
And to domestic bounds confined,  
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
His pittance every night,  
He did it with a jealous look,  
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,  
And milk, and oats, and straw;  
Thistles, or lettuces instead,  
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
On pippins' russet peel;  
And, when his juicy salads failed,  
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
Whereon he loved to bound,  
To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,  
For then he lost his fear;  
But most before approaching showers,  
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons  
He thus saw steal away,  
Dozing out all his idle noons,  
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,  
For he would oft beguile  
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,  
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut-shade  
He finds his long, last home,  
And waits, in snug concealment laid,  
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more agèd, feels the shocks  
From which no care can save,  
And, partner once of Tiney's box,  
Must soon partake his grave.

*William Cowper [1731-1800]*

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. THROCKMORTON'S  
BULLFINCH

YE Nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red  
With tears o'er hapless favorites shed,  
O share Maria's grief!  
Her favorite, even in his cage,  
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)  
Assassinated by a thief.

On the Death of a Bullfinch 1757

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,  
The egg was laid from which he sprung,  
And though by nature mute,  
Or only with a whistle blessed,  
Well-taught, he all the sounds expressed  
Of flageolet or flute.

The honors of his ebon poll  
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;  
His bosom of the hue  
With which Aurora decks the skies,  
When piping winds shall soon arise  
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,  
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,  
No cat had leave to dwell;  
And Bully's cage supported stood,  
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,  
Large-built and latticed well.

Well-latticed,—but the grate, alas!  
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,  
For Bully's plumage sake,  
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,  
With which, when neatly peeled and dried,  
The swains their baskets make.

Night veiled the pole—all seemed secure—  
When, led by instinct sharp and sure,  
Subsistence to provide,  
A beast forth sallied on the scout,  
Long-backed, long-tailed, with whiskered snout,  
And badger-colored hide.

He, entering at the study-door,  
Its ample area 'gan explore;  
And something in the wind  
Conjectured, sniffing round and round,  
Better than all the books he found,  
Food, chiefly, for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impressed  
 A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest;  
     In sleep he seemed to view  
 A rat, fast-clinging to the cage,  
 And, screaming at the sad presage,  
     Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,  
 Right to his mark the monster went—  
     Ah, Muse! forbear to speak  
 Minute the horror that ensued;  
 His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—  
     He left poor Bully's beak.

O had he made that too his prey!  
 That beak, whence issued many a lay  
     Of such mellifluous tone,  
 Might have repaid him well, I wote,  
 For silencing so sweet a throat,  
     Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps,—the Muses mourn;—  
 So, when by Bacchanalians torn,  
     On Thracian Hebrus' side  
 The tree-enchanted Orpheus fell,  
 His head alone remained to tell  
     The cruel death he died.

*William Cowper [1731-1800]*

#### AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more:  
 Ye Muses! mourn; ye Chambermaids! deplore.  
 Unhappy Shock! Yet more unhappy fair,  
 Doomed to survive thy joy and only care.  
 Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,  
 And tie the favorite ribbon round his neck;  
 No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,  
 And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.  
 Let cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid!  
 All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:

Our surest hope is in an hour destroyed,  
 And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoyed.  
 Methinks I see her frantic with despair,  
 Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;  
 Her Mechlin pinnets, rent, the floor bestrow,  
 And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.  
 Hence, Superstition! that tormenting guest,  
 That haunts with fancied fears the coward breast;  
 No dread events upon this fate attend,  
 Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.  
 Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,  
 And dying lions show the monarch's fate,  
 Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise?  
 For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.  
 Cease, Celia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears.  
 Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.  
 In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,  
 More grateful toying and a sweeter kiss.  
 He's dead. Oh! lay him gently in the ground!  
 And may his tomb be by this verse renowned:  
 Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,  
 Who fawned like man, but ne'er like man betrayed.

*John Gay* [1685-1732]

### MY LAST TERRIER

I MOURN "Patroclus," whilst I praise  
 Young "Peter" sleek before the fire,  
 A proper dog, whose decent ways  
 Renew the virtues of his sire;  
 "Patroclus" rests in grassy tomb,  
 And "Peter" grows into his room.  
 For though, when Time or Fates consign  
 The terrier to his latest earth,  
 Vowing no wastrel of the line  
 Shall dim the memory of his worth,  
 I meditate the silkier breeds,  
 Yet still an Amurath succeeds:

Succeeds to bind the heart again  
 To watchful eye and strenuous paw,  
 To tail that gratulates amain  
 Or deprecates offended Law;  
 To bind, and break, when failing eye  
 And palsied paw must say good-bye.

Ah, had the dog's appointed day  
 But tallied with his master's span,  
 Nor one swift decade turned to gray  
 The busy muzzle's black and tan,  
 To reprobate in idle men  
 Their threescore empty years and ten!

Sure, somewhere o'er the Stygian strait  
 "Panurge" and "Bito," "Tramp" and "Mike,"  
 In couchant conclave watch the gate,  
 Till comes the last successive tyke,  
 Acknowledged with the countersign:  
*"Your master was a friend of mine."*

In dreams I see them spring to greet,  
 With rapture more than tail can tell,  
 Their master of the silent feet  
 Who whistles o'er the asphodel,  
 And through the dim Elysian bounds  
 Leads all his cry of little hounds.

*John Halsham* [18 -

#### GEIST'S GRAVE

FOUR years!—and didst thou stay above  
 The ground, which hides thee now, but four?  
 And all that life, and all that love,  
 Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,  
 Which make me for thy presence yearn,  
 Called us to pet thee or to praise,  
 Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,  
Had they indeed no longer span,  
To run their course, and reach their goal  
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,  
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs  
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,  
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled  
By spirits gloriously gay,  
And temper of heroic mould—  
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course  
Of all the centuries yet to come,  
And not the infinite resource  
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast  
Of new creation evermore,  
Can ever quite repeat the past,  
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself I know not what  
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,  
On us, who stood despondent by,  
A meek last glance of love didst throw,  
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—  
Would fix our favorite on the scene,  
Nor let thee utterly depart  
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.



And so there rise these lines of verse  
On lips that rarely form them now;  
While to each other we rehearse:  
*Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!*

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,  
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,  
We greet thee by the window-pane,  
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears  
Quick raised to ask which way we go;  
Crossing the frozen lake, appears  
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear,  
Who mourn thee in thine English home;  
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,  
Dropped by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,  
And thou shalt live as long as we.  
And after that—thou dost not care!  
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,  
Even to a date beyond our own,  
We strive to carry down thy name  
By mounded turf and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,  
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,  
Between the holly and the beech,  
Where oft we watched thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear  
To travelers on the Portsmouth road;—  
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,  
Marked with a stone, thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass,  
 When we too, like thyself, are clay,  
 Shall see thy grave upon the grass,  
 And stop before the stone, and say:

*People who lived here long ago  
 Did by this stone, it seems, intend  
 To name for future times to know  
 The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.*

Matthew Arnold [1822-1888]

## LADDIE

LOWLY the soul that waits  
 At the white, celestial gates,  
 A threshold soul to greet  
 Belovèd feet.

Down the streets that are beams of sun  
 Cherubim children run;  
 They welcome it from the wall;  
 Their voices call.

But the Warder saith: "Nay, this  
 Is the City of Holy Bliss.  
 What claim canst thou make good  
 To angelhood?"

"Joy," answereth it from eyes  
 That are amber ecstasies,  
 Listening, alert, elate,  
 Before the gate.

*Oh, how the frolic feet  
 On lonely memory beat!  
 What rapture in a run  
 'Twixt snow and sun!*

"Nay, brother of the sod,  
 What part hast thou in God?  
 What spirit art thou of?"  
 It answers: "Love,"

Lifting its head, no less  
 Cajoling a caress,  
 Our winsome collie wraith,  
 Than in glad faith

The door will open wide,  
 Or kind voice bid: "Abide,  
 A threshold soul to greet  
 The longed-for feet."

*Ah, Keeper of the Portal,  
 If Love be not immortal,  
 If Joy be not divine,  
 What prayer is mine?*  
 Katharine Lee Bates [1859-

#### MY TERRIER

A SCOTCH patrician, sandy-haired,  
 Whose forefathers would whine and gambol  
 Round some forgotten lowland laird,  
 Companions of his morning ramble;  
 He wakes a Northern memory still  
 Of salmon in the river leaping,  
 Of grouse that call upon the hill,  
 And sunlight on the larch-wood sleeping.

Alas! his lot is cast in lines  
 That more prosaic patterns follow,  
 Far from the fragrance of the pines,  
 From heathered slope and misty hollow;  
 To fall among the hurrying wheels  
 Where crowds are thick and streets are gritty,  
 A close attendant at my heels,  
 He treads the pavement of the City.

Now curled upon the rug he lies,  
 Yet, as I write, his head he raises  
 To gaze at me with anxious eyes,  
 As though to bid me sing his praises;

Then dozing off again, renews  
 The ecstasy of ancient habits,  
 And, whining in his dreams, pursues  
 A multitude of phantom rabbits.

The pleasures of his daily round  
 Might, were his nature less convivial,  
 In process of the years be found  
 Somewhat monotonous and trivial;  
 Each night the handiwork of Spratt  
 He hails with healthy acclamation,  
 Each day he greets my stick and hat  
 With furious barks of approbation.

One would suppose a walk with me  
 Scarce merited such boisterous greeting,  
 Yet blissful prospects he can see  
 Of many a courteous wayside meeting  
 With other dogs, who never fail  
 To rouse an interest none may measure  
 And set the apex of his tail  
 A-trembling with mysterious pleasure.

Though you might think that each surmised  
 That he had many a canine brother,  
 They all seem curiously surprised  
 Day after day to see each other;  
 In that pricked ear and eager eye  
 Astonishment may be detected,  
 And those spasmodic leaps imply  
 A flavor of the unexpected.

I wish my pen for him could claim  
 A character for great astuteness,  
 Or hopes of an enduring fame  
 Based on phenomenal acuteness;  
 But since I hope that I possess  
 A reputation for veracity,  
 I have not in the public press  
 Told anecdotes of his sagacity.

Of no attainments he can boast—  
I venture the confession sadly—  
Though round the table he will coast  
And beg assiduously but badly;  
Yet his devotion makes amends,  
And when my nerves are strung and restive,  
The best of faithful silent friends,  
I find him pleasantly suggestive.

For I am sure that here is one  
Who, whatsoe'er my fault and failing,  
Whatever I have said or done,  
Will spare me rough abuse and railing;  
When criticism waxes cold,  
In hours of bitter introspection,  
Still in that doggish heart I hold  
A changeless standard of perfection.

He reads me morals, too, who find  
So much to agitate and vex me,  
And to the riddles of mankind  
So many answers that perplex me;  
He who his little life surveys  
With spirits buoyant and unflagging,  
And needs such trifling joys to raise  
His tail to a contented wagging.

*Alfred Cochrane* [1865—

## THE BARB OF SATIRE

### THE VICAR OF BRAY

IN good King Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous high-churchman was I,  
And so I got preferment.  
To teach my flock I never missed:  
Kings were by God appointed,  
And lost are those that dare resist  
Or touch the Lord's anointed.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal James possessed the crown,  
And popery grew in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down,  
And read the Declaration;  
The Church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution;  
And I had been a Jesuit  
But for the Revolution.

When William was our king declared,  
To ease the nation's grievance,  
With this new wind about I steered,  
And swore to him allegiance;  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.

When royal Anne became our queen,  
 The Church of England's glory,  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a Tory;  
 Occasional conformists base,  
 I blamed their moderation,  
 And thought the Church in danger was,  
 By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
 And moderate men looked big, sir,  
 My principles I changed once more,  
 And so became a Whig, sir;  
 And thus preferment I procured  
 From our new Faith's defender,  
 And almost every day abjured  
 The Pope and the Pretender.

The illustrious house of Hanover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear—  
 While they can keep possession:  
 For in my faith and loyalty  
 I nevermore will falter,  
 And George my lawful king shall be—  
 Until the times do alter.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain  
 Until my dying day, sir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.*

*Unknown*

### THE LOST LEADER

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH]

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
 How all our copper had gone for his service!  
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud—  
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their  
 graves!  
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
 —He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!  
 We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;  
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;  
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:  
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
 One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning again!  
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

*Robert Browning* [1812–1889]

## ICHABOD

[DANIEL WEBSTER]

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
 Which once he wore!  
 The glory from his gray hairs gone  
 Forevermore!



## The Barb of Satire

Reville him not, the Tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
Save power remains;  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!

*John Greenleaf Whittier [1807-1892]*

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man;  
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?  
We can't never choose him o' course,—thet's flat;  
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;  
Fer John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drefle smart man:  
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;  
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—  
He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself;—  
So John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;  
He don't vally princerple more'n an old cud;  
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?  
So John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,  
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,  
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,  
 An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country,  
 An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book  
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;  
 An' John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;  
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*;  
 An' thet all this big talk of our destinies  
 Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum;  
 But John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life  
 That th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,  
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,  
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;  
 But John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us  
 The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—  
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,  
 To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;  
 Fer John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

*James Russell Lowell* [1819-1891]

## THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

### SOT TO A NURSERY RHYME

"HERE we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!  
 It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs;  
 Fer how could we trample on 't so, I wonder,  
 Ef't worn't thet it's ollers under our hoofs?"

## The Debate in the Sennit 1773

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;  
    "Human rights haint no more  
    Right to come on this floor,  
No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' business with nothin',  
    An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;  
We aint none riled by their frettin' an' frothin',  
    We're *used* to layin' the string on our slaves,"  
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
    Sez Mister Foote,  
    "I should like to shoot  
The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,  
    It's sutthin' thet's—wha'd'ye call it?—divine,—  
An' the slaves thet we ollers *make* the most out on  
    Air them north o' Mason an' Dixon's line,"  
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
    "Fer all thet," sez Mangum,  
    "'T would be better to hang 'em  
An' so git red on 'er soon," sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,  
    Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;  
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,  
    An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"  
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
    "Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,  
    "Ez thet some one's an ass,  
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,  
    But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,  
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)  
    To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"  
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
    "Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,  
    "The perfection o' bliss  
Is in skinnin' thet same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion,  
 It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't chafe;  
 Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)  
 Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"  
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
 Sez Mister Hannegan,  
 Afore he began agin,  
 "Thet exception is quite oppertoon," sez he.

"Gen'le Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar,  
*Your* merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees;  
 At the North we don't make no distinctions o' color;  
 You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"  
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
 Sez Mister Jarnagin,  
 "They wun't hev to larn agin,  
 They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question aint no ways bewilderin',  
 North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance;  
 No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,  
 But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"  
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
 Sez Atherton here,  
 "This is gittin' severe,  
 I wish I could dive like a loon," sez he.

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,  
 An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,  
 An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,  
 'll go to work raisin' permiscoous Ned,"  
 Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
 "Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,  
 "Ef we Southerners all quit,  
 Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's brewin'  
 In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine,  
 All the wise aristoxys atumblin' to ruin,  
 An' the sankylot's drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,"

## The Marquis of Carabas 1775

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
“Yes,” sez Johnson, “in France  
They’re beginnin’ to dance  
Beëlzebub’s own rigadoon,” sez he.

“The South’s safe enough, it don’t feel a mite skeery,  
Our slaves in their darkness an’ dut air tu blest  
Not to welcome with proud hallylугers the ery  
Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,”  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
“Oh,” sez Westcott o’ Florida,  
“Wut treason is horrider  
Than our priv’leges tryin’ to proon?” sez he.

“It’s ’coz they’re so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints  
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;  
We think it’s our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,  
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth sha’n’t be spiled,”  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—  
“Ah,” sez Dixon H. Lewis,  
“It perfectly true is  
Thet slavery’s airth’s grettest boon,” sez he.

*James Russell Lowell [1819-1891]*

### THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS

#### A SONG WITH A STOLEN BURDEN

OFF with your hat! along the street  
His Lordship’s carriage rolls;  
Respect to greatness—when it shines  
To cheer our darkened souls.  
Get off the step, you ragged boys!  
Policeman, where’s your staff?  
This is a sight to check with awe  
The most irreverent laugh.

*Chapeau bas!*

*Chapeau bas!*

*Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!*

Stand further back! we'll see him well;  
 Wait till they lift him out:  
 It takes some time; his Lordship's old,  
 And suffers from the gout.  
 Now look! he owns a castled park  
 For every finger thin;  
 He has more sterling pounds a day  
 Than wrinkles in his skin.

The founder of his race was son  
 To a king's cousin, rich;  
 (The mother was an oyster wench—  
 She perished in a ditch).  
 His patriot worth embalmed has been  
 In poets' loud applause:  
 He made twelve thousand pounds a year  
 By aiding France's cause.

The second marquis, of the stole  
 Was groom to the second James;  
 He all but caught that recreant king  
 When flying o'er the Thames.  
 Devotion rare! by Orange Will  
 With a Scotch county paid;  
 He gained one more—in Ireland—when  
 Charles Edward he betrayed.

He lived to see his son grow up  
 A general famed and bold,  
 Who fought his country's fights—and one,  
 For half a million, sold.  
*His* son (alas! the house's shame)  
 Frittered the name away:  
 Diced, wenched and drank—at last got shot,  
 Through cheating in his play!

Now, sec, where, focused on one head,  
 The race's glories shine:  
 The head gets narrow at the top,  
 But mark the jaw—how fine!

Don't call it satyr-like; you'd wound  
 Some scores, whose honest pates  
 The self-same type present, upon  
 The Carabas estates!

Look at his skin—at four-score years  
 How fresh it gleams and fair:  
 He never tasted ill-dressed food,  
 Or breathed in tainted air.  
 The noble blood glows through his veins  
 Still, with a healthful pink;  
 His brow scarce wrinkled!—Brows keep so  
 That have not got to think.

His hand 's ungloved!—it shakes, 'tis true,  
 But mark its tiny size,  
 (High birth's true sign) and shape, as on  
 The lackey's arm it lies.  
 That hand ne'er penned a useful line,  
 Ne'er worked a deed of fame,  
 Save slaying one, whose sister he—  
 Its owner—brought to shame.

They've got him in—he's gone to vote  
 Your rights and mine away;  
 Perchance our lives, should men be scarce,  
 To fight his cause for pay.  
 We are his slaves! he owns our lands,  
 Our woods, our seas, and skies;  
 He'd have us shot like vicious dogs,  
 Should we in murmuring rise!

*Chapeau bas!*

*Chapeau bas!*

*Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!*

*Robert Brough [1828-1860]*

#### A MODEST WIT

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East—  
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—  
 A governor, or general, at the least,  
 I have forgotten which—



Had in his family a humble youth,  
Who went from England in his patron's suit,  
An unassuming boy, in truth  
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;  
But yet with all his sense,  
Excessive diffidence  
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,  
His Honor, proudly free, severely merry,  
Conceived it would be vastly fine  
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,  
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—  
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,  
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,  
Instead of teaching you to sew!  
Pray, why did not your father make  
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,  
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.  
At length Modestus, bowing low,  
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),  
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know  
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!  
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?  
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—  
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"  
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,  
"Pray, why did not your father make  
A gentleman of you?"

*Selleck Osborn* [1783-1826]

## JOLLY JACK

WHEN fierce political debate  
Throughout the isle was storming,  
And Rads attacked the throne and state,  
And Tories the reforming,  
To calm the furious rage of each,  
And right the land demented,  
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach  
The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,  
His chair, a three-legged stool;  
His broken jug was emptied oft,  
Yet, somehow, always full.  
His mistress' portrait decked the wall,  
His mirror had a crack;  
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all  
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,  
Teach pride its mean condition,  
And preach good sense to dull pretence,  
Was honest Jack's high mission.  
Our simple statesman found his rule  
Of moral in the flagon,  
And held his philosophic school  
Beneath the "George and Dragon."

When village Solons cursed the Lords,  
And called the malt-tax sinful,  
Jack heeded not their angry words,  
But smiled and drank his skinful.  
And when men wasted health and life,  
In search of rank and riches,  
Jack marched aloof the paltry strife.  
And wore his threadbare breeches.

"I enter not the Church," he said,  
"But I'll not seek to rob it;"  
So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,  
While others studied Cobbett.

His talk it was of feast and fun;  
 His guide the Almanack;  
 From youth to age thus gaily run  
 The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,  
 He humbly thanked his Maker;  
 "I am," said he, "O Father good!  
 Nor Catholic nor Quaker:  
 Give each his creed, let each proclaim  
 His catalogue of curses;  
 I trust in Thee, and not in them,  
 In Thee, and in Thy mercies!

"Forgive me if, midst all Thy works,  
 No hint I see of damning;  
 And think there's faith among the Turks,  
 And hope for e'en the Brahmin.  
 Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,  
 And kindly is my laughter;  
 I cannot see the smiling earth,  
 And think there's hell hereafter."

Jack died; he left no legacy,  
 Save that his story teaches:—  
 Content to peevish poverty;  
 Humility to riches.  
 Ye scornful great, ye envious small,  
 Come follow in his track;  
 We all were happier, if we all  
 Would copy Jolly Jack.

*William Makepeace Thackeray* [1811-1863]

## THE KING OF BRENTFORD \*

AFTER BÉRANGER

THERE was a King in Brentford, —of whom no legends tell,  
 But who, without his glory, —could eat and sleep right well.  
 His Polly's cotton nightcap, —it was his crown of state,  
 He slept of evenings early, —and rose of mornings late.

\* For the original of this poem see page 3590.

All in a fine mud palace,—each day he took four meals,  
And for a guard of honor,—a dog ran at his heels.  
Sometimes to view his kingdoms,—rode forth this monarch  
good,  
And then a prancing jackass—he royally bestrode.

There were no costly habits—with which this King was  
cursed,  
Except (and where's the harm on't?)—a somewhat lively  
thirst;  
But people must pay taxes,—and Kings must have their  
sport;  
So out of every gallon—His Grace he took a quart.

He pleased the ladies round him,—with manners soft and  
bland;  
With reason good, they named him,—the father of his land.  
Each year his mighty armies—marched forth in gallant  
show;  
Their enemies were targets,—their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbor,—no useless conquest made,  
But by the laws of pleasure,—his peaceful realm he swayed.  
And in the years he reignèd,—through all this country wide,  
There was no cause for weeping,—save when the good man  
died.

The faithful men of Brentford,—do still their King deplore,  
His portrait yet is swinging,—beside an alehouse door.  
And toppers, tender-hearted,—regard his honest phiz,  
And envy times departed,—that knew a reign like his.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### HOCH! DER KAISER

DER Kaiser of dis Faterland  
Und Gott on high all dings command,  
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?  
Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine,  
 Mine soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhine,"  
 Und drink der health in Rhenish wine  
 Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt;  
 She's ausgespielt, of no account,  
 To much we dink she don't amount;  
 Myself—und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again,  
 But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain  
 Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine  
 Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's grandma dinks she's nicht small beer,  
 Mit Boers und such she interfere;  
 She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere  
 But me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, fine ships she's got  
 Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat.  
 Ach! We could knock dem! Pouf! Like dot,  
 Myself—mit Gott!

In dimes of peace, brepare for wars,  
 I bear de spear und helm of Mars,  
 Und care not for a dousand Czars,  
 Myself—mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efery whim,  
 Mit aspect dark und visage grim;  
 Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him,  
 Myself—und Gott!

*Alexander Macgregor Rose [1846-1898]*

#### NONGTONGPAW

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,  
 Some time ago, to peep at France;  
 To talk of sciences and arts,  
 And knowledge gained in foreign parts.

Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,  
And answered John in heathen Greek:  
To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,  
'Twas, "*Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*"

John, to the Palais-Royal come,  
Its splendor almost struck him dumb.  
"I say, whose house is that there here?"  
"House! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"  
"What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John;  
"This fellow is some mighty Don:  
No doubt he's plenty for the maw,—  
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,  
And cried, astonished at the sight,  
"Whose fine estate is that there here?"  
"State! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"  
"His? what, the land and houses too?  
The fellow's richer than a Jew:  
On everything he lays his claw!  
I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair,  
John cried, enchanted with her air,  
"What lovely wench is that there here?"  
"Ventch! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"  
"What, he again? Upon my life!  
A palace, lands, and then a wife  
Sir Joshua might delight to draw:  
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.  
"*Je vous n'entends pas.*"—"What, is he gone?  
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save  
Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave!  
His race is run, his game is up,—  
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;  
But since he chooses to withdraw,  
Good night t' ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw!"

Charles Dibdin [1745-1814]

## THE LION AND THE CUB

How fond are men of rule and place,  
Who court it from the mean and base!  
These cannot bear an equal nigh,  
But from superior merit fly.  
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,  
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.  
There o'er some petty club preside;  
So poor, so paltry, is their pride!  
Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,  
In hopes to be supreme in wit.  
If these can read, to these I write,  
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,  
Avoided all the lion kind;  
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts  
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;  
With asses all his time he spent,  
Their club's perpetual president.  
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;  
An ass in everything but ears!  
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,  
They grinned applause before he spoke;  
But at each word what shouts of praise!  
"Good gods! how natural he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,  
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;  
Forward, and fond to show his parts,  
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

"Puppy! that cursed vociferation  
Betrays thy life and conversation:  
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,  
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the Cub replies;  
"Our senate always held me wise!"

"How weak is pride," returns the sire:  
"All fools are vain when fools admire!

## The Hare With Many Friends 1785

But know, what stupid asses prize,  
Lions and noble beasts despise."

*John Gay* [1685-1732]

### THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.  
The child, whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.  
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,  
Complied with everything, like Gay,  
Was known by all the bestial train,  
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;  
Her care was never to offend,  
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:  
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;  
She hears the near advance of death;  
She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round:  
Till, fainting in the public way,  
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
When first the Horse appeared in view!  
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,  
And owe my safety to a friend.  
You know my feet betray my flight:  
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied: "Poor honest Puss,  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;  
Be comforted; relief is near,  
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored;  
And thus replied the mighty lord:



"Since every beast alive can tell  
That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may, without offence, pretend,  
To take the freedom of a friend.  
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow  
Expects me near yon barley-mow;  
And when a lady's in the case,  
You know, all other things give place.  
To leave you thus might seem unkind;  
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,  
Her languid head, her heavy eye;  
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;  
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained  
His sides a load of wool sustained:  
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,  
For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,  
To save from death a friend distressed.  
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,  
In this important care engage?  
Older and abler passed you by;  
How strong are those, how weak am I!  
Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence.  
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;  
But dearest friends, alas! must part.  
How shall we all lament! Adieu!  
For see, the hounds are just in view."

*John Gay* [1685-1732]

#### THE SYCOPHANTIC FOX AND THE GULLIBLE RAVEN

A RAVEN sat upon a tree,  
And not a word he spoke, for  
His beak contained a piece of Brie,  
Or, maybe, it was Roquefort?  
We'll make it any kind you please—  
At all events, it was a cheese.

## The Sycophantic Fox and Gullible Raven 1787

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb  
A hungry fox sat smiling;  
He saw the raven watching him,  
And spoke in words beguiling:  
    *"J'admire,"* said he, *"ton beau plumage,"*  
    (The which was simply persiflage).

Two things there are, no doubt you know,  
To which a fox is used,—  
A rooster that is bound to crow,  
A crow that's bound to roost,  
And whichever he espies  
He tells the most unblushing lies.

"Sweet fowl," he said, "I understand  
You're more than merely natty:  
I hear you sing to beat the band  
And Adelina Patti.  
Pray render with your liquid tongue  
A bit from 'Gotterdammerung.' "

This subtle speech was aimed to please  
The crow, and it succeeded:  
He thought no bird in all the trees  
Could sing as well as he did.  
In flattery completely doused,  
He gave the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

But gravitation's law, of course,  
As Isaac Newton showed it,  
Exerted on the cheese its force,  
And elsewhere soon bestowed it.  
In fact, there is no need to tell  
What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird  
Took in the situation,  
He said one grief, emphatic word,  
Unfit for publication.  
The fox was greatly startled, but  
He only sighed and answered "Tut!"

THE MORAL is: A fox is bound  
 To be a shameless sinner.  
 And also: When the cheese comes round  
 You know it's after dinner.  
 But (what is only known to few)  
 The fox is after dinner, too.

*Guy Wetmore Carryl [1873-1904]*

## THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER

### FRIEND OF HUMANITY

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are you going?  
 Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order.—  
 Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't.  
 So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones  
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day,  
 "Knives and  
 Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?  
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
 Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?  
 Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his game? or  
 Covetous parson, for his tithes destracting?  
 Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little  
 All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)  
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your  
 Pitiful story.

## Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves 1789

### KNIFE-GRINDER

Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;  
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle

Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody; they took me before the justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish  
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.

### FRIEND OF HUMANITY

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first,—  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!—  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast!

(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.)

*George Canning [1770-1827]*

## VILLON'S STRAIGHT TIP TO ALL CROSS COVES

"Tout aux tavernes et aux fiells."

SUPPOSE you screeve? or go cheap-jack?  
Or fake the broads? or fig a nag?  
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?  
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?  
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?  
Or get the straight, and land your pot?  
How do you melt the multy swag?  
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;  
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;  
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;  
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag;

Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;  
 Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;  
 You can not bag a single stag;  
 Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you try a different tack,  
 And on the square you flash your flag?  
 At penny-a-lining make your whack,  
 Or with the mummers mug and gag?  
 For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!  
 At any graft, no matter what,  
 Your merry goblins soon stravag:  
 Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

## THE MORAL

It's up the spout and Charley Wag  
 With wipes and tickers and what not,  
 Until the squeezer nips your scrag,  
 Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

*William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]*

## VILLON'S BALLADE

## OF GOOD COUNSEL, TO HIS FRIENDS OF EVIL LIFE

NAY, be you pardoner or cheat,  
 Or cogger keen, or mumper shy,  
 You'll burn your fingers at the feat,  
 And howl like other folks that fry.  
 All evil folks that love a lie!  
 And where goes gain that greed amasses,  
 By wile, and guile, and thievery?  
 'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

Rhyme, rail, dance, play the cymbals sweet,  
 With game, and shame, and jollity,  
 Go jigging through the field and street,  
 With *myst'ry* and *morality*;  
 Win gold at *gleek*,—and that will fly,  
 Where all your gain at *passage* passes,—  
 And that's? You know as well as I,  
 'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

## A Little Brother of the Rich 1791

Nay, forth from all such filth retreat,  
Go delve and ditch, in wet or dry,  
Turn groom, give horse and mule their meat,  
If you've no clerkly skill to ply;  
You'll gain enough, with husbandry,  
But—sow hempseed and such wild grasses,  
And where goes all you take thereby?—  
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

### ENVOY

Your clothes, your hose, your broidery,  
Your linen that the snow surpasses,  
Or ere they're worn, off, off they fly,  
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

## A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH

To put new shingles on old roofs;  
To give old women wadded skirts;  
To treat premonitory coughs  
With seasonable flannel shirts;  
To soothe the stings of poverty  
And keep the jackal from the door,—  
These are the works that occupy  
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,  
Kind words and chickens, jams and coals;  
Poultices for corporeal woes,  
And sympathy for downcast souls:  
Her currant jelly, her quinine,  
The lips of fever move to bless;  
She makes the humble sick-room shine  
With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin  
And vivid counterpart is mine;  
I also serve my fellow-men,  
Though in a somewhat different line.

The Poor, and their concerns, she has  
 Monopolized, because of which  
 It falls to me to labor as  
 A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice  
 Does my devoted spirit quail;  
 I give their horses exercise;  
 As ballast on their yachts I sail.  
 Upon their tallyhos I ride  
 And brave the chances of a storm;  
 I even use my own inside  
 To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit  
 Dear to our hearts soon grow to be;  
 I love my Rich, and I admit  
 That they are very good to me.  
 Succor the Poor, my sisters,—I,  
 While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,  
 Will strive to share and mollify  
 The trials of abounding wealth.

*Edward Sandford Martin* [1856—

#### THE WORLD'S WAY

At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time,  
 An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

"The new moon is a horseshoe, wrought of God,  
 Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this, the Sultan smiled, and gave  
 The man a gold-piece. *Sing again, O slave!*

Above his lute the happy singer bent,  
 And turned another gracious compliment.

And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave  
 The man a sekkah. *Sing again, O slave!*

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill  
 That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

## For My Own Monument 1793

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,  
Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high  
Grew weary with its climbing by and by:

Strange discords rose; the sense went quite amiss;  
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss:

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,  
And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said,  
*O Musta, straightway whip me off his head!*

Poets! not in Arabia alone  
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1837-1907]*

### FOR MY OWN MONUMENT

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,  
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;  
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention  
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;  
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;  
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,  
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,  
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;  
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,  
In a life parti-colored, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,  
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;  
In public employments industrious and grave,  
And alone with his friends, lord! how merry was he!



Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,  
 Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;  
 And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,  
 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,  
 Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;  
 It says that his relics collected lie here,  
 And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,  
 So Mat may be killed, and his bones never found;  
 False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,  
 So Mat may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,  
 To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;  
 And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,  
 He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

*Matthew Prior* [1664–1721]

#### THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!  
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?  
 Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well—  
 She, men would have to be your mother once,  
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!  
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,  
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,  
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,  
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.  
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie  
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,  
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask  
 "Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.  
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;  
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought  
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:

## The Bishop Orders His Tomb 1795

—Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;  
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South  
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!  
Yet still my niche is not so cramped, but thence  
One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,  
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,  
And up into the aery dome where live  
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:  
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,  
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,  
With those nine columns round me, two and two,  
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:  
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe  
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.  
—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,  
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,  
Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!  
Draw close: that conflagration of my church  
—What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!  
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig  
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,  
Drop water gently till the surface sink,  
And if ye find. . . Ah God, I know not, I! . . .  
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,  
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,  
Some lump, ah God, of lapis lazuli,  
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,  
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast. . .  
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,  
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,  
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,  
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands  
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,  
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!  
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:  
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?  
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—  
'T was ever antique-black I meant! How else  
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?  
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,

Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance  
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,  
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,  
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan  
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,  
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know  
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,  
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope  
To revel down my villas while I gasp  
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine  
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!  
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!  
'T is jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve  
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!  
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,  
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—  
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray  
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,  
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?  
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,  
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,  
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—  
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!  
And then how I shall lie through centurics,  
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,  
And see God made and eaten all day long,  
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste  
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!  
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,  
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,  
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,  
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,  
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop  
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work:  
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts  
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,  
About the life before I lived this life,  
And this life too, popes, cardinals and priests,  
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,  
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,

## Up at a Villa—Down in the City 1797

And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,  
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,  
—Aha, *ELUCESCEBAT* quoth our friend?  
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!  
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.  
All lapis, all, sons! Else I give the Pope  
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?  
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,  
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,  
Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,  
Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase  
With grapes, and add a visor and a Term,  
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx  
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,  
To comfort me on my entablature  
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask  
"Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me, there!  
For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude  
To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—  
Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat  
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—  
And no more lapis to delight the world!  
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,  
But in a row: and, going, turn your backs  
—Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,  
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,  
That I may watch at leisure if he leers—  
Old Gandolf—at me, from his onion-stone,  
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

*Robert Browning* [1812–1889]

## UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,  
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square.  
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window  
there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!  
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;  
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a  
beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull  
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,  
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!  
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned  
wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?  
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to  
take the eye!  
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry!  
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who  
hurries by;  
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun  
gets high;  
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted prop-  
erly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by  
rights,  
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off  
the heights:  
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen  
steam and wheeze,  
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive  
trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;  
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.  
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three  
fingers well,  
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red  
bell,  
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick  
and sell.

## Up at a Villa—Down in the City 1799

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout  
and splash!  
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-  
bows flash  
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle  
and pash  
Round the lady atop in the conch—fifty gazers do not  
abash,  
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in  
a sort of sash.

All the year round at the villa, nothing's to see though you  
linger,  
Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted fore-  
finger.  
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and  
mingle,  
Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.  
Late August or early September, the stunning cicada is  
shrill  
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous  
firs on the hill.  
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the  
fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells  
begin:  
No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in:  
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a  
pin.  
By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets  
blood, draws teeth;  
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.  
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping  
hot!  
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves  
were shot.  
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,  
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new  
law of the Duke's!

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so,  
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, St. Jerome, and Cicero,  
 "And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming), "the skirts of  
 St. Paul has reached,  
 Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous  
 than ever he preached."  
 Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne  
 smiling and smart  
 With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords  
 stuck in her heart!  
*Bang-whang-whang*, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;  
 No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in  
 life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double  
 the rate.

They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays  
 passing the gate  
 It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the  
 city!

Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity,  
 the pity!

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with  
 cowls and sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white skirts, a-holding the  
 yellow candles;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with  
 handles,

And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better  
 prevention of scandals.

*Bang-whang-whang*, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

#### ALL SAINTS'

IN a church which is furnished with mullion and gable,  
 With altar and reredos, with gargyle and groin,  
 The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,  
 The odor of sanctity's-eau-de-cologne.

## An Address to the Unco Guid 1801

But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,  
Gaze down on this crowd with its paniers and paints,  
He would say, as he looked at the lords and the ladies,  
"Oh, where is All Sinners' if this is All Saints'?"

*Edmund Yates* [1831-1894]

### AN ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

MY son, these maxims make a rule,  
And lump them aye thegither:  
The Rigid Righteous is a fool  
The Rigid Wise anither:  
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
May hae some pyles o' caff in;  
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON—Eccles. vii, 16.

OH ye wha are sae guid yoursel',  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell  
Your neebor's fauts and folly:—  
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
Supplied wi' store o' water,  
The heapèd happer's ebbing still,  
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,  
As counsel for poor mortals,  
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,  
For glaikit Folly's portals!  
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
Would here propone defences,  
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,  
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
And shudder at the niffer;  
But cast a moment's fair regard,  
What maks the mighty differ?  
Discount what scant occasion gave  
That purity ye pride in,  
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hidin'.



Think, when your castigated pulse  
Gies now and then a wallop,  
What ragings must his veins convulse,  
That still eternal gallop:  
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
Right on ye scud your sea-way;—  
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
It makes an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmugrified, they've grown  
Debauchery and Drinking:  
Oh, would they stay to calculate  
The eternal consequences;  
Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,  
Tied up in godly laces,  
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,  
Suppose a change o' cases;  
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination,—  
But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human:  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving why they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord,—its various tone,  
Each spring,—its various bias:

## The Deacon's Masterpiece 1803

Then at the balance let's be mute;  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

Robert Burns [1759-1796]

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

#### A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will,—  
Above or below, or within or without,—  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")



## The Deacon's Masterpiece 1805

Eighteen hundred increased by ten;  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and Forty at last arrive,  
And then come Fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day,—  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay.  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,  
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-railed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the—Moses—was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,  
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—  
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
 At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—  
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
 What do you think the parson found,  
 When he got up and stared around?  
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
 How it went to pieces all at once,—  
 All at once, and nothing first,—  
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.

Logic is logic. That's all I say.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### BALLADE OF A FRIAR \*

AFTER CLÉMENT MAROT

SOME ten or twenty times a day,  
 To bustle to the town with speed,  
 To dabble in what dirt he may,—  
 Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!  
 But any sober life to lead  
 Upon an exemplary plan,  
 Requires a Christian indeed,—  
 Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

Another's wealth on his to lay,  
 With all the craft of guile and greed,  
 To leave you bare of pence or pay,—  
 Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!  
 But watch him with the closest heed,  
 And dun him with what force you can,—  
 He'll not refund, howe'er you plead,—  
 Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man—

\* For the original of this poem see page 3588.

An honest girl to lead astray,  
 With subtle saw and promised meed,  
 Requires no cunning crone and gray,—  
 Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!  
 He preaches an ascetic creed,  
 But,—try him with the water can—  
 A dog will drink, whate'er his breed,—  
 Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

## ENVOY

In good to fail, in ill succeed,  
 Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!  
 In honest works to lead the van,  
 Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

## THE CHAMELEON

OFt has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes, that hardly served at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,  
 Yet round the world the blade has been  
 To see whatever could be seen,  
 Returning from his finished tour,  
 Grown ten times perter than before;  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The traveled fool your mouth will stop;  
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,  
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know,"  
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,  
 And on their way in friendly chat,  
 Now talked of this, and then of that,  
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,  
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow its pace; and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there," the other quick replies,  
" 'Tis *green*,—I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warmed it in the sunny ray:  
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed  
And saw it eat the air for food."  
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue;  
At leisure I the beast surveyed,  
Extended in the cooling shade."  
" 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"  
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—  
"Why, sir!—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"  
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,  
"For, if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows:  
When luckily came by a third—  
To him the question they referred,  
And begged he'd tell 'em, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.  
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!  
The creature's neither one or t'other.  
I caught the animal last night,  
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:  
I marked it well—'t was black as jet—  
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,  
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:  
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

## The Blind Men and the Elephant 1809

"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"  
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:  
And when before your eyes I've set him,  
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."  
He said: then full before their sight  
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—  
"My children," the chameleon cries,  
(Then first the creature found a tongue),  
"You all are right, and all are wrong:  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you:  
Nor wonder, if you find that none  
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

*After De La Motte, by James Merrick [1720-1769]*

### THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

#### A HINDOO FABLE

It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,  
And happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
"God bless me! but the Elephant  
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried, "Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear



This wonder of an Elephant  
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake:  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out an eager hand,  
And felt about the knee.  
"What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
" 'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth* who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said: "E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most;  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong!

#### MORAL

So oft in theologic wars,  
The disputants, I ween,  
Rail on in utter ignorance  
Of what each other mean,

## The Philosopher's Scales 1811

*And prate about an Elephant  
Not one of them has seen!*

*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depths of his cell with its stone-covered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;  
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers  
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.  
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;  
But success is secure, unless energy fails;  
And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;  
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.  
Oh no; for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,  
Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,  
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;  
As a weight, he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed  
 By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
 Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed  
 By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest:  
 Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
 And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)  
 He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;  
 A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,  
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;  
 A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,  
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;  
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
 Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,  
 All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,  
 Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;  
 A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
 Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;  
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice  
 One pearl to outweigh,—'twas the Pearl of Great Price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,  
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,  
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff  
 That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!  
 When balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;  
 While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell  
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

*Jane Taylor* [1783-1824]

#### THE MAIDEN AND THE LILY

A LILY in my garden grew,  
 Amid the thyme and clover;  
 No fairer lily ever blew,  
 Search all the wide world over.

Its beauty passed into my heart:  
 I know 'twas very silly,  
 But I was then a foolish maid,  
 And it—a perfect lily.

One day a learnèd man came by,  
 With years of knowledge laden,  
 And him I questioned with a sigh,  
 Like any foolish maiden:—  
 “Wise sir, please tell me wherein lies—  
 I know the question’s silly—  
 The something that my art defies,  
 And makes a perfect lily.”

He smiled, then bending plucked the flower,  
 Then tore it, leaf and petal,  
 And talked to me for full an hour,  
 And thought the point to settle:—  
 “Therein it lies,” at length he cries;  
 And I—I know 'twas silly—  
 Could only weep and say, “But where—  
 O doctor, where’s my lily?”

*John Fraser [1750-1811]*

# THE OWL-CRITIC

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in the shop:  
 The barber was busy, and he couldn’t stop;  
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading  
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding  
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;  
 Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mister Brown,”  
 Cried the youth with a frown,  
 “How wrong the whole thing is,  
 How preposterous each wing is,  
 How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—  
 In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis!

I make no apology;  
I've learned owl-eology.  
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail  
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.  
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!  
Do take that bird down,  
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls  
And other night fowls,  
And I tell you  
What I know to be true:  
An owl cannot roost  
With his limbs so unloosed;  
No owl in this world  
Ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted,  
Ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed  
Into that attitude.  
He can't *do* it, because  
'Tis against all bird-laws.  
Anatomy teaches,  
Ornithology preaches  
An owl has a toe  
That *can't* turn out so!  
I've made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!  
Mister Brown, I'm amazed  
You should be so gone crazed  
As to put up a bird  
In that posture absurd!  
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;  
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.  
I'm filled with surprise

## The Ballad of Imitation 1815

Taxidermists should pass  
Off on you such poor glass;  
So unnatural they seem  
They'd make Audubon scream,  
And John Burroughs laugh  
To encounter such chaff.  
Do take that bird down;  
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that.  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl  
Than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.  
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,  
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say:  
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, any way;  
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

*James Thomas Fields [1816-1881]*

### THE BALLAD OF IMITATION

*C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux.*—ALFRED DE MUSSET

If they hint, O Musician, the piece that you played  
Is naught but a copy of Chopin or Spohr;  
That the ballad you sing is but merely "conveyed"  
From the stock of the Arnes and the Purcells of yore;  
That there's nothing, in short, in the words or the score,  
That is not as out-worn as the "Wandering Jew";  
Make answer—Beethoven could scarcely do more—  
That the man who plants cabbages imitates, too!

If they tell you, Sir Artist, your light and your shade  
 Are simply "adapted" from other men's lore;  
 That—plainly to speak of a "spade" as a "spade"—  
 You've "stolen" your grouping from three or from four;  
 That (however the writer the truth may deplore),  
 'Twas Gainsborough painted *your* "Little Boy Blue";  
 Smile only serenely—though cut to the core—  
 For the man who plants cabbages imitates, too!

And you too, my Poet, be never dismayed  
 If they whisper your Epic—"Sir Eperon d'Or"—  
 Is nothing but Tennyson thinly arrayed  
 In a tissue that's taken from Morris's store;  
 That no one, in fact, but a child could ignore  
 That you "lift" or "accommodate" all that you do;  
 Take heart—though your Pegasus' withers be sore—  
 For the man who plants cabbages imitates, too!

POSTSCRIPTUM.—And you, whom we all so adore,  
 Dear Critics, whose verdicts are always so new!—  
 One word in your ear. There were Critics before. . . .  
 And the man who plants cabbages imitates, too!

*Austin Dobson* [1840—

### THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green  
 and gold,  
 Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a  
 stick in the mould;  
 And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy  
 to his mighty heart,  
 Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty,  
 but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his  
 work anew—  
 The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread  
 review;

## The Conundrum of the Workshops 1817

And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a  
glorious gain

When the Devil chuckled: “Is it Art?” in the ear of the  
branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the  
stars apart,

Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: “It’s striking,  
but is it Art?”

The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the idle der-  
rick swung,

While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each in an  
alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the South,  
they talked and they fought in the West,

Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the poor Red  
Clay had rest—

Had rest till the dank, blank-canvas dawn when the dove  
was preened to start,

And the Devil bubbled below the keel: “It’s human, but  
is it Art?”

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as the new-  
cut tooth—

For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master  
of Art and Truth;

And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of  
his dying heart,

The Devil drum on the darkened pane: “You did it, but  
was it Art?”

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of  
a surplice-peg,

We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of  
an addled egg,

We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is  
drawn by the cart;

But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: “It’s clever,  
but is it Art?”



When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the Club-  
 room's green and gold,  
 The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their  
 pens in the mould—  
 They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves,  
 and the ink and the anguish start,  
 For the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but  
 is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four  
 Great Rivers flow,  
 And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long  
 ago,  
 And if we could come when the sentry slept, and softly  
 scurry through,  
 By the favor of God we might know as much—as our  
 father Adam knew.

*Rudyard Kipling [1865—*

#### THE V-A-S-E

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,  
 The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone  
 In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,  
 The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,  
 Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,  
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke  
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,  
 Who blushing said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,  
She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when  
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,  
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vase!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,  
And gently murmurs: "Oh pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with that charming vase!"

*Dies erit praegclida  
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

*James Jeffrey Roche [1847-1908]*

## HEM AND HAW

HEM and Haw were the sons of sin,  
Created to shally and shirk;  
Hem lay 'round and Haw looked on  
While God did all the work.

Hem was a foggy, and Haw was a prig,  
For both had the dull, dull mind;  
And whenever they found a thing to do,  
They yammered and went it blind.

Hem was the father of bigots and bores;  
As the sands of the sea were they.  
And Haw was the father of all the tribe  
Who criticise to-day.

But God was an artist from the first,  
And knew what he was about;  
While over his shoulder sneered these two,  
And advised him to rub it out.

They prophesied ruin ere man was made:  
"Such folly must surely fail!"  
And when he was done, "Do you think, my Lord,  
He's better without a tail?"

And still in the honest working world,  
With posture and hint and smirk,  
These sons of the devil are standing by  
While Man does all the work.

They balk endeavor and baffle reform,  
In the sacred name of law;  
And over the quavering voice of Hem,  
Is the droning voice of Haw.

*Bliss Carman* [1861-

### MINIVER CHEEVY

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,  
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;  
He wept that he was ever born,  
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old  
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;  
The vision of a warrior bold  
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,  
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;  
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,  
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown  
That made so many a name so fragrant;  
He mourned Romance, now on the town,  
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,  
Albeit he had never seen one;  
He would have sinned incessantly  
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,  
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;  
He missed the medieval grace  
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,  
But sore annoyed was he without it;  
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,  
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,  
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;  
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,  
And kept on drinking.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson [1869-*

#### THEN AG'IN

JIM BOWKER, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,  
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,  
And the least bit assistance in hoein' his row,  
Jim Bowker, he said,  
He'd filled the world full of the sound of his name,  
An' clumb the top round in the ladder of fame;  
It may have been so;  
I dunno;  
Jest so it might been,  
Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him,  
The arrers er fortune they allus 'ud pin him;  
So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.

Jim Bowker, he said,  
 Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,  
 An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clumb—  
 It may have been so;  
 I dunno;  
 Jest so it might been,  
 Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—  
 Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,  
 An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,  
 As Jim Bowker, he said.

Ef it hadn' been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,  
 We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich.  
 It might be jest so;  
 I dunno;  
 Jest so it might been,  
 Then ag'in—

*Sam Waller Foss [1858-1911]*

#### A CONSERVATIVE

THE garden beds I wandered by  
 One bright and cheerful morn,  
 When I found a new-fledged butterfly,  
 A-sitting on a thorn,  
 A black and crimson butterfly,  
 All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting  
 To infant butterflies,  
 So I gazed on this unhappy thing  
 With wonder and surprise,  
 While sadly with his waving wing  
 He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?  
 Why weepest thou so sore?  
 With garden fair and sunlight free  
 And flowers in goodly store:"—  
 But he only turned away from me  
 And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few  
Where once I had a swarm!  
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—  
Once kept my body warm,  
Before these flapping wing-things grew,  
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot  
The fury of mine eye;  
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,  
In rage and anger high,  
"You ignominious idiot!  
Those wings are made to fly!

"I do not want to fly," said he,  
"I only want to squirm!"  
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,  
But still his voice was firm:  
"I do not want to be a fly!  
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!  
To-day of unknown bliss!  
I left my fool in red and black,  
The last I saw was this,—  
The creature madly climbing back  
Into his chrysalis.

*Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman* [1860-

### SIMILAR CASES

THERE was once a little animal,  
No bigger than a fox,  
And on five toes he scampered  
Over Tertiary rocks.  
They called him Eohippus,  
And they called him very small,  
And they thought him of no value—  
When they thought of him at all;

For the lumpish old Dinoceras  
And Coryphodon so slow  
Were the heavy aristocracy  
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,  
"I am going to be a horse!  
And on my middle finger-nails  
To run my earthly course!  
I'm going to have a flowing tail!  
I'm going to have a mane!  
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high  
On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,  
The Dinoceras was shocked;  
And they chased young Eohippus,  
But he skipped away and mocked.  
And they laughed enormous laughter,  
And they groaned enormous groans,  
And they bade young Eohippus  
Go view his father's bones.  
Said they, "You always were as small  
And mean as now we see,  
And that's conclusive evidence  
That you're always going to be.  
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,  
With hoofs to gallop on?  
Why! You'd have to change your nature!"  
Said the Loxolophodon.  
They considered him disposed of,  
And retired with gait serene;  
That was the way they argued  
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,  
Far smarter than the rest,  
And everything that they could do  
He always did the best;

So they naturally disliked him,  
 And they gave him shoulders cool,  
 And when they had to mention him  
 They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,  
 "I'm going to be a Man!  
 And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,  
 And conquer all I can!  
 I'm going to cut down forest trees,  
 To make my houses higher!  
 I'm going to kill the Mastodon!  
 I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes  
 With laughter wild and gay;  
 They tried to catch that boastful one,  
 But he always got away.  
 So they yelled at him in chorus,  
 Which he minded not a whit;  
 And they pelted him with cocoanuts,  
 Which didn't seem to hit.  
 And then they gave him reasons  
 Which they thought of much avail,  
 To prove how his preposterous  
 Attempt was sure to fail.  
 Said the sages, "In the first place,  
 The thing cannot be done!  
 And, second, if it could be,  
 It would not be any fun!  
 And, third, and most conclusive,  
 And admitting no reply,  
 You would have to change your nature!  
 We should like to see you try!"  
 They chuckled then triumphantly,  
 These lean and hairy shapes,  
 For these things passed as arguments  
 With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,  
 An enterprising wight,



Who made his chopping implements  
Unusually bright.  
Unusually clever he,  
Unusually brave,  
And he drew delightful Mammoths  
On the borders of his cave.  
To his Neolithic neighbors,  
Who were startled and surprised,  
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,  
We shall be civilized!  
We are going to live in cities!  
We are going to fight in wars!  
We are going to eat three times a day  
Without the natural cause!  
We are going to turn life upside down  
About a thing called gold!  
We are going to want the earth, and take  
As much as we can hold!  
We are going to wear great piles of stuff  
Outside our proper skins!  
We are going to have diseases!  
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury  
Against their boastful friend,  
For prehistoric patience  
Cometh quickly to an end.  
Said one, "This is chimerical!  
Utopian! Absurd!"  
Said another, "What a stupid life!  
Too dull, upon my word!"  
Cried all, "Before such things can come,  
You idiotic child,  
You must alter Human Nature!"  
And they all sat back and smiled.  
Thought they, "An answer to that last  
It will be hard to find!"  
It was a clinching argument  
To the Neolithic Mind!

*Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman [1860-*

MAN AND THE ASCIDIAN

A MORALITY

"THE Ancestor remote of Man,"  
Says Darwin, "is the Ascidian,"  
A scanty sort of water-beast  
That, ninety million years at least  
Before Gorillas came to be,  
Went swimming up and down the sea.

Their ancestors the pious praise,  
And like to imitate their ways;  
How, then, does our first parent live,  
What lesson has his life to give?

The Ascidian tadpole, young and gay,  
Doth Life with one bright eye survey,  
His consciousness has easy play.  
He's sensitive to grief and pain,  
Has tail, a spine, and bears a brain,  
And everything that fits the state  
Of creatures we call vertebrate.  
But age comes on; with sudden shock  
He sticks his head against a rock!  
His tail drops off, his eye drops in,  
His brain's absorbed into his skin;  
He does not move, nor feel, nor know  
The tidal water's ebb and flow,  
But still abides, unstirred, alone,  
A sucker sticking to a stone.

And we, his children, truly we  
In youth are, like the Tadpole, free.  
And where we would we blithely go,  
Have brains and hearts, and feel and know.  
Then Age comes on! To Habit we  
Affix ourselves and are not free;  
The Ascidian's rooted to a rock,  
And we are bond-slaves of the clock;

Our rocks are Medicine—Letters—Law,  
From these our heads we cannot draw:  
Our loves drop off, our hearts drop in,  
And daily thicker grows our skin.

Ah, scarce we live, we scarcely know  
The wide world's moving ebb and flow,  
The clanging currents ring and shock,  
But we are rooted to the rock.  
And thus at ending of his span,  
Blind, deaf, and indolent, does Man  
Revert to the Ascidian.

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

#### THE CALF-PATH

ONE day, through the primeval wood,  
A calf walked home, as good calves should;  
But made a trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,  
And, I infer, the calf is dead.  
But still he left behind his trail,  
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day  
By a lone dog that passed that way;  
And then a wise bell-wether sheep  
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,  
And drew the flock behind him, too,  
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,  
Through those old woods a path was made;  
And many men wound in and out,  
And dodged, and turned, and bent about  
And uttered words of righteous wrath  
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed—do not laugh—  
The first migrations of that calf,  
And through this winding wood-way stalked,  
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,  
That bent, and turned, and turned again;  
This crooked lane became a road,  
Where many a poor horse with his load  
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,  
And traveled some three miles in one.  
And thus a century and a half  
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,  
The road became a village street;  
And this, before men were aware,  
A city's crowded thoroughfare;  
And soon the central street was this  
Of a renowned metropolis;  
And men two centuries and a half  
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout  
Followed the zigzag calf about;  
And o'er his crooked journey went  
The traffic of a continent.  
A hundred thousand men were led  
By one calf near three centuries dead.  
They followed still his crooked way,  
And lost one hundred years a day;  
For thus such reverence is lent  
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,  
Were I ordained and called to preach;  
For men are prone to go it blind  
Along the calf-paths of the mind,  
And work away from sun to sun  
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,  
And out and in, and forth and back,  
And still their devious course pursue,  
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,  
Who saw the first primeval calf!  
Ah! many things this tale might teach,—  
But I am not ordained to preach.

*Sam Waller Foss* [1858-1911]

#### WEDDED BLISS

"O **COME** and be my mate!" said the Eagle to the Hen;

"I love to soar, but then

I want my mate to rest

Forever in the nest!"

Said the Hen, "I cannot fly,

I have no wish to try,

But I joy to see my mate **careering** through the sky!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is Love, my own!"

And the Hen sat, and the Eagle soared, alone.

"O come and be my mate!" said the Lion to the Sheep;

"My love for you is deep!

I slay,—a Lion should,—

But you are mild and good!"

Said the Sheep, "I do no ill—

Could not, had I the will—

But I joy to see my mate pursue, devour and kill."

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is Love, my own!"

And the Sheep browsed, the Lion prowled, alone.

"O come and be my mate!" said the Salmon to the Clam;

"You are not wise, but I am.

I know the sea and stream as well;

You know nothing but your shell."

Said the Clam, "I'm slow of motion,

But my love is all devotion,

And I joy to have my mate traverse lake and stream and  
ocean!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is Love, my own!"  
And the Clam sucked, the Salmon swam, alone.

*Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman* [1860-

### THE HINDOO'S DEATH

A HINDOO died; a happy thing to do,  
When fifty years united to a shrew.  
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries  
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.  
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said.  
"I have been married!" and he hung his head.  
"Come in! come in! and welcome to my son!  
Marriage and purgatory are as one."  
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,  
And knew the bliss he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the gardens fair,  
Another Hindoo asked admission there.  
The self-same question Brahma asked again:  
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No; what then?"  
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.  
"He who went in was there no more than I."  
"All that is true, but he has married been,  
And so on earth has suffered for all his sin."  
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."  
"Begone! We'll have no fools in paradise!"

*George Birdseye* [18 -

### AD CHLOEN, M. A.

(FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION)

LADY, very fair are you,  
And your eyes are very blue,  
And your hose;  
And your brow is like the snow,  
And the various things you know  
Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,  
 And your algebra and Greek  
     Perfect are;  
 And that loving lustrous eye  
 Recognizes in the sky  
     Every star.

You have pouting piquant lips,  
 You can doubtless an eclipse  
     Calculate;  
 But for your cerulean hue,  
 I had certainly from you  
     Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual  
 I were Adams mixed with Whewell,  
     Then some day  
 I, as wooer, perhaps might come  
 To so sweet an Artium  
     Magistra.

*Mortimer Collins* [1827-1876]

“AS LIKE THE WOMAN AS YOU CAN”

“As like the Woman as you can”—  
     *(Thus the New Adam was beguiled)*—  
 “So shall you touch the Perfect Man”—  
     *(God in the Garden heard and smiled).*  
 “Your father perished with his day:  
     A clot of passions fierce and blind,  
 He fought, he hacked, he crushed his way:  
     Your muscles, Child, must be of mind.

“The Brute that lurks and irks within,  
     How, till you have him gagged and bound,  
 Escape the foulest form of Sin?”  
     *(God in the Garden laughed and frowned).*  
 “So vile, so rank, the bestial mood  
     In which the race is bid to be,  
 It wrecks the Rarer Womanhood:  
     Live, therefore, you, for Purity!

“No Fault in Women” 1833

“Take for your mate no gallant croup,  
No girl all grace and natural will:  
To work her mission were to stoop,  
Maybe to lapse, from Well to Ill.  
Choose one of whom your grosser make”—  
*(God in the Garden laughed outright)*—  
“The true refining touch may take,  
Till both attain to Life’s last height.

“There, equal, purged of soul and sense,  
Beneficent, high-thinking, just,  
Beyond the appeal of Violence,  
Incapable of common Lust,  
In mental Marriage still prevail”—  
*(God in the Garden hid His face)*—  
“Till you achieve that Female-Male  
In which shall culminate the race.”  
*William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]*

“NO FAULT IN WOMEN”

No fault in women to refuse  
The offer which they most would choose:  
No fault in women to confess  
How tedious they are in their dress:  
No fault in women to lay on  
The tincture of vermilion,  
And there to give the cheek a dye  
Of white, where Nature doth deny:  
No fault in women to make show  
Of largeness, when they’ve nothing so;  
When, true it is, the outside swells  
With inward buckram, little else:  
No fault in woman, though they be  
But seldom from suspicion free:  
No fault in womankind at all,  
If they but slip, and never fall.  
*Robert Herrick [1591-1634]*



## "ARE WOMEN FAIR?"

"Are women fair?" Ay! wondrous fair to see too.  
 "Are women sweet?" Yea, passing sweet they be too;  
 Most fair and sweet to them that only love them;  
 Chaste and discreet to all save those that prove them.

"Are women wise?" Not wise, but they be witty.  
 "Are women witty?" Yea, the more the pity;  
 They are so witty, and in wit so wily,  
 That be you ne'er so wise, they will beguile ye.

"Are women fools?" Not fools, but fondlings many.  
 "Can women found be faithful unto any?"  
 When snow-white swans do turn to color sable,  
 Then women fond will be both firm and stable.

"Are women saints?" No saints, nor yet no devils.  
 "Are women good?" Not good, but needful evils;  
 So Angel-like, that devils I do not doubt them;  
 So needful evils, that few can live without them.

"Are women proud?" Ay! passing proud, and praise them.  
 "Are women kind?" Ay! wondrous kind and please them,  
 Or so imperious, no man can endure them,  
 Or so kind-hearted, any may procure them.

*Francis Davison (?) [fl. 1602]*

## A STRONG HAND

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,  
 And it stings you for your pains;  
 Grasp it like a lad of mettle,  
 And it soft as silk remains:

So it is with these fair creatures,  
 Use them kindly, they rebel;  
 But be rough as nutmeg graters,  
 And the rogues obey you well.

*Aaron Hill [1685-1750]*

WOMEN'S LONGING

From "Women Pleased"

TELL me what is that only thing  
For which all women long;  
Yet, having what they most desire,  
To have it does them wrong?

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,  
(Such gifts malice may impair),  
Richly trimmed, to walk or ride,  
Or to wanton unespiced,  
To preserve an honest name  
And so to give it up to fame—  
These are toys. In good or ill  
They desire to have their will:  
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,  
For they know not how to use it.

*John Fletcher* [1579-1625]

TRIOLET

ALL women born are so perverse  
No man need boast their love possessing.  
If naught seem better, nothing's worse:  
All women born are so perverse.  
From Adam's wife, that proved a curse,  
Though God had made her for a blessing,  
All women born are so perverse  
No man need boast their love possessing.

*Robert Bridges* [1844-

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN

FORTY Viziers saw I go  
Up to the Seraglio,  
Burning, each and every man,  
For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappeared,  
 Every Vizier wore a beard;  
 Ere the afternoon was born,  
 Every Vizier came back shorn.

"Let the man that woos to win  
 Woo with an unhairly chin;"  
 Thus she said, and as she bid  
 Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made,  
 Looped it to the balustrade,  
 Glided down and went away  
 To her own Circassia.

When the Sultan heard, waxed he  
 Somewhat wroth, and presently  
 In the noose themselves did lend  
 Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read,  
 Guard your beards with prudent heed,  
 And beware the wily plans  
 Of the fair Circassians.

*Richard Garnett [1835-1906]*

#### THE FEMALE PHAETON

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,  
 And wild as colt untamed,  
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,  
 With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,  
 Which wise mamma ordained;  
 And sorely vexed to play the saint,  
 Whilst wit and beauty reigned:

"Shall I thumb holy books, confined  
 With Abigails, forsaken?  
 Kitty's for other things designed,  
 Or I am much mistaken.

“Why Don’t the Men Propose?” 1837

“Must Lady Jenny frisk about,  
And visit with her cousins?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens?

“What has she better, pray, than I,  
What hidden charms to boast,  
That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

“Dearest mamma! for once let me,  
Unchained, my fortune try;  
I’ll have my earl as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.

“I’ll soon with Jenny’s pride quit score,  
Make all her lovers fall:  
They’ll grieve I was not loosed before;  
She, I was loosed at all.”

Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;  
Kitty, at heart’s desire,  
Obtained the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire.

*Matthew Prior* [1664–1721]

“WHY DON’T THE MEN PROPOSE?”

Why don’t the men propose, mamma;  
Why don’t the men propose?  
Each seems just coming to the point,  
And then away he goes!  
It is no fault of yours, mamma,  
*That* everybody knows;  
You fête the finest men in town,  
Yet, oh, they won’t propose!

I’m sure I’ve done my best, mamma,  
To make a proper match;  
For coronets and eldest sons  
I’m ever on the watch;

I've hopes when some distingué beau  
A glance upon me throws;  
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,  
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing,  
And dressing like a blue;  
I've bought big books and talked of them  
As if I'd read them through!  
With hair cropped like a man, I've felt  
The heads of all the beaux;  
But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,  
And oh, they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought  
That ignorance was bliss;  
I felt convinced that men preferred  
A simple sort of Miss;  
And so I lisped out naught beyond  
Plain "yeses," or plain "noes,"  
And wore a sweet, unmeaning smile;  
Yet, oh, they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,  
I heard Sir Harry Gale  
Exclaim "Now I propose again—"  
I started, turning pale;  
I really thought my time was come,  
I blushed like any rose;—  
But oh! I found 'twas only at  
Ecarté he'd propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?  
Oh, what is to be done?  
I really have no time to lose,  
For I am thirty-one:  
At balls, I am too often left  
Where spinsters sit in rows;  
Why won't the men propose, mamma?  
Why *won't* the men propose?

*Thomas Haynes Bayly [1797-1839]*

## YES OR NO

THE Baron de Vaux hath a valiant crest,—  
My Lady is fair and free;  
The Baron is full of mirth and jest,—  
My Lady is full of glee;  
But their path, we know, is a path of woe,  
And many the reason guess,—  
The Baron will ever mutter "No,"  
When my Lady whispers "Yes."

The Baron will pass the wine-cup round,—  
My Lady forth will roam;  
The Baron will out with horse and hound,—  
My Lady sits at home;  
The Baron will go to draw the bow,—  
My Lady will go to chess;  
And the Baron will ever mutter "No,"  
When my Lady whispers "Yes."

The Baron hath ears for a lovely lay,  
If my Lady sings it not;  
The Baron is blind to a beauteous day,  
If it beam in my Lady's grot;  
The Baron bows low to a furbelow,  
If it be not my Lady's dress;  
And the Baron will ever mutter "No,"  
When my Lady whispers "Yes."

Now saddle my steed and helm my head,  
Be ready in the porch;  
Stout Guy, with a ladder of silken thread,  
And trusty Will, with a torch:  
The wind may blow, the torrent flow,—  
No matter,—on we press;  
I never can hear the Baron's "No,"  
When my Lady whispers "Yes."

*Winthrop Mackworth Praed [1802-1839]*

## THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA BROWN

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies  
    round at ease,  
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to please,  
Yet I think that any season to have met her was to love,  
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness of  
    a dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,  
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious  
    lines;  
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest  
    reader's wise,  
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens which  
    were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened—ah, I did not understand  
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human  
    hand,  
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,  
When she said that she should study Elocution in the fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vein;  
She began with "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against  
    the payne  
And the beacon-light a-t-r-r-remble"—which, although it  
    made me wince,  
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered  
    since.

Having heard the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melting  
    Mo-o-an,  
And the way she gave "Young Graybeard" would have  
    liquefied a stone.  
Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,  
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The Polish  
    Boy."

## A Reasonable Affliction 1841

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul  
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in  
frenzy roll;  
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me griev-  
ous pain  
That she rose in social gatherings, and Searched among the  
Slain.

I was forced to look upon her in my desperation dumb,  
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come  
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very least,  
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played a polo-  
naise  
I associated strongly with those happier August days;  
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs for-  
gotten quite—  
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew SHALL not  
ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm  
romance—  
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in  
France?  
Oh, as she "cul-limbed" that ladder, swift my mounting  
hope came down:  
I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra Brown!

*Helen Gray Cone* [1859—

### A REASONABLE AFFLICTION

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies:  
His spouse is in despair;  
With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,  
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,  
"The same effect may give:  
Poor Lubin fears that he may die;  
His wife, that he may live."

*Matthew Prior* [1664-1721]



## WOMAN'S WILL

THAT man's a fool who tries by art and skill  
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will:  
 For if she will, she will; you may depend on't—  
 And if she won't, she won't—and there's an end on't.

*Unknown*

## WOMAN'S WILL

MEN, dying, make their wills, but wives  
 Escape a task so sad;  
 Why should they make what all their lives  
 The gentle dames have had?

*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

## PLAYS

ALAS, how soon the hours are over  
 Counted us out to play the lover!  
 And how much narrower is the stage  
 Allotted us to play the sage!

But when we play the fool, how wide  
 The theatre expands! beside,  
 How long the audience sits before us!  
 How many prompters! what a chorus!

*Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]*

## THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,  
 That other doctors gave me over:  
 He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,  
 And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,  
 And wine had warmed the politician,  
 Cured yesterday of my disease,  
 I died last night of my physician.

*Matthew Prior [1664-1721]*

THE NET OF LAW

THE net of law is spread so wide,  
No sinner from its sweep may hide.

Its meshes are so fine and strong,  
They take in every child of wrong.

O wondrous web of mystery!  
Big fish alone escape from thee!

*James Jeffrey Roche [1847-1908]*

COLOGNE

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,  
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;  
I counted two and seventy stenchs,  
All well defined, and several stinks!  
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on,  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

*John Wilmot [1647-1680]*

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

I

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed *serai*,  
Does not the Young Man try Its temper and pace ere he  
buy?

If She be pleasant to look on, what does the Young Man  
say?

“Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to me today!”

## II

Yea, though a Kaffir die, to him is remitted Jehannum  
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty per cent per  
annum.

## III

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart is vexed,  
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the pain of  
the next.

## IV

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a new  
piano's tune—  
Which of the three will you trust at the end of an Indian  
June?

## V

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we bow the knee?  
Make your peace with the women, and men will make you  
L. G.

## VI

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash*? Does  
grass clothe a new-built wall?  
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in her  
thrall?

## VII

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it all for thee?  
The black-buck is stalked through the bullock, and Man  
through jealousy.

## VIII

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find it indeed.  
Does not the boar break cover just when you're lighting a  
weed?

IX

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels of silver  
and gold,  
Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The kid was  
ordained to be sold.

X

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this is the  
best,  
That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly—but give  
him no rest.

XI

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners  
and carriage;  
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-  
bit of Marriage.

XII

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the gold that we  
spend  
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or the horse that  
we buy from a friend.

XIII

The ways of a man with a maid be strange, yet simple and  
tame  
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or racing  
that same.

XIV

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant Her smile  
when ye meet.  
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus on the  
waves at their feet.  
In public Her face is averted, with anger She nameth thy  
name.  
It is well. Was there ever a loser content with the loss of  
the game?

## XV

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are sealed,  
And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom is the  
secret revealed.  
If She have written a letter, delay not an instant, but burn  
it.  
Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her mate shall  
return it!  
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest  
can clear,  
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.

## XVI

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid thee  
give o'er,  
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get out! She has  
been there before.  
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose who  
are lacking in lore.

## XVII

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is scarred  
on the course.  
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth forever  
Remorse.

## XVIII

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron shall say, or  
the Maid:—  
“Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou nowise  
afraid.  
In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the Fowler  
displayed.

## XIX

My Son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy knees in  
my pain,  
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day or one  
hour—refrain.  
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou cravest an-  
other man's chain?

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865—

## A BAKER'S DUZZEN UV WIZE SAWZ

THEM ez wants, must choose.  
 Them ez hez, must lose.  
 Them ez knows, won't blab.  
 Them ez guesses, will gab.  
 Them ez borrows, sorrows.  
 Them ez lends, spends.  
 Them ez gives, lives.  
 Them ez keeps dark, is deep.  
 Them ez kin earn, kin keep.  
 Them ez aims, hits.  
 Them ez hez, gits.  
 Them ez waits, win.  
 Them ez *will*, *kin*.

*Edward Rowland Sill* [1841-1887]

## EPIGRAMS

WHAT is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,  
 Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge* [1772-1834]

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,  
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set;  
 Their want of edge from their offence is seen,  
 Both pain the heart when exquisitely keen.

*Unknown*

"I HARDLY ever ope my lips," one cries;  
 "Simonides, what think you of my rule?"  
 "If you're a fool, I think you're very wise;  
 If you are wise, I think you are a fool."

*Richard Garnett* [1835-1906]

PHILOSOPHER, whom dost thou most affect,  
 Stoics austere, or Epicurus' sect?  
 Friend, 'tis my grave infrangible design  
 With those to study, and with these to dine.

*Richard Garnett* [1835-1906]

Joy is the blossom, sorrow is the fruit,  
Of human life; and worms are at the root.

*Waller Savage Landor* [1775-1864]

---

No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken,  
Than that the largest heart is soonest broken.

*Waller Savage Landor* [1775-1864]

---

THIS house, where once a lawyer dwelt,  
Is now a smith's. Alas!  
How rapidly the iron age  
Succeeds the age of brass!

*William Erskine* [1769-1822]

---

"I WOULD," says Fox, "a tax devise  
That shall not fall on me."  
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,  
"For those you never see."

*Richard Brinsley Sheridan* [1751-1816]

---

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come.  
Knock as you please,—there's nobody at home.

*Alexander Pope* [1688-1744]

---

IF a man who turnips cries  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he would rather  
Have a turnip than a father.

*Samuel Johnson* [1709-1784]

---

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;  
I said so once, and now I know it.

*John Gay* [1685-1732]

---

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew.  
Pray, sir, tell me,—whose dog are you?

*Alexander Pope* [1688-1744]

SIR, I admit your general rule,  
That every poet is a fool,  
But you yourself may serve to show it,  
That every fool is not a poet.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*

DAMIS, an author cold and weak,  
Thinks as a critic he's divine;  
Likely enough; we often make  
Good vinegar of sorry wine.

*Unknown*

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing  
Did certain persons die before they sing.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*

HE who in his pocket hath no money  
Should, in his mouth, be never without honey.

*Unknown*

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,  
The son of Adam and of Eve;  
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

*Matthew Prior [1664-1721]*

HERE lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;  
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,  
As I wad do were I Lord God,  
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

*George Macdonald [1824-1905]*

WHO killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?  
Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

*Jonathan Swift [1667-1745]*

WITH death doomed to grapple,  
Beneath the cold slab he  
Who lied in the chapel  
Now lies in the abbey.

*Byron's epitaph for Pitt*



WHEN doctrines meet with general approbation,  
It is not heresy, but reformation.

*David Garrick [1717-1779]*

TREASON doth never prosper; what's the reason?  
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

*John Harington [1561-1612]*

God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender!  
God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender!  
But who pretender is, or who is King—  
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

*John Byrom [1692-1763]*

'Tis highly rational, we can't dispute,  
The Love, being naked, should promote a suit:  
But doth not oddity to him attach  
Whose fire's so oft extinguished by a match?

*Richard Garnett [1835-1906]*

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,  
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake.—  
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."—  
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

*Thomas Moore [1779-1852]*

WHEN Eve upon the first of men  
The apple pressed with specious cant,  
O, what a thousand pities then  
That Adam was not Adam-ant!

*Thomas Moore [1779-1852]*

WHILST Adam slept, Eve from his side arose:  
Strange! his first sleep should be his last repose!

*Unknown*

"WHAT? rise again with *all* one's bones,"  
Quoth Giles, "I hope you fib:  
I trusted, when I went to Heaven,  
To go without my rib."

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*

## General Summary

1851

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie!  
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

*John Dryden* [1631-1700]

---

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,  
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife;  
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—  
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

### WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS

I CHANGE, and so do women too;  
But I reflect, which women never do.

*Unknown*

### AN EPITAPH

A LOVELY young lady I mourn in my rhymes:  
She was pleasant, good-natured, and civil sometimes.  
Her figure was good: she had very fine eyes,  
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.  
Her adorers were many, and one of them said,  
"She waltzed rather well! It's a pity she's dead!"

*George John Cayley* [ ? ]

### ON A HENPECKED SQUIRE

As father Adam first was fooled  
(A case that's still too common),  
Here lies a man a woman ruled,  
The Devil ruled the woman.

*Robert Burns* [1759-1796]

### GENERAL SUMMARY

WE are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
India's prehistoric clay;  
Whoso drew the longest bow,  
Ran his brother down, you know,  
As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,  
Met the Mammoth face to face  
On the lake or in the cave,  
Stole the steadiest canoe,  
Ate the quarry others slew,  
Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,  
Someone made the sketch his own,  
Filched it from the artist—then,  
Even in those early days,  
Won a simple Viceroy's praise  
Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage,  
Favoritism governed kissage,  
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid  
Was that the contractor did  
Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To Comptroller of Supplies  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing  
Do not deal with anything  
New or never said before.  
As it was in the beginning,  
Is to-day official sinning,  
And shall be for evermore.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-

# THE MIMICS

## AN OMAR FOR LADIES

### I

ONE for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,  
Another wastes in Study her good Nights.

Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,  
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shop-girl all about us—"Lo,  
The Wages of a month," she says, "I blow  
Into a Hat, and when my hair is waved,  
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,  
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,  
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,  
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon  
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon,  
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie,  
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,  
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appalls,  
How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded out  
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep  
The *dernier cri* that once was far from cheap;  
Green veils, one season chic—Department stores  
Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.

## II

I sometimes think that never lasts so long  
 The Style as when it starts a bit too strong;  
     That all the Pompadours the parterre boasts  
 Some Chorus-girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chignon low  
 That fills the most of us with helpless Woe,  
     Ah, criticise it Softly! for who knows  
 What long-necked Peeress had to wear it so!

Ah, my belovèd, try each Style you meet;  
 To-day brooks no loose ends, you must be neat.  
     Tomorrow! why tomorrow you may be  
 Wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we once admired, the Very Best  
 That ever a French hand-boned Corset prest,  
     Wore what they used to call Prunella Boots,  
 And put on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waterfalls  
 They wore, and whom their Crinoline appalls,  
     Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates  
 Assist our Children in their Costume balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear,  
 Before we grow so old that we don't care!  
     Before we have our Hats made all alike,  
 Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and—sans Hair!

## III

Alike to her who Dines both Loud and Long,  
 Or her who Banting shuns the Dinner-gong,  
     Some Doctor from his Office chair will shout,  
 "It makes no Difference—both of you are Wrong!"

Why, all the Health-Reformers who discussed  
 High Heels and Corsets learnedly are thrust  
     Square-toed and Waistless forth; their Duds are  
     scorned,  
 And Venus might as well have been a Bust.

## Fragment in Imitation of Wordsworth 1855

Myself when slim did eagerly frequent  
Delsarte and Ling, and heard great Argument  
Of muscles trained to Hold me up, but still  
Spent on my Modiste what I'd always spent!  
With walking Clubs I did the best I could;  
With my own Feet I tramped my Ten Miles, good;  
And this was All that I got out of it—  
I ate much more for Dinner than I should.

. . . . .  
And fear not lest your Rheumatism seize  
The Joy of Life from other people's Sprees;  
The Art will not have Perished—*au contraire*,  
Posterity will practise it with Ease!

When you and I have ceased Champagne to Sup,  
Be sure there will be More to Keep it Up;  
And while we pat Old Tabby by the fire,  
Full many a Girl will lead her Brindled Pup.

*Josephine Daskam Bacon* [1876-

### "WHEN LOVELY WOMAN"

AFTER GOLDSMITH

WHEN lovely woman wants a favor,  
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,  
What earthly circumstance can save her  
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,  
The last experiment to try,  
Whether a husband or a lover,  
If he have feeling is—to cry.

*Phoebe Cary* [1824-1871]

## FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH

THERE is a river clear and fair,  
'Tis neither broad nor narrow;  
It winds a little here and there—  
It winds about like any hare;

And then it holds as straight a course  
As, on the turnpike road, a horse,  
Or, through the air, an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore  
Have grown a hundred years or more;  
So long there is no knowing:  
Old Daniel Dobson does not know  
When first those trees began to grow;  
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,  
As if they'd nothing else to do,  
But ever must be growing.

The impulses of air and sky  
Have reared their stately heads so high,  
And clothed their boughs with green;  
Their leaves the dews of evening quaff,—  
And when the wind blows loud and keen,  
I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,  
And shake their sides with merry glee—  
Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fixed are their feet in solid earth  
Where winds can never blow;  
But visitings of deeper birth  
Have reached their roots below.  
For they have gained the river's brink  
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years' child—  
He is my youngest boy;  
To look on eyes so fair and wild,  
It is a very joy.  
He hath conversed with sun and shower,  
And dwelt with every idle flower,  
As fresh and gay as them.  
He loiters with the briar-rose,—  
The blue-bells are his playfellows,  
That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,  
Why should he not continue still

A thing of Nature's rearing?  
A thing beyond the world's control—  
A living vegetable soul,—  
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessèd sight to see  
That child become a willow-tree,  
His brother trees among.  
He'd be four times as tall as me,  
And live three times as long.

*Catherine M. Fanshawe [1765-1834]*

### ONLY SEVEN

AFTER WORDSWORTH

I MARVELLED why a simple child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
Should utter groans so very wild,  
And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,  
I asked her why she cried;  
The damsel answered with a groan,  
"I've got a pain inside!

"I thought it would have sent me mad  
Last night about eleven."  
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?  
How many apples have you had?"  
She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,  
My little maid?" quoth I;  
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,  
But *they* were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammered out,  
"Of course you've had eleven."  
The maiden answered with a pout,  
"I ain't had more nor seven!"



I wondered hugely what she meant,  
 And said, "I'm bad at riddles;  
 But I know where little girls are sent  
 For telling taradiddles.

"Now, if you don't reform," said I,  
 "You'll never go to heaven."  
 But all in vain; each time I try,  
 That little idiot makes reply,  
 "I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT:

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,  
 Or slightly misapplied;  
 And so I'd better call my song  
 "Lines after Ache-inside."

*Henry Sambrooke Leigh* [1837-1883]

LUCY LAKE

AFTER WORDSWORTH

POOR Lucy Lake was overgrown,  
 But somewhat underbrained.  
 She did not know enough, I own,  
 To go in when it rained.

Yet Lucy was constrained to go;  
 Green bedding,—you infer.  
 Few people knew she died, but oh,  
 The difference to her!

*Newton Mackintosh* [18 -

JANE SMITH

AFTER WORDSWORTH

I JOURNEYED, on a winter's day,  
 Across the lonely wold;  
 No bird did sing upon the spray,  
 And it was very cold.

I had a coach with horses four,  
 Three white (though one was black),  
 And on they went the common o'er,  
 Nor swiftness did they lack.

A little girl ran by my side,  
 And she was pinched and thin.  
 "Oh, please, sir, do give me a ride!  
 I'm fetching mother's gin."

"Enter my coach, sweet child," said I,  
 "For you shall ride with me;  
 And I will get you your supply  
 Of mother's eau-de-vie."

The publican was stern and cold,  
 And said: "Her mother's score  
 Is writ, as you shall soon behold,  
 Behind the bar-room door! "

I blotted out the score with tears,  
 And paid the money down;  
 And took the maid of thirteen years  
 Back to her mother's town.

And though the past with surges wild  
 Fond memories may sever,  
 The vision of that happy child  
 Will leave my spirits never!

*Rudyard Kipling [1865-*

# FATHER WILLIAM

From "Alice in Wonderland "

## AFTER SOUTHEY

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
 "And your hair has become very white;  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,  
"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"  
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

*Lewis Carroll [1832-1898]*

## THE NEW ARRIVAL

### AFTER CAMPBELL

THERE came to port last Sunday night  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on;  
I looked and looked—and laughed!

It seemed so curious that she  
 Should cross the Unknown water,  
 And moor herself within my room—  
 My daughter! O, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all  
 She's welcome fifty times,  
 And comes consigned in hope and love—  
 And common-metre rhymes.  
 She has no manifest but this;  
 No flag floats o'er the water;  
 She's too new for the British Lloyds—  
 My daughter! O, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells— and tame ones too;  
 Ring out the lover's moon.  
 Ring in the little worsted socks,  
 Ring in the bib and spoon.  
 Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,  
 Ring in the milk and water.  
 Away with paper, pen, and ink—  
 My daughter! O, my daughter!

*George Washington Cable [1844—*

## DISASTER

AFTER MOORE

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour  
 My fondest hopes would not decay:  
 I never loved a tree or flower  
 Which was the first to fade away!  
 The garden, where I used to delve  
 Short-frocked, still yields me pinks in plenty;  
 The pear-tree that I climbed at twelve,  
 I see still blossoming, at twenty.

I never nursed a dear gazelle.  
 But I was given a paroquet—  
 How I did nurse him if unwell!  
 He's imbecile, but lingers yet.

He's green, with an enchanting tuft;  
 He melts me with his small black eye:  
 He'd look inimitable stuffed,  
 And knows it—but he will not die!

I had a kitten—I was rich  
 In pets—but all too soon my kitten  
 Became a full-sized cat, by which  
 I've more than once been scratched and bitten;  
 And when for sleep her limbs she curled  
 One day beside her untouched plateful,  
 And glided calmly from the world,  
 I freely own that I was grateful.

And then I bought a dog—a queen!  
 Ah, Tiny, dear departing pug!  
 She lives, but she is past sixteen,  
 And scarce can crawl across the rug.  
 I loved her beautiful and kind;  
 Delighted in her pert Bow-wow:  
 But now she snaps if you don't mind;  
 'Twere lunacy to love her now.

I used to think, should e'er mishap  
 Betide my crumple-visaged Ti,  
 In shape of prowling thief, or trap,  
 Or coarse bull-terrier—I should die.  
 But ah! disasters have their use;  
 And life might e'en be too sunshiny:  
 Nor would I make myself a goose,  
 If some big dog should swallow Tiny.

*Charles Stuart Calverley* [1831-1884]

## 'T WAS EVER THUS

AFTER MOORE

I NEVER reared a young gazelle,  
 (Because, you see, I never tried);  
 But had it known and loved me well,  
 No doubt the creature would have died.

My rich and agèd Uncle John  
 Has known me long and loves me well  
 But still persists in living on—  
 I would he were a young gazelle.

I never loved a tree or flower;  
 But, if I had, I beg to say  
 The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower  
 Would soon have withered it away.  
 I've dearly loved my Uncle John,  
 From childhood to the present hour,  
 And yet he will go living on—  
 I would he were a tree or flower!  
*Henry Sambrooke Leigh [1837-1883]*

## A GRIEVANCE

AFTER BYRON

DEAR Mr. Editor: I wish to say—  
 If you will not be angry at my writing it—  
 But I've been used, since childhood's happy day,  
 When I have thought of something, to inditing it;  
 I seldom think of things; and, by the way,  
 Although this meter may not be exciting, it  
 Enables one to be extremely terse,  
 Which is not what one always is in verse.

I used to know a man,—such things befall  
 The observant wayfarer through Fate's domain—  
 He was a man, take him for all in all,  
 We shall not look upon his like again;  
 I know that statement's not original;  
 What statement is, since Shakespeare? or, since Cain,  
 What murder? I believe 'twas Shakespeare said it, or  
 Perhaps it may have been your Fighting Editor.

Though why an Editor should fight, or why  
 A Fighter should abase himself to edit,  
 Are problems far too difficult and high  
 For me to solve with any sort of credit.

Some greatly more accomplished man than I  
 Must tackle them: let's say then Shakespeare said it;  
 And, if he did not, Lewis Morris may  
 (Or even if he did). Some other day,

When I have nothing pressing to impart,  
 I should not mind dilating on this matter.  
 I feel its import both in head and heart,  
 And always did,—especially the latter.  
 I could discuss it in the busy mart  
 Or on the lonely housetop; hold! this chatter  
 Diverts me from my purpose. To the point:  
 The time, as Hamlet said, is out of joint,

And perhaps I was born to set it right,—  
 A fact I greet with perfect equanimity.  
 I do not put it down to "cursèd spite,"  
 I don't see any cause for cursing in it. I  
 Have always taken very great delight  
 In such pursuits since first I read divinity.  
 Whoever will may write a nation's songs  
 As long as I'm allowed to right its wrongs.

What's Eton but a nursery of wrong-righters,  
 A mighty mother of effective men;  
 A training ground for amateur reciters,  
 A sharpener of the sword as of the pen;  
 A factory of orators and fighters,  
 A forcing-house of genius? Now and then  
 The world at large shrinks back, abashed and beaten,  
 Unable to endure the glare of Eton.

I think I said I knew a man: what then?  
 I don't suppose such knowledge is forbid.  
 We nearly all do, more or less, know men,—  
 Or think we do; nor will a man get rid  
 Of that delusion while he wields a pen.  
 But who this man was, what, if aught, he did,  
 Nor why I mentioned him, I do not know,  
 Nor what I "wished to say" a while ago.

*James Kenneth Stephen* [1859-1892]

“NOT A SOU HAD HE GOT”

AFTER CHARLES WOLFE

Not a sou had he got—not a guinea or note—  
And he looked confoundedly flurried,  
As he bolted away without paying his shot,  
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,  
When home from the club returning;  
We twigged the doctor beneath the light  
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,  
Reclined in a gutter we found him;  
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze  
With his Marshall cloak around him.

“The doctor’s as drunk as the devil,” we said,  
And we managed a shutter to borrow;  
We raised him; and sighed at the thought that his head  
Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,  
And we told his wife and his daughter  
To give him next morning a couple of red-  
Herrings, with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that’s gone,  
And his lady began to upbraid him;  
But little he recked, so they let him snore on  
’Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,  
When, beneath the window calling,  
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun  
Of a watchman “One o’clock!” bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down  
From his room on the uppermost story;  
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,  
And we left him alone in his glory.

*Richard Harris Barham [1788-1845]*



## THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL

From "Alice in Wonderland"

AFTER MARY HOWITT

"WILL you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,  
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my  
tail,

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!  
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join  
the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join  
the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join  
the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out  
to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look  
askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join  
the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not  
join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not  
join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend re-  
plied.

"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to France—

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the  
dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join  
the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join  
the dance?"

*Lewis Carroll* [1832-1898]

## The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell 1867

### THE RECOGNITION

AFTER TENNYSON

HOME they brought her sailor son,  
Grown a man across the sea,  
Tall and broad and black of beard,  
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,  
Both he offered ere he spoke;  
But she said, "What man is this  
Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him,—called him "smart,"  
"Tightest lad that ever stept;"  
But her son she did not know,  
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,  
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;  
She saw him eat:—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!"  
She knew him—by his appetite!  
*Frederick William Sawyer [1810-1875]*

### THE HIGHER PANTHEISM IN A NUTSHELL

AFTER TENNYSON

ONE, who is not, we see: but one, whom we see not, is;  
Surely this is not that: but that is assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence? for under is over and  
under;

If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be  
without thunder.

Doubt is faith in the main: but faith, on the whole, is doubt;  
We cannot believe by proof: but could we believe without?

Why, and whither, and how? for barley and rye are not  
clover;

Neither are straight lines curves: yet over is under and  
over.

Two and two may be four: but four and four are not eight;  
Fate and God may be twain: but God is the same thing as  
fate.

Ask a man what he thinks, and get from a man what he  
feels;

God, once caught in the fact, shows you a fair pair of heels.

Body and spirit are twins: God only knows which is which;  
The soul squats down in the flesh, like a tinker drunk in a  
ditch.

One and two are not one: but one and nothing is two;  
Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood cannot be true.

Once the mastodon was: pterodactyls were common as  
cocks;

Then the mammoth was God; now is He a prize ox.

Parallels all things are: yet many of these are askew.  
You are certainly I: but certainly I am not you.

Springs the rock from the plain, shoots the stream from the  
rock;

Cocks exist for the hen: but hens exist for the cock.

God, whom we see not, is: and God, who is not, we see;  
Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle, we take it, is dee.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne* [1837-1909]

## THE WILLOW-TREE

### AFTER HOOD

LONG by the willow-trees

Vainly they sought her,

Wild rang the mother's screams

O'er the gray water:  
 "Where is my lovely one?  
 Where is my daughter?

"Rouse thee, Sir Constable—  
 Rouse thee and look;  
 Fisherman, bring your net,  
 Boatman, your hook.  
 Beat in the lily-beds,  
 Dive in the brook!"

Vainly the constable  
 Shouted and called her;  
 Vainly the fisherman  
 Beat the green alder;  
 Vainly he flung the net,  
 Never it hauled her!

Mother beside the fire  
 Sat, her nightcap in;  
 Father, in easy chair,  
 Gloomily napping,  
 When at the window-sill  
 Came a light tapping!

And a pale countenance  
 Looked through the casement.  
 Loud beat the mother's heart,  
 Sick with amazement,  
 And at the vision which  
 Came to surprise her,  
 Shrieked in an agony—  
 "Lor'! it's Elizar!"

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—  
 Yes, 'twas their girl;  
 Pale was her cheek, and her  
 Hair out of curl.  
 "Mother," the loving one,  
 Blushing exclaimed,  
 "Let not your innocent  
 Lizzy be blamed.

“Yesterday, going to Aunt  
 Jones’s to tea,  
 Mother, dear mother, I  
 Forgot the door-key!  
 And as the night was cold  
 And the way steep,  
 Mrs. Jones kept me to  
 Breakfast and sleep.”

Whether her Pa and Ma  
 Fully believed her,  
 That we shall never know,  
 Stern they received her;  
 And for the work of that  
 Cruel, though short, night  
 Sent her to bed without  
 Tea for a fortnight.

## MORAL

Hey diddle diddlety,  
 Cat and the fiddlety,  
 Maidens of England, take caution by she!  
 Let love and suicide  
 Never tempt you aside,  
 And always remember to take the door-key.  
*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

## POETS AND LINNETS

AFTER ROBERT BROWNING

WHERE’ER there’s a thistle to feed a linnet  
 And linnets are plenty, thistles rife—  
 Or an acorn-cup to catch dew-drops in it  
 There’s ample promise of further life.  
 Now, mark how we begin it.

For linnets will follow, if linnets are minded,  
 As blows the white-feather parachute;  
 And ships will reel by the tempest blinded—  
 Aye, ships and shiploads of men to boot!  
 How deep whole fleets you’ll find hid.

## The Person of the House 1871

And we blow the thistle-down hither and thither  
Forgetful of linnets, and men, and God.  
The dew! for its want an oak will wither—  
By the dull hoof into the dust is trod,  
And then who strikes the cither?

But thistles were only for donkeys intended,  
And that donkeys are common enough is clear,  
And that drop! what a vessel it might have befriended,  
Does it add any flavor to Glugabib's beer?  
Well, there's my musing ended.

*Tom Hood, the Younger* [1835-1874]

### THE JAM-POT

AFTER ROBERT BROWNING

THE Jam-pot—tender thought!  
I grabbed it—so did you.  
“What wonder while we fought  
Together that it flew  
In shivers?” you retort.

You should have loosed your hold  
One moment—checked your fist.  
But, as it was, too bold  
You grappled and you missed.  
More plainly—you were sold.

“Well, neither of us shared  
The dainty.” That your plea?  
“Well, neither of us cared,”  
I answer. . . . “Let me see.  
How have your trousers fared?”

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-

### THE PERSON OF THE HOUSE

IDYL CCCLXVI. THE KID

AFTER COVENTRY PATMORE

My spirit, in the doorway's pause,  
Fluttered with fancies in my breast;  
Obsequious to all decent laws,  
I felt exceedingly distressed.

I knew it rude to enter there  
 With Mrs. V. in such a state;  
 And, 'neath a magisterial air,  
 Felt actually indelicate.  
 I knew the nurse began to grin;  
 I turned to greet my Love. Said she—  
 "Confound your modesty, come in!  
 —What shall we call the darling, V.? "  
 (There are so many charming names!  
 Girls'—Peg, Moll, Doll, Fan, Kate, Blanche, Bab;  
 Boys'—Mahershahal-hashbaz, James,  
 Luke, Nick, Dick, Mark, Aminadab.)  
 Lo, as the acorn to the oak,  
 As well-heads to the river's height,  
 As to the chicken the moist yolk,  
 As to high noon the day's first white—  
 Such is the baby to the man.  
 There, straddling one red arm and leg,  
 Lay my last work, in length a span,  
 Half hatched, and conscious of the egg.  
 A creditable child, I hoped;  
 And half a score of joys to be  
 Through sunny lengths of prospect sloped  
 Smooth to the bland futurity.  
 O, fate surpassing other dooms,  
 O, hope above all wrecks of time!  
 O, light that fills all vanquished glooms,  
 O, silent song o'er-mastering rhyme!  
 I covered either little foot,  
 I drew the strings about its waist;  
 Pink as the unshelled inner fruit,  
 But barely decent, hardly chaste,  
 Its nudity had startled me;  
 But when the petticoats were on,  
 "I know," I said; "its name shall be  
 Paul Cyril Athanasius John."  
 "Why," said my wife, "the child's a girl."  
 My brain swooned, sick with failing sense;  
 With all perception in a whirl,  
 How could I tell the difference?

"Nay," smiled the nurse, "the child's a boy."  
 And all my soul was soothed to hear  
 That so it was: then startled Joy  
 Mocked Sorrow with a doubtful tear  
 And I was glad as one who sees  
 For sensual optics things unmeet:  
 As purity makes passion freeze,  
 So faith warns science off her beat.  
 Blessèd are they that have not seen,  
 And yet, not seeing, have believed:  
 To walk by faith, as preached the Dean,  
 And not by sight, have I achieved.  
 Let love, that does not look, believe;  
 Let knowledge, that believes not, look:  
 Truth pins her trust on falsehood's sleeve,  
 While reason blunders by the book.  
 Then Mrs. Prig addressed me thus:  
 "Sir, if you'll be advised by me,  
 You'll leave the blessèd babe to us;  
 It's my belief he wants his tea."

*Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]*

## BALLAD

AFTER WILLIAM MORRIS

### PART I

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door,  
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
 A thing she had frequently done before;  
 And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.  
  
 The piper he piped on the hill-top high,  
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
 Till the cow said "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"  
 And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.  
  
 The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;  
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
 His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—  
 The connection of which with the plot one sees.



The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,  
    As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
If you try to approach her, away she skips  
    Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,  
    Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

## PART II

She sat, with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks  
    There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks,  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
She gave up mending her father's breeks,  
    And let the cat roll in her new chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;  
    Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them.  
    *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*  
And this song is considered a perfect gem,  
    And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

Charles Stuart Calverley [1831-1884]

## THE POSTER-GIRL

AFTER DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

THE blessèd Poster-girl leaned out  
From a pinky-purple heaven;  
One eye was red and one was green;  
Her bang was cut uneven;  
She had three fingers on her hand,  
And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No sunflowers did adorn,  
But a heavy Turkish portiere  
Was very neatly worn;  
And the hat that lay along her back  
Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave  
That she was standing on,  
And high aloft she flung a scarf  
That must have weighed a ton;  
And she was rather tall—at least  
She reached up to the sun.

She curved and writhed, and then she said,  
Less green of speech than blue:  
“Perhaps I *am* absurd—perhaps  
I *don't* appeal to you;  
But my artistic worth depends  
Upon the point of view.”

I saw her smile, although her eyes  
Were only smudgy smears;  
And then she swished her swirling arms,  
And wagged her gorgeous ears,  
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,  
And wept some purple tears.

Carolyn Wells [186 -

## AFTER DILETTANTE CONCETTI

AFTER DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

"WHY do you wear your hair like a man,  
Sister Helen?

This week is the third since you began."

"I'm writing a ballad; be still if you can,  
Little brother.

*(O Mother Carey, mother!*

*What chickens are these between sea and heaven?)"*

"But why does your figure appear so lean,  
Sister Helen?

And why do you dress in sage, sage green?"

"Children should never be heard, if seen,  
Little brother!

*(O Mother Carey, mother!*

*What fowls are a-wing in the stormy heaven!)"*

"But why is your face so yellowy white,  
Sister Helen?

And why are your skirts so funnily tight?"

"Be quiet, you torment, or how can I write,  
Little brother?

*(O Mother Carey, mother!*

*How gathers thy train to the sea from the heaven!)"*

"And who's Mother Carey, and what is her train,  
Sister Helen?

And why do you call her again and again?"

"You troublesome boy, why that's the refrain,  
Little brother.

*(O Mother Carey, mother!*

*What work is toward in the startled heaven?)"*

"And what's a refrain? What a curious word,  
Sister Helen!

Is the ballad you're writing about a sea-bird?"

"Not at all; why should it be? Don't be absurd,

Little brother.  
*(O Mother Carey, mother!*  
*Thy brood flies lower as lowers the heaven.)"*

*(A big brother speaketh:)*

"The refrain you've studied a meaning had,  
 Sister Helen!  
 It gave strange force to a weird ballad.  
 But refrains have become a ridiculous 'fad',  
 Little brother.  
 And *Mother Carey, mother,*  
 Has a bearing on nothing in earth or heaven.

"But the finical fashion has had its day,  
 Sister Helen.  
 And let's try in the style of a different lay  
 To bid it adieu in poetical way,  
 Little brother.  
 So, *Mother Carey, mother!*  
 Collect your chickens and go to—heaven."

*(A pause. Then the big brother singeth, accompanying himself in a plaintive wise on the triangle:)*

"Look in my face. My name is Used-to-was,  
 I am also called Played-out and Done-to-death,  
 And It-will-wash-no-more. Awakeneth  
 Slowly, but sure awakening it has,  
 The common-sense of man; and I, alas!  
 The ballad-burden trick, now known too well,  
 Am turned to scorn, and grown contemptible—  
 A too transparent artifice to pass.

"What a cheap dodge I am! The cats who dart  
 Tin-kettled through the streets in wild surprise  
 Assail judicious ears not otherwise;  
 And yet no critics praise the urchin's 'art',  
 Who to the wretched creature's caudal part  
 Its foolish empty-jingling 'burden' ties."

*Henry Duff Traill [1842-1900]*

## IF

AFTER SWINBURNE

If life were never bitter,  
 And love were always sweet,  
 Then who would care to borrow  
 A moral from to-morrow—  
 If Thames would always glitter,  
 And joy would ne'er retreat,  
 If life were never bitter,  
 And love were always sweet!

If care were not the waiter  
 Behind a fellow's chair,  
 When easy-going sinners  
 Sit down to Richmond dinners,  
 And life's swift stream flows straighter,  
 By Jove, it would be rare,  
 If care were not the waiter  
 Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,  
 And wine were always iced,  
 And bores were kicked out straightway  
 Through a convenient gateway;  
 Then down the year's long gradient  
 'Twere sad to be enticed,  
 If wit were always radiant,  
 And wine were always iced.

*Mortimer Collins* [1827-1876]

## NEPHELIDIA

AFTER SWINBURNE

FROM the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through  
 a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine,  
 Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers  
 with fear of the flies as they float,

Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic, miraculous moonshine,  
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with throbs through the throat?  
Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an actor's appalled agitation,  
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the promise of pride in the past;  
Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever that reddens with radiance of rather recreation,  
Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through the gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast?

Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is a tremulous touch on the temples of terror,  
Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with strife of the dead who is dumb as the dust-heaps of death;  
Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of erotic, emotional, exquisite error,  
Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss, beatific itself by beatitude's breath.  
Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was soft to the spirit and soul of our senses  
Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion that sobs in the semblance and sound of a sigh;  
Only this oracle opens Olympian in mystical moods and triangular tenses,—  
“Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die.”

Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory, melodiously mute as it may be,  
While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the rod;  
Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,  
As they grope through the graveyard of creeds under skies growing green at a groan for the grimness of God.

Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old, and its  
 binding is blacker than bluer:  
 Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their  
 dewes are the wine of the blood-shed of things;  
 Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free as a fawn  
 that is freed from the fangs that pursue her,  
 Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed by a hymn  
 from the hunt that has harried the kennel of kings.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne* [1837-1909]

### COMMONPLACES

#### AFTER HEINE

RAIN on the face of the sea,  
 Rain on the sodden land,  
 And the window-pane is blurred with rain  
 As I watch it, pen in hand.

Mist on the face of the sea,  
 Mist on the sodden land,  
 Filling the vales as daylight fails,  
 And blotting the desolate sand.

Voices from out of the mist,  
 Calling to one another:  
 "Hath love an end, thou more than friend,  
 Thou dearer than ever brother?"

Voices from out of the mist,  
 Calling and passing away;  
 But I cannot speak, for my voice is weak,  
 And. . . this is the end of my lay.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-

### THE PROMISSORY NOTE

#### AFTER POE

IN the lonesome latter years  
 (Fatal years!)  
 To the dropping of my tears  
 Danced the mad and mystic spheres

In a rounded, reeling rune,  
 'Neath the moon,  
 To the dripping and the dropping of my tears.  
 Ah, my soul is swathed in gloom,  
 (Ulalume!)  
 In a dim Titanic tomb,  
 For my gaunt and gloomy soul  
 Ponders o'er the penal scroll,  
 O'er the parchment (not a rhyme),  
 Out of place,—out of time,—  
 I am shredded, shorn, unshifty,  
 (Oh, the fifty!)  
 And the days have passed, the three,  
 Over me!  
 And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me!

'Twas the random runes I wrote  
 At the bottom of the note,  
 (Wrote and freely  
 Gave to Greeley)  
 In the middle of the night,  
 In the mellow, moonless night,  
 When the stars were out of sight,  
 When my pulses, like a knell,  
 (Israfe!)  
 Danced with dim and dying fays,  
 O'er the ruins of my days,  
 O'er the dimeless, timeless days,  
 When the fifty, drawn at thirty,  
 Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty  
 Lucre of the market, was the most that I could raise!

Fiends controlled it,  
 (Let him hold it!)  
 Devils held me for the inkstand and the pen;  
 Now the days of grace are o'er,  
 (Ah, Lenore!)  
 I am but as other men;  
 What is time, time, time,



To my rare and runic rhyme,  
To my random, reeling rhyme,  
By the sands along the shore,  
Where the tempest whispers, "Pay him!" and I answer,  
"Nevermore!"

*Bayard Taylor* [1825-1878]

MRS. JUDGE JENKINS

BEING THE ONLY GENUINE SEQUEL TO "MAUD MULLER"

AFTER WHITTIER

MAUD MULLER all that summer day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,  
She hoped the Judge would come again.

But when he came, with smile and bow,  
Maud only blushed, and stammered, "Ha-ow?"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether  
He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then  
Begged that the Judge would lend him "ten";

For trade was dull and wages low,  
And the "craps," this year, were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,  
Sweet Maud became the Judge's bride.

But on the day that they were mated,  
Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,  
Were very drunk at the Judge's hall;

And when the summer came again,  
The young bride bore him babies twain;

Mrs. Judge Jenkins 1883

And the Judge was blest, but thought it strange  
That bearing children made such a change.

For Maud grew broad, and red, and stout,  
And the waist that his arm once clasped about

Was more than he now could span; and he  
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that which in Maud was native grace  
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place;

And thought of the twins, and wished that they  
Looked less like the men who raked the hay

On Muller's farm, and dreamed with pain  
Of the day he wandered down the lane.

And, looking down that dreary track,  
He half regretted that he came back.

For, had he waited, he might have wed  
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred;

For there be women as fair as she,  
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden! alas for judge!  
And the sentimental,—that's one-half "fudge";

For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,  
With all his learning and all his lore;

And the Judge would have bartered Maud's fair face  
For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

More sad are these we daily see:  
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

*Bret Harte* [1839-1902]

## THE MODERN HIAWATHA

AFTER LONGFELLOW

HE killed the noble Mudjokivis,  
 With the skin he made him mittens,  
 Made them with the fur side inside,  
 Made them with the skin side outside,  
 He, to get the warm side inside,  
 Put the inside skin side outside:  
 He, to get the cold side outside,  
 Put the warm side fur side inside:  
 That's why he put the fur side inside,  
 Why he put the skin side outside,  
 Why he turned them inside outside.

*Unknown*

## HOW OFTEN

AFTER LONGFELLOW

THEY stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 In a park not far from the town;  
 They stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 Because they didn't sit down.

The moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church spire;  
 The moon rose o'er the city,  
 And kept on rising higher.

How often, oh, how often!  
 They whispered words so soft;  
 How often, oh, how often;  
 How often, oh, how oft!

*Ben King* [1857-1894]

## "IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT"

AFTER MEYERS

IF I should die to-night  
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—  
 If I should die to-night,

And you should come in deepest grief and woe—  
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"  
I might arise in my large white cravat  
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night  
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,  
I say, if I should die to-night  
And you should come to me, and there and then  
Just even hint at paying me that ten,  
I might arise the while,  
But I'd drop dead again.

*Ben King* [1857-1894]

### SINCERE FLATTERY

OF W. W. (AMERICANUS)

THE clear cool note of the cuckoo which has ousted the  
legitimate nest-holder,  
The whistle of the railway guard dispatching the train to  
the inevitable collision,  
The maiden's monosyllabic reply to a polysyllabic proposal,  
The fundamental note of the last trump, which is presum-  
ably D natural;  
All of these are sounds to rejoice in, yea, to let your very  
ribs re-echo with:  
But better than all of them is the absolutely last chord of  
the apparently inexhaustible pianoforte player.

*James Kenneth Stephen* [1859-1892]

### CULTURE IN THE SLUMS

INSCRIBED TO AN INTENSE POET

#### I. RONDEAU

"O CRIKEY, Bill!" she ses to me, she ses.  
"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossiges.  
Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteree!  
For lo!" she ses, "for lo! old pal," ses she,  
"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."

Was it not prime—I leave you all to guess  
 How prime!—to have a Jude in love's distress  
     Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,  
     "O crikey, Bill!"

For in such rorty wise doth Love express  
 His blooming views, and asks for your address,  
     And makes it right, and does the gay and free.  
     I kissed her—I did so! And her and me  
 Was pals. And if that ain't good business,  
     "O crikey, Bill!"

## II. VILLANELLE

Now ain't they utterly too-too  
     (She ses, my Missus mine, ses she),  
 Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Joe, just you kool 'em—nice and skew  
     Upon our old meogginnee,  
 Now ain't they utterly too-too?

They're better than a pot'n' a screw,  
     They're equal to a Sunday spree,  
 Them flymy little bits of Blue!

Suppose I put 'em up the flue,  
     And booze the profits, Joe? Not me.  
 Now ain't they utterly too-too?

I do the 'Igh Art fake, I do.  
     Joe, I'm consummate; and I *see*  
 Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Which, Joe, is why I ses ter you—  
     Æsthetic-like, and limp, and free—  
 Now *ain't* they utterly too-too,  
 Them flymy little bits of Blue?

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## THE POETS AT TEA

## I.—(MACAULAY)

POUR, varlet, pour the water,  
The water steaming hot!  
A spoonful for each man of us,  
Another for the pot!  
We shall not drink from amber,  
No Capuan slave shall mix  
For us the snows of Athos  
With port at thirty-six;  
Whiter than snow the crystals  
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,  
More rich the herb of China's field,  
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield;  
Forever let Britannia wield  
The teapot of her sires!

## II.—(TENNYSON)

I think that I am drawing to an end:  
For on a sudden came a gasp for breath,  
And stretching of the hands, and blinded eyes,  
And a great darkness falling on my soul.  
O Hallelujah! . . . Kindly pass the milk.

## III.—(SWINBURNE)

• As the sin that was sweet in the sinning  
Is foul in the ending thereof,  
As the heat of the summer's beginning  
Is past in the winter of love:  
O purity, painful and pleading!  
O coldness, ineffably gray!  
O hear us, our handmaid unheeding,  
And take it away!

## IV.—(COWPER)

The cosy fire is bright and gay,  
The merry kettle boils away

And hums a cheerful song.  
 I sing the saucer and the cup;  
 Pray, Mary, fill the teapot up,  
 And do not make it strong.

## V.—(BROWNING)

Tut! Bah! We take as another case—  
 Pass the pills on the window-sill; notice the capsule  
 (A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place  
 Reliance on trade-marks, Sir)—so perhaps you'll  
 Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold  
 Light-poised—Bah, it's spilt in the bed!—well, let's on  
 go—  
 Hold Bohea and sugar, Sir; if you were told  
 The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

## VI.—(WORDSWORTH)

“Come, little cottage girl, you seem  
 To want my cup of tea;  
 And will you take a little cream?  
 Now tell the truth to me.”

She had a rustic, woodland grin,  
 Her cheek was soft as silk,  
 And she replied, “Sir, please put in  
 A little drop of milk.”

“Why, what put milk into your head?  
 'Tis cream my cows supply;”  
 And five times to the child I said,  
 “Why, pig-head, tell me, why?”

“You call me pig-head,” she replied;  
 “My proper name is Ruth.  
 I called that milk”—she blushed with pride—  
 “You bade me speak the truth.”

VII.—(POE)

Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea!  
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings to  
me!

Oh, from out the silver cells  
How it wells!  
How it smells!

Keeping tune, tune, tune,  
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.  
And the kettle on the fire  
Boils its spout off with desire,  
With a desperate desire  
And a crystalline endeavor  
Now, now to sit, or never,  
On the top of the pale-faced moon,  
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea,  
Tea to the n-th.

VIII.—(ROSSETTI)

The lilies lie in my lady's bower,  
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),  
They faintly droop for a little hour;  
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand  
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);  
She poured; I drank at her command;  
Drank deep, and now—you understand!  
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.—(BURNS)

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,  
Whusky or tay—to state my mind  
Fore ane or ither;  
For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,  
And gin the next, I'm dull as you:  
Mix a' thegither.



## X.—(WALT WHITMAN)

One cup for my self-hood,  
Many for you. Allons, camerados, we will drink together,  
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when you've  
done with it.

What butter-colored hair you've got. I don't want to be  
personal.

All right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.

Eighteen-pence if the bottles are returned.

Allons, from all bat-eyed formulas.

*Barry Pain* [18 -

## SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE

### FATHER O'FLYNN

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;  
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,  
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;  
Powerfulest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,  
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,  
Faix! and the divels and all at Divinity—  
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!  
Come, I vinture to give ye my word,  
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from mythology  
Into thayology,  
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,  
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!  
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,  
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,  
Checking the crazy ones,  
Coaxin' onaisy ones,  
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

1892      Sons of the Emerald Isle

And, though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,  
Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
At comicality, Father, wid you?  
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:  
    "Is it lave gaiety  
    All to the laity?  
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;  
    Powerfulest preacher, and  
    Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindest creature in ould Donegal.  
                    *Alfred Perceval Graves* [1846—

FATHER MOLLOY

OR, THE CONFESSION

PADDY McCABE was dying one day,  
And Father Molloy he came to confess him;  
Paddy prayed hard he would make no delay,  
But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him.  
"First tell me your sins," says Father Molloy,  
"For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy."  
"Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the evenin', I fear  
'Twould throuble you such a long story to hear,  
For you've ten long miles o'er the mountains to go,  
While the road *I've* to travel 's much longer you know.  
So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle;  
To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle;  
And the dochter gave ordhers to keep me so quiet—  
'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it;  
And your Riverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,  
'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all.  
So I'll say in a word I'm no very good boy—  
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,  
 "The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;  
 And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,  
 You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."  
 Then the father began the dark roll of iniquity,  
 And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,  
 And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar—  
 "Oh, murder!" says Paddy, "don't read any more,  
 For, if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,  
 Your Riverence's fist will be soon black and blue;  
 Besides, to be throubled my conscience begins,  
 That your Riverence should have any hand in my sins;  
 So you'd betther suppose I committed them all,  
 For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,  
 Or if they're a dozen, or if they're fourscore,  
 'Tis your Riverence knows how to absolve them, astore;  
 So I'll say in a word, I'm no very good boy—  
 And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,  
 So you must forgive all your enemies truly;  
 And promise me also that, if you should live,  
 You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live  
 newly."

"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,  
 "Except that big vagabone Micky Malone;  
 And him I will murder if ever I can—"  
 "Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man;  
 For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,  
 You'll ne'er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence."  
 "Poo!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case—  
 With your Riverence and Heaven I'm content to make  
 pace;  
 But with Heaven and your Riverence I wondher—*Och hone*—  
 You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone—  
 But since I'm hard pressed and that I *must* forgive,  
 I forgive—if I die—but as sure as I live  
 That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy!—  
 So, *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

*Samuel Lover* [1797-1868]

PADDY O'RAFATHER

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,  
 Credit all gone, and no money to pay,  
 Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,  
     And went to confession just after;  
 "Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."  
 "What, what!" says the priest, "at your ould thricks again?  
 Faith, you'd rather be stalin' than sayin' *amen*,  
     Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Sure, you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew  
 That the best of intintions I had in my view—  
 For I stole it to make it a prisint to you,  
     And you can absolve me after."  
 "Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?  
 Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—  
 You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right and left,  
     Paddy O'Rafther."

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,  
 "If your riv'rince won't take it? By this and by that  
 I don't know no more than a dog or a cat  
     What your riv'rince would have me be after."  
 "Why, then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,  
 Give back to the man that you stole from his fowl:  
 For if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,  
     Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it—'tis thrue  
 As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you;  
 But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do?"  
     Says Paddy, nigh choked with laughter.  
 "By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthurse;  
 If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose:  
 'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,  
     Paddy O'Rafther."

"But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise  
 To some one in want you would give your supplies—  
 Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes;

And *then* you may come to *me* afther."  
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,  
And the pullet between them was eaten with joy,  
And, says she, "'Pon my word, you're the cleverest boy,  
Paddy O'Rafther!"

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,  
And told him the fowl he had given away  
To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,  
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.  
"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,  
For repentantly making the best of the bad,  
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,  
Paddy O'Rafther!"

*Samuel Lover* [1797-1868]

### LARRIE O'DEE

Now the Widow McGee,  
And Larrie O'Dee,  
Had two little cottages out on the green,  
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.  
The widow was young and the widow was fair,  
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,  
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn,  
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,  
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand  
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:  
"Och! Misthress McGee,  
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,  
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"  
"Indade, sir, it is!" answered Widow McGee,  
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.  
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,  
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsайдently near  
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,  
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

1896      Sons of the Emerald Isle

“Schwate Widow McGee,”

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

“If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,  
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?  
Och! it made me heart ache when I paped through the  
cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez swingin' yer axe;  
An' a bobbin' yer head an a-shtompin' yer fate,  
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,  
A-shplittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,  
When one little shtoye it would kape us both warm!”

“Now, piggy,” says she,

“Larrie's courtin' o' me,


- Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;  
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:  
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;  
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.  
Now, Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig  
By tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!”  
“Me darlint, the piggy says yes,” answered he.  
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

*William W. Fink* [18 -

### THE IRISHMAN AND THE LADY

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,  
A lady very stylish, man;  
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,  
She fell in love with an Irishman—  
A nasty, ugly Irishman,  
A wild, tremendous Irishman,  
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring  
Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;  
And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
Were almost double a yard across.



## The Irishman and the Lady 1897

Oh, the lump of an Irishman,  
The whiskey-devouring Irishman,  
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue—the fighting,  
rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,  
And the other eye was out, my dear;  
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs  
Were more than two feet about, my dear.  
Oh, the great big Irishman,  
The rattling, battling Irishman—  
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering  
swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot  
That he used to snort and snuffle—O!  
And in shape and size the fellow's neck  
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.  
Oh, the horrible Irishman,  
The thundering, blundering Irishman—  
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-  
ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;  
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch  
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.  
The boozing, bruising Irishman,  
The 'toxicated Irishman—  
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy  
Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,  
Like all the girls of quality;  
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,  
Just by the way of jollity.  
Oh, the leathering Irishman,  
The barbarous, savage Irishman—  
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were  
bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

*William Maginn* [1793-1842]



# IRISH ASTRONOMY

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF  
O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION

O'RYAN was a man of might  
Whin Ireland was a nation,  
But poachin' was his heart's delight  
And constant occupation.  
He had an ould militia gun,  
And sartin sure his aim was;  
He gave the keepers many a run  
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by  
O'Ryan's little houldin',  
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,  
He thought he'd enther bould in.  
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!  
To praich at Thurles I'm goin',  
So let me have a rasher quick,  
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,  
While betther is to spare, sir,  
But here's a jug of mountain dew,  
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,  
And says he, "Good luck attind you,  
And, when you're in your windin' sheet,  
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—  
"Them tidin's is thransportin';  
But may I ax your saintship if  
There's any kind of sportin'?"  
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,  
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—  
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;  
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

## The Fiddler of Dooney 1899

So, to conclude my song aright,  
For fear I'd tire your patience,  
You'll see O'Ryan any night  
Amid the constellations.  
And Venus follows in his track,  
Till Mars grows jealous raally,  
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack  
Of handling the shillaly.

*Charles Graham Halpine [1829-1868]*

### THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:  
They read in their books of prayer;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,  
They all come up to me,  
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

*William Butler Yeats [1865-*

### THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK

ON the eighth day of March it was, some people say,  
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;  
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,  
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;  
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,  
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—  
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know  
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say,  
Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday:  
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,  
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye!  
At last, both the factions so positive grew,  
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,  
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,  
Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,  
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;  
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,  
So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the clerk.  
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show  
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"  
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed their  
bliss,

And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

*Samuel Lover* [1797-1864]

### SAINT PATRICK

ST. PATRICK was a gentleman,  
Who came of decent people;  
He built a church in Dublin town,  
And on it put a steeple.  
His father was a Gallagher;  
His mother was a Brady;  
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,  
His uncle an O'Grady.

So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,  
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;  
 But there's a hill, much bigger still,  
 Much higher nor them both, sir:  
 'Twas on the top of this high hill  
 St. Patrick preached his sarmint  
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,  
 And banished all the varmint.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle  
 Where dirty varmin musters,  
 But where he put his dear fore-foot,  
 And murdered them in clusters.  
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,  
 Slap-dash into the water;  
 And the snakes committed suicide  
 To save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue  
 He charmed with sweet discourses,  
 And dined on them at Killaloe  
 In soups and second courses.  
 Where blind-worms crawling in the grass  
 Disgusted all the nation,  
 He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes  
 To a sense of their situation.

No wonder that those Irish lads  
 Should be so gay and frisky,  
 For sure St. Pat he taught them that,  
 As well as making whiskey;  
 No wonder that the saint himself  
 Should understand distilling,  
 Since his mother kept a shebeen-shop  
 In the town of Enniskillen.

1902      Sons of the Emerald Isle

O, was I but so fortunate  
As to be back in Munster,  
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground  
I never more would once stir.  
For there St. Patrick planted turf,  
And plenty of the praties,  
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,  
And cabbages—and ladies!  
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
For he's a saint so clever;  
O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist  
And bothered them forever!

*Henry Bennett* [1785- ? ]

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENIN-  
SULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY

O WILL ye choose to hear the news?  
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:  
I'll tell you all about the Ball  
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.  
Begor! this fête all balls does bate,  
At which I've worn a pump, and I  
Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
To fête these black Achillese.  
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,  
And take the rooms at Willis's."  
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,  
They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls  
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand  
So sweetly in the middle there,  
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
And violins did fiddle there.

## Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball 1903

And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
A nate buffet before them set,  
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,  
His moighty Excellency was;  
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,  
So gorgeous and immense he was.  
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
Into the doorway followed him;  
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,  
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair stud at the stair,  
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he  
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,  
The welcome of his Company.  
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;  
And fixed each oye ye there could spoi,  
On Gineral Jung Bahawther was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,  
With all the other ginerals,  
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
All bleezed with precious minerals);  
And as he there, with princely air,  
Recloinin on his cushion was,  
All round about his royal chair,  
The squeezein and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,  
Such fashion and nobilitee!  
Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
Amidst the hoigh gentility!  
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese  
Ministher and his lady there,  
And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

## 1904      Sons of the Emerald Isle

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,  
And Baroness Rehausen there,  
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.  
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
When only Mr. Pips he was),  
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife,—  
I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
There was Lord Belfast, that by me passed,  
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?  
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,  
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,  
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;  
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,  
Behind the windies, coorting there.  
O, there's one I know, bedad, would show  
As beautiful as any there;  
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

*William Makepeace Thackeray* [1811-1863]

### BACHELOR'S HALL

BACHELOR'S HALL! what a quare-lookin' place it is!  
Kape me from sich all the days of me life!  
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,  
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Say the old bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,  
Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;  
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough,  
If he were prisent, to fight with the squire!

## The Sabine Farmer's Serenade 1905

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',  
Say the old bachelor kneading his dough;  
Troth, if his bread he could ate without swallowin',  
How it would favor his palate, ye know!

He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is scourin' it!  
Sure, at a baste like that, swearin' 's no sin;  
His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it—  
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his male's over, the table's left sittin' so;  
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if ye can;  
Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye,—  
Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commodities,  
Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;  
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,  
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin',  
Niver a bit is the bed made at all;  
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin';—  
Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!

*John Finley [1796-1866]*

## THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE

'Twas on a windy night,  
At two o'clock in the morning,  
An Irish lad so tight,  
All wind and weather scorning,  
At Judy Callaghan's door,  
Sitting upon the palings,  
His love-tale he did pour,  
And this was part of his wailings:—

*Only say  
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;  
Don't say nay,  
Charming Judy Callaghan.*



1906      Sons of the Emerald Isle

Oh! list to what I say,  
    Charms you've got like Venus;  
Own your love you may,  
    There's but the wall between us.  
You lie fast asleep  
    Snug in bed and snoring;  
Round the house I creep,  
    Your hard heart imploring.

I've got a pig and a sow,  
    I've got a sty to sleep 'em  
A calf and a brindled cow,  
    And a cabin too, to keep 'em;  
Sunday hat and coat,  
    An old gray mare to ride on,  
Saddle and bridle to boot,  
    Which you may ride astride on.

I've got an acre of ground,  
    I've got it set with praties;  
I've got of 'baccy a pound,  
    I've got some tea for the ladies;  
I've got the ring to wed,  
    Some whiskey to make us gaily;  
I've got a feather bed  
    And a handsome new shillelagh.

You've got a charming eye,  
    You've got some spelling and reading  
You've got, and so have I,  
    A taste for genteel breeding;  
You're rich, and fair, and young,  
    As everybody's knowing;  
You've got a decent tongue  
    Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

For a wife till death  
    I am willing to take ye;  
But, och! I waste my breath,  
    The devil himself can't wake ye.

1907

'Tis just beginning to rain,  
So I'll get under cover;  
To-morrow I'll come again,  
And be your constant lover.

*Only say  
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;  
Don't say nay,  
Charming Judy Callaghan.  
Francis Sylvester Mahony [1804-1866]*

## THE WIDOW MALONE

DID ye hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone?  
Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts,  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So lovely the Widow Malone.  
Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;  
From the minister down  
To the Clerk of the Crown,  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
All were courting the Widow Malone.  
But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'Twas known  
No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone!  
Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,—  
How quare!  
It's little for blushing they care  
Down there—  
Put his arm round her waist,  
Took ten kisses at laste—  
“Oh,” says he, “you're my Molly Malone,  
My own;—  
“Oh,” says he, “you're my Molly Malone!”  
And the widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye!  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—  
For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,  
 "Since you've now made so free,  
 You may marry your Molly Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 You may marry your Molly Malone."  
 There's a moral contained in my song,  
 Not wrong;  
 And, one comfort, it's not very long,  
 But strong:  
 If for widows you die,  
 Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh,  
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone!

*Charles James Lever* [1806–1872]

**WIDOW MACHREE**

### From "Handy Andy"

WIDOW MACHREE, it's no wonder you frown,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
How altered your air,  
With that close cap you wear—  
'Tis destroying your hair

Which should be flowing free;  
Be no longer a churl  
Of its black silken curl,  
Och hone! Widow Machree!

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
See, the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares,—  
Why, even the bears  
Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't spake, they wish,—  
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kettle sings songs  
Full of family glee;  
While alone with your cup,  
Like a hermit, you sup,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl?  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
With such sins on your head  
Sure your peace would be fled,  
Could you sleep in your bed  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree"?

1910      Sons of the Emerald Isle

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
And, with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
You'd have me to desire  
Then to stir up the fire,  
And sure Hope is no liar  
In whispering to me,  
That the ghosts would depart,  
When you'd me near your heart,  
Och hone! Widow Machree!

*Samuel Lover [1797-1868]*

THE PEACEABLE RACE

"WHO says that the Irish are fighters be birth?"  
Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race on th' earth,  
If ye l'ave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now, there is a lad  
That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity bad,  
But he's jisht th' ixception that's provin' the rule;  
An' what else could ye ask from a lad like O'Toole?  
Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle and bone,  
Sizin' up to the heft o' some siventeen stone,  
That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould buck  
To be wishful to thump him a little for luck,  
An' to prove that there's others as clever as him.  
Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was sturdy as Tim,  
Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should take a delight  
In definidin' yer title an' testin' yer might?"  
Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah! now it is jokin' ye are.  
But I bid ye be careful an' not go too far.  
Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the height o' yer waist,  
But there's many a bigger has sampled a taste  
O' the knuckles that's bunched in this little ould fisht.  
Where's the dog wouldn't fight whin his tail gets a twist?"

## The Recruit

1911

Do I hunt fur the throuble? Mayhap, now, it's throe  
Upon certain occasions that's jisht what I do.  
Shure, how else would they know—I'm that stunted an'  
small—

I'd the heart of a man in me body at all?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little it's worth,"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, we're jisht the most peaceable race on the earth,  
If ye l'ave us alone."

*Thomas Augustin Daly [1871—*

## THE RECRUIT

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!

Now turn out yer toes!

Yer belt is unhookit,

Yer cap is on crookit,

Ye may not be dhrunk,

But, be jabers, ye look it!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden

To dhrill such a mug!

Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—

Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!

Ye've jaws like a goat—

Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

1912      Sons of the Emerald Isle

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!  
    Wan—two!—  
    Time! Mark!  
Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:  
    "Yer figger wants padd'n'—  
    Sure, man, ye've no shape!  
    Behind ye yer shoulders  
    Stick out like two bowlders;  
    Yer shins is as thin  
    As a pair of pen-holders!  
    Wan—two!  
    Wan—two!  
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!  
    Wan—two!—  
    Time! Mark!  
I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:  
    "Me heart it ud gladden  
    To blacken yer eye.  
    Ye're gettin' too bold, ye  
    Compel me to scold ye,—  
    'Tis halt! that I say,—  
    Will ye heed what I told ye?  
    Wan—two!  
    Wan—two!  
Be jabers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!  
    Wan—two!—  
    Time! Mark!  
What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:  
    "I'll not stay a gadd'n  
    Wid dagoes like you!  
    I'll travel no farther,  
    I'm dyin' for—wather;—  
    Come on, if ye like,—  
    Can ye loan me a quather?

Ya-as, you,  
 What,—two?  
 And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!  
 You'll do!  
 Whist! Mark!  
 The Rigiment's flatthered to own ye, me spark!"

*Robert William Chambers* [1865-

# FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;  
 Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;  
 Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack  
 An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,  
 Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,  
 Afther the wreck wuz all on agin;  
 That is, this Finnigin  
 Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,  
 He writed tin pages—did Finnigin,  
 An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;  
 Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd  
 Did Finnigin write to Flannigan  
 Afther the kyars had gone on agin.  
 That wuz how Finnigin  
 Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—  
 He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;  
 An' it wore'm clane an' complately out  
 To tell what Finnigin writ about  
 In his writin' to Musther Flannigan.  
 So he writed back to Finnigin:  
 "Don't do sich a sin agin;  
 Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,  
 He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;  
 An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay  
 That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay



Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,  
 Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.  
 From Finnigin to Flannigan  
 Repoorts won't be long agin."

. . . . .

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,  
 On the road sup'rintinded be Flannigan,  
 A rail give way on a bit av a curve  
 An' some kyars wint off as they made the shwerve.  
 "There's nobody hurtet," sez Finnigin,  
 "But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."  
 An' he winked at McGorrigan,  
 As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,  
 As minny a railroader's been agin,  
 An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright  
 In Finnigin's shanty all that night—  
 Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin!  
 An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:  
 Off agin, on agin,  
 Gone agin.—Finnigin."

*Strickland W. Gillilan* [1869—

## PIPE AND CAN

### A RELIGIOUS USE OF TOBACCO

THE Indian weed now withered quite;  
Green at morn, cut down at night;  
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Think thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

But when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,  
And that the fire doth it require:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The ashes, that are left behind,  
May serve to put thee still in mind  
That unto dust return thou must:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

*Robert Wisdome (?) [?–1568]*

### ODE TO TOBACCO

THOU who, when fears attack,  
Bid'st them avaunt, and Black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseatest;  
Sweet when the morn is gray;  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,

Not to thy credit;  
 How one (or two at most)  
 Drops make a cat a ghost—  
 Useless, except to roast—  
     Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees  
 All grow by slow degrees  
 Brainless as chimpanzees,  
     Meagre as lizards;  
 Go mad, and beat their wives;  
 Plunge (after shocking lives)  
 Razors and carving-knives  
     Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!  
 Yet know I five or six  
 Smokers who freely mix  
     Still with their neighbors;  
 Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,  
 Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—  
 Daily absorbs a clay  
     After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose  
 Cooked by tobacco-juice;  
 Still why deny its use  
     Thoughtfully taken?  
 We're not as tabbies are:  
 Smith, take a fresh cigar!  
 Jones, the tobacco-jar!  
     Here's to thee, Bacon!  
     *Charles Stuart Calverley [1831-1884]*

#### THE PIPE OF TOBACCO

LET the toper regale in his tankard of ale,  
 Or with alcohol moisten his thrapple,—  
 Only give me, I pray, a good pipe of soft clay,  
     Nicely tapered and thin in the stapple;—

And I shall puff, puff—let who will say enough!  
No luxury else I'm in lack o',—  
No malice I hoard 'gainst Queen, Prince, Duke, or Lord,  
While I pull at my Pipe of Tobacco.

When I feel the hot strife of the battle of life,  
And the prospect is aught but enticin'—  
Mayhap some real ill, like a protested bill,  
Dims the sunshine that tinged the horizon,—  
Only let me puff, puff—be they ever so rough,  
All the sorrows of life I lose track o';  
The mists disappear, and the vista is clear,  
With a soothing mild Pipe of Tobacco.

And when joy after pain, like the sun after rain,  
Stills the waters long turbid and troubled,  
That life's current may flow with a ruddier glow,  
And the sense of enjoyment be doubled,—  
Oh! let me puff, puff—till I feel *quantum suff*.  
Such luxury still I'm in lack o'!  
Be joy ever so sweet, it would be incomplete  
Without a good Pipe of Tobacco.

Should my recreant muse—sometimes apt to refuse  
The guidance of bit and of bridle—  
Still blankly demur, spite of whip and of spur,  
Unimpassioned, inconstant, or idle,—  
Only let me puff, puff—till the brain cries enough;—  
Such excitement is all I'm in lack o';  
And the poetic vein soon to fancy gives rein,  
Inspired by a Pipe of Tobacco.

And when with one accord, round the jovial board,  
In friendship our bosoms are glowing,  
While with toast and with song we the evening prolong,  
And with nectar the goblets are flowing—  
Still let us puff, puff—be life smooth, be it rough,  
Such enjoyment we're ever in lack o':  
The more peace and good-will will abound as we fill  
A jolly good Pipe of Tobacco!

John Usher [?]

## INTER SODALES

OVER a pipe the Angel of Conversation  
 Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,  
 And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,  
 Hastens, a rosy spendthrift, to disburse  
 The coins new-minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation  
 Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse  
 The sweet old farce of mutual admiration  
                     Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation  
 How soft the song! the epigram how terse!  
 With what a genius for administration  
 We rearrange the rumbling universe,  
 And map the course of man's regeneration  
                     Over a pipe!

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## AN INVITATION

I BEG you come tonight and dine.  
 A welcome waits you, and sound wine,—  
 The Roederer chilly to a charm,  
 As Juno's breath the claret warm,  
 The sherry of an ancient brand.  
 No Persian pomp, you understand,—  
 A soup, a fish, two meats, and then  
 A salad fit for aldermen  
 (When aldermen, alas the days!  
 Were really worth their *mayonnaise*);  
 A dish of grapes whose clusters won  
 Their bronze in Carolinian sun;  
 Next, cheese—for you the Neufchâtel,  
 A bit of Cheshire likes me well;  
*Café au lait* or coffee black,  
 With Kirsch or Kümmel or cognac

(The German band in Irving Place  
 By this time purple in the face);  
 Cigars and pipes. These being through,  
 Friends shall drop in, a very few—  
 Shakespeare and Milton, and no more.  
 When these are guests I bolt the door,  
 With "Not at home" to anyone  
 Excepting Alfred Tennyson.

*Unknown*

### AD MINISTRAM\*

AFTER HORACE

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is,—  
 I hate all your Frenchified fuss;  
 Your silly entrées and made dishes  
 Were never intended for us.  
 No footman in lace and in ruffles  
 Need dangle behind my arm-chair;  
 And never mind seeking for truffles,  
 Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
 I prithee get ready at three:  
 Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,  
 And what better meat can there be?  
 And when it has feasted the master,  
 'Twill amply suffice for the maid;  
 Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,  
 And tipple my ale in the shade.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### A SALAD

To make this condiment, your poet begs  
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;  
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,  
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;  
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
 And, half-suspected, animate the whole.  
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;

\* For the original of this poem see page 3577.

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,  
 To add a double quantity of salt;  
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca drown,  
 And twice with vinegar procured from town;  
 And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss  
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.  
 Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!  
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat:  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!  
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
 Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

*Sydney Smith* [1771-1845]

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE  
 ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO ROOM AT  
 THE DEVIL TAVERN

WELCOME all who lead or follow,  
 To the Oracle of Apollo—  
 Here he speaks out of his pottle,  
 Or the tripos, his tower bottle:  
 All his answers are divine,  
 Truth itself doth flow in wine.  
 Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,  
 Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;  
 He the half of life abuses,  
 That sits watering with the Muses.  
 Those dull girls no good can mean us;  
 Wine it is the milk of Venus,  
 And the poet's horse accounted:  
 Ply it, and you all are mounted.  
 'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,  
 Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,  
 Pays all debts, cures all diseases,  
 And at once three senses pleases.  
 Welcome all who lead or follow,  
 To the Oracle of Apollo.

*Ben Jonson* [1573?-1637]

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
 Have ye tippled drink more fine  
 Than mine host's Canary wine?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison? O generous food!  
 Dressed as though bold Robin Hood  
 Would, with his Maid Marian,  
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's sign-board flew away  
 Nobody knew whither, till  
 An Astrologer's old quill  
 To a sheepskin gave the story,—  
 Said he saw you in your glory,  
 Underneath a new-old Sign  
 Sipping beverage divine,  
 And pledging with contented smack  
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac!

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known—  
 Happy field or mossy cavern—  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

"GIVE ME ALE"

WHEN as the chill Sirocco blows,  
 And Winter tells a heavy tale;  
 When pyes and daws and rooks and crows  
 Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;  
 Then give me ale.



Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,  
 Such as will make grimalkin prate;  
 Bids valor burgeon in tall men,  
 Quickens the poet's wit and pen,  
 Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,  
 And frames the march of Swedish drum,  
 Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,  
 What's done and past tells mortal wights,  
 And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart up-keeps  
 And equals it with tyrants' thrones,  
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,  
 And lulls in sure and dainty sleeps  
 The o'er-wearied bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,  
 Wine's emulous neighbor, though but stale,  
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,  
 And filling each man's heart with laughter—  
 Ha! give me ale!

*Unknown*

### "JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD"

From "G ammer Gurton's Needle"

I CANNOT eat but little meat,  
 My stomach is not good;  
 But sure I think that I can drink  
 With him that wears a hood.  
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
 I nothing am a-cold;  
 I stuff my skin so full within  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
 Back and side go bare, go bare;  
 Both foot and hand go cold;  
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
 And a crab laid in the fire;  
 A little bread shall do me stead;  
 Much bread I not desire.  
 No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,  
 Can hurt me if I wold;  
 I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped  
 Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life  
 Loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full oft drinks she till ye may see  
 The tears run down her cheek:  
 Then doth she trowl to me the bowl  
 Even as a maltworm should,  
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part  
 Of this jolly good ale and old."

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,  
 Even as good fellows should do;  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth bring men to;  
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls  
 Or have them lustily trolled,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 Whether they be young or old.  
 Back and side go bare, go bare;  
 Both foot and hand go cold;  
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or old.

*John Still* [1543?-1608]

## DRINK TO-DAY

From "The Bloody Brother"

DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow;  
 You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:  
 Best, while you have it, use your breath;  
 There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,  
 There is no cure 'gainst age but it:  
 It helps the headache, cough, and phthisic,  
 And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;  
 Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.  
 And he that will to bed go sober  
 Falls with the leaf still in October.

*John Fletcher [1579-1625]*

CORONEMUS NOS ROSIS ANTEQUAM  
 MARCESCANT

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
 With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!  
 The changeable world to our joy is unjust,  
     All treasure's uncertain,  
     Then down with your dust!  
 In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,  
 For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty, and Dolly,  
 Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy:  
 Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,  
     Dame Venus, love's lady,  
     Was born of the sea:  
 With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,  
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is crowned  
 And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground,  
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendor  
     That none but the stars  
     Are thought fit to attend her,  
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
 Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,  
 Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears?

Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt us,  
 'Tis certain, *Post mortem*  
*Nulla voluptas.*

For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and sense,  
 Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

*Thomas Jordan* [1612?-1685]

## THE EPICURE

AFTER ANACREON

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,  
 Around our temples roses twine,  
 And let us cheerfully awhile,  
 Like the wine and roses, smile.  
 Crowned with roses, we condemn  
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.

To-day is ours; what do we fear?  
 To-day is ours; we have it here!  
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow,  
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

*Abraham Cowley* [1618-1667]

## DRINKING

AFTER ANACREON

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;  
 The plants suck in the earth, and are,  
 With constant drinking, fresh and fair;  
 The sea itself (which one would think  
 Should have but little need of drink),  
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup.  
 The busy sun (and one would guess  
 By's drunken fiery face no less),

Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun:  
They drink and dance by their own light;  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal "health" goes round.  
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

*Abraham Cowley [1618-1667]*

#### THE WINTER GLASS

THEN let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow;  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar.

Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;  
Where though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to:  
When having drank all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity.  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
The afflicted into joy, the oppressed  
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favor return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

## Harry Carey's General Reply 1927

The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lovers shall have mistresses,  
Poor unregarded virtue praise,  
And the neglected poet bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;  
For freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are?

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice  
That does this happiness produce,  
And will preserve us free together,  
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

Then let old Winter take his course,  
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,  
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,  
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

Let him our little castle ply  
With all his loud artillery,  
Whilst sack and claret man the fort,  
His fury shall become our sport.

Or, let him Scotland take, and there  
Confine the plotting Presbyter;  
His zeal may freeze, whilst we, kept warm  
With love and wine, can know no harm.

*Charles Cotton [1630-1687]*

### HARRY CAREY'S GENERAL REPLY, TO THE LIBELLING GENTRY, WHO ARE ANGRY AT HIS WELFARE

WITH an honest old friend and a merry old song,  
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,  
And laugh at the malice of those who repine  
That they must swig porter while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal though ever so great,  
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;  
 But what I abhor and esteem as a curse  
 Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness of Purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,  
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;  
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,  
 For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.  
*Henry Carey [ ? -1743]*

## GAFFER GRAY

"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,  
     Gaffer Gray,  
 And why doth thy nose look so blue?"  
     "'Tis the weather that's cold,  
     'Tis I'm grown very old,  
 And my doublet is not very new,  
     Well-a-day!"

"Then line that warm doublet with ale,  
     Gaffer Gray,  
 And warm thy old heart with a glass."  
     "Nay, but credit I've none,  
     And my money's all gone;  
 Then say how may that come to pass?  
     Well-a-day!"

"Hie away to the house on the brow,  
     Gaffer Gray,  
 And knock at the jolly priest's door."  
     "The priest often preaches  
     Against worldly riches,  
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,  
     Well-a-day!"

"The lawyer lives under the hill,  
     Gaffer Gray,  
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front."

“A Reason Fair to Fill My Glass” 1929

“He will fasten his locks,  
And will threaten the stocks,  
Should he evermore find me in want.  
Well-a-day!”

“The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,  
Gaffer Gray,  
And the season will welcome you there.”  
“His fat beeves and his beer,  
And his merry new year,  
Are all for the flush and the fair,  
Well-a-day!”

“My keg is but low, I confess,  
Gaffer Gray,  
What then? While it lasts, man, we’ll live.”  
“The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will give,  
Well-a-day.”

*Thomas Holcroft* [1745-1809]

“A REASON FAIR TO FILL MY GLASS”

I’ve oft been asked by prosing souls  
And men of sober tongue,  
What joys there are in draining bowls  
And tippling all night long?  
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,  
For once I’ll not disdain  
To tell them why I drink till morn  
And fill my glass again.

’Tis by the glow my bumper gives  
Life’s picture’s mellow made;  
The fading light then brightly lives,  
And softly sinks the shade:  
Some happier tint still rises there  
With every drop I drain,  
And that I think’s a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.



My muse, too, when her wings are dry,  
No frolic flight will take,  
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly  
Like swallows round a lake;  
Then if the nymphs will have their share  
Before they'll bless their swain,  
Why that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes through,  
Run every pleasure down  
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,  
And lived with half the town;  
For me there's nothing new or rare  
Till wine deceives my brain,  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,  
And many a lass grown old,  
And as the lesson strikes my head  
My weary heart grows cold;  
But wine awhile drives off despair,  
Nay, bids a hope remain,  
Why, that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

I find too when I stint my glass  
And sit with sober air,  
I'm posed by some dull reasoning ass  
Who treads the path of care;  
Or, harder still, am doomed to bear  
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,  
And that I'm sure's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

Though hipped and vexed at England's fate  
In these convulsive days,  
I can't endure the ruined state  
My sober eye surveys;

“ Let the Toast Pass ” 1931

But through the bottle's dazzling glare  
The gloom is seen less plain,  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

*Charles Morris [1745-1838]*

“LET THE TOAST PASS”

From “ The School for Scandal ”

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
Now to the maid who has none, sir;  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
And to her that's as brown as a berry;  
Here's to the wife, with a face full of woe,  
And now to the girl that is merry.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
So fill up your glasses, nay fill to the brim,  
And let us c'en toast them together.

*Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

*Richard Brinsley Sheridan [1751-1816]*

## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

HERE's to the year that's awa'!  
We will drink it in strong and in sma';  
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,  
While swift flew the year that's awa'.

Here's to the sodger who bled,  
And the sailor who bravely did fa';  
Their fame is alive though their spirits are fled  
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friends we can trust  
When storms of adversity blaw;  
May they live in our songs and be nearest our hearts,  
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

*John Dunlop [1755-1820]*

## JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE were three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,  
Put clods upon his head;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
And showers began to fall:  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong;  
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,  
When he grew wan and pale;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,  
He faded into age;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee;  
Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgelled him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim:  
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him further woe:  
And still, as signs of life appeared,  
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
The marrow of his bones;  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round,  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
 Of noble enterprise;  
 For if you do but taste his blood,  
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;  
 'Twill heighten all his joy:  
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
 Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
 Each man a glass in hand;  
 And may his great posterity  
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

#### "FILL THE BUMPER FAIR"

FILL the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses.  
*Fill the bumper fair!*  
*Every drop we sprinkle*  
*O'er the brow of Care*  
*Smooths away a wrinkle.*

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the starred dominions:—  
 So we, Sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the Heaven of Wit  
 Draw down all its lightning.

“Wreathe the Bowl”

1935

Wouldst thou know what first  
    Made our souls inherit  
This ennobling thirst  
    From wine's celestial spirit?  
It chanced upon that day,  
    When, as bards inform us,  
Prometheus stole away  
    The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up  
    To Glory's fount aspiring,  
Took nor urn nor cup  
    To hide the pilfered fire in.—  
But, oh his joy, when, round  
    The halls of Heaven spying,  
Among the stars he found  
    A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,  
    Remains of last night's pleasure,  
With which the Sparks of Soul  
    Mixed their burning treasure.  
Hence the goblet's shower  
    Hath such spells to win us;  
Hence its mighty power  
    O'er the flame within us.  
    *Fill the bumper fair!*  
    *Every drop we sprinkle*  
    *O'er the brow of Care*  
    *Smooths away a wrinkle.*

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

“WREATHE THE BOWL”

WREATHE the bowl  
    With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
    We'll take a flight  
    Towards heaven to-night,

And leave dull earth behind us!  
     Should Love amid  
     The wreaths be hid  
 That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,  
     No danger fear  
     While wine is near—  
 We'll drown him if he stings us.  
     Then, wreathe the bowl  
     With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
     We'll take a flight  
     Towards heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us!

    'Twas nectar fed  
     Of old, 'tis said,  
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;  
     And man may brew  
     His nectar too;  
 The rich receipt's as follows:—  
     Take wine like this;  
     Let looks of bliss  
 Around it well be blended;  
     Then bring Wit's beam  
     To warm the stream,  
 And there's your nectar splendid!  
     So wreathe the bowl  
     With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
     We'll take a flight  
     Towards heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us!

    Say, why did Time  
     His glass sublime  
 Fill up with sands unsightly,  
     When wine, he knew,  
     Runs brisker through,  
 And sparkles far more brightly?  
     Oh, lend it us,  
     And, smiling thus,

The glass in two we'd sever,  
    Make pleasure glide  
    In double tide,  
And fill both ends forever!  
    Then wreath the bowl  
    With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
    We'll take a flight  
    Towards heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us!

*Thomas Moore [1779-1852]*

## SIR PETER

From "Headlong Hall"

In his last binn Sir Peter lies,  
    Who knew not what it was to frown:  
Death took him mellow, by surprise,  
    And in his cellar stopped him down.  
Through all our land we could not boast  
    A knight more gay, more prompt than he,  
To rise and fill a bumper toast,  
    And pass it round with **THREE TIMES THREE**.  
  
None better knew the feast to sway,  
    Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim;  
For Nature had but little clay  
    Like that of which she moulded him.  
The meanest guest that graced his board  
    Was there the freest of the free,  
His bumper toast when Peter poured,  
    And passed it round with **THREE TIMES THREE**.  
  
He kept at true good humor's mark  
    The social flow of pleasure's tide:  
He never made a brow look dark,  
    Nor caused a tear, but when he died.  
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:  
    More pleased his gay old ghost would be,  
For funeral song, and passing bell,  
    To hear no sound but **THREE TIMES THREE**.

*Thomas Love Peacock [1785-1866]*



## "SEAMEN THREE"

From "Nightmare Abbey"

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?  
 Gotham's three wise men we be.  
 Whither in your bowl so free?  
 To rake the moon from out the sea.  
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.  
 And our ballast is old wine.—  
 And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?  
 I am he they call Old Care.  
 Here on board we will thee lift.  
 No: I may not enter there.  
 Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,  
 In a bowl Care may not be.—  
 In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?  
 No: in charmèd bowl we swim.  
 What the charm that floats the bowl?  
 Water may not pass the brim.  
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.  
 And our ballast is old wine.—  
 And your ballast is old wine.

*Thomas Love Peacock [1785-1866]*

## A BACCHANALIAN SONG

SING!—Who sings  
 To her who weareth a hundred rings?  
     Ah, who is this lady fine?  
     The Vine, boys, the Vine!  
     The mother of mighty Wine.  
         A roamer is she  
         O'er wall and tree,  
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks  
 To her who blusheth and never thinks?  
     Ah, who is this maid of thine?  
     The Grape, boys, the Grape!  
     O, never let her escape  
     Until she be turned to Wine!  
         For better is she  
         Than vine can be,  
     And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams  
 Of the God that governs a thousand streams?  
     Ah, who is this Spirit fine?  
     ’Tis Wine, boys, ’tis Wine!  
     God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
         O better is he  
         Than grape or tree,  
     And the best of all good company.  
                 Bryan Waller Procter [1787-1874]

“SPARKLING AND BRIGHT”

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,  
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in;  
 With hue as red as the rosy bed  
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
     *Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,*  
     *To loves as gay and fleeting*  
     *As bubbles that swim on the beaker’s brim,*  
     *And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight  
 Of Time through Life’s dominions,  
 We here a while would now beguile  
 The graybeard of his pinions,  
     *To drink to-night, with hearts as light,*  
     *To loves as gay and fleeting*  
     *As bubbles that swim on the beaker’s brim,*  
     *And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,

Nor fond Regret delay him,

Nor Love himself can hold the elf,

Nor sober Friendship stay him,

*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,*

*To loves as gay and fleeting*

*As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,*

*And break on the lips while meeting.*

*Charles Fenno Hoffman [1806-1884]*

### THE MAHOGANY TREE

CHRISTMAS is here:

Winds whistle shrill,

Icy and chill,

Little care we:

Little we fear

Weather without,

Sheltered about

The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs

Birds of rare plume

Sang, in its bloom;

Night-birds are we:

Here we carouse,

Singing like them,

Perched round the stem

Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,

Boys, as we sit;

Laughter and wit

Flashing so free.

Life is but short—

When we are gone,

Let them sing on

Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,

Happy as this;

Faces we miss,  
Pleasant to see.  
Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust!  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate:  
Let the dog wait;  
Happy we'll be!  
Drink, every one;  
Pile up the coals,  
Fill the red bowls  
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—  
Friend, art afraid?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up;  
Empty it yet;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite,  
Leave us to-night  
Round the old tree.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

TODLIN' HAME

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,  
Then I get credit in ilka toun;  
But aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by,  
Oh, poverty parts gude company!

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 Couldna' my love come todlin' hame?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale;  
 She gi'es us white bannocks to relish her ale;  
 Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
 We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa.

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
 Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;  
 And aye when we wakened, we drank them dry.  
 What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?

Todlin' butt, and todlin' ben,  
 Sae round as my love comes todlin' hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' dow,  
 Ye're aye gude-humored when weetin' your mou'  
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flea,  
 That 'tis a blithe nicht to the bairns and me,  
 When, todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 When, round as a neep, ye come todlin' hame.

*Unknown*

#### THE CRUISKEEN LAWN

LET the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
 The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;  
 But I, more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day  
 With my charming little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,  
 My charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Gra machree ma cruiskeen,  
 Slainté geal mavourneen,  
 's gra machree a cooleen bawn.  
 Gra machree ma cruiskeen,  
 Slainté geal mavourneen,  
 Gra machree a cooleen bawn, bawn, bawn,  
 's gra machree a cooleen bawn.

## Give Me the Old

1943

Immortal and divine,  
Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
    Create me by adoption your son;  
In hope that you'll comply,  
My glass shall ne'er run dry,  
    Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

And when grim death appears,  
In a few but pleasant years,  
    To tell me that my glass has run;  
I'll say, Begone, you knave,  
For bold Bacchus gave me leave  
    To take another cruiskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high,  
Let's not part with lips a-dry,  
    Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;  
And since we can't remain,  
May we shortly meet again,  
    To fill another cruiskeen lawn.

*Unknown*

## GIVE ME THE OLD

Old wine to drink!  
    Ay, give the slippery juice  
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
    Within the tun;  
Plucked from beneath the cliff  
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
    And ripened 'neath the blink  
    Of India's sun!  
    Peat whiskey hot,  
Tempered with well-boiled water!  
These make the long night shorter,—  
    Forgetting not  
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!  
Ay, bring the hill-side beech  
From where the owlets meet and screech,

And ravens croak;  
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;  
 Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
     Dug 'neath the fern;  
     The knotted oak,  
     A fagot too, perhap,  
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,  
 Shall light us at our drinking;  
     While the oozing sap  
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!  
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,  
     Time-honored tomes!  
 The same my sire scanned before,  
 The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,  
 The same his sire from college bore,  
     The well-earned meed  
     Of Oxford's domes:  
     Old Homer blind,  
 Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
 Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;  
 Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
 Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!  
 And Gervase Markham's venerie—  
     Nor leave behind  
 The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!  
 Ay, bring those chosen few,  
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
     So rarely found;  
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
 Him for my easel, distich, bud  
     In mountain-walk!  
     Bring Walter good,  
 With soulful Fred, and learnèd Will,  
 And thee, my alter ego (dearer still  
     For every mood).

## The Spirit of Wine

1945

These add a bouquet to my wine!

These add a sparkle to my pine!

If these I tine,

Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

*Robert Hinckley Messinger* [1811-1874]

### THE SPIRIT OF WINE

*The Spirit of Wine*

*Sang in my glass, and I listened*

*With love to his odorous music,*

*His flushed and magnificent song.*

—"I am health, I am heart, I am life!

For I give for the asking

The fire of my father, the Sun,

And the strength of my mother, the Earth.

Inspiration in essence,

I am wisdom and wit to the wise,

His visible muse to the poet,

The soul of desire to the lover,

The genius of laughter to all.

"Come, lean on me, ye that are weary!

Rise, ye faint-hearted and doubting!

Haste, ye that lag by the way!

I am Pride, the consoler;

Valor and Hope are my henchmen;

I am the Angel of Rest.

"I am life, I am wealth, I am fame:

For I captain an army

Of shining and generous dreams;

And mine, too, all mine, are the keys

Of that secret spiritual shrine,

Where, his work-a-day soul put by,

Shut in with his saint of saints—

With his radiant and conquering self—

Man worships, and talks, and is glad.



"Come, sit with me, ye that are lonely,  
 Ye that are paid with disdain,  
 Ye that are chained, and would soar!  
 I am beauty and love;  
 I am friendship, the comforter;  
 I am that which forgives and forgets."—

*The Spirit of Wine  
 Sang in my heart, and I triumphed  
 In the savor and scent of his music,  
 His magnetic and mastering song.*

*William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]*

#### "DAY AND NIGHT MY THOUGHTS INCLINE"

DAY and night my thoughts incline  
 To the blandishments of wine:  
 Jars were made to drain, I think,  
 Wine, I know, was made to drink.

When I die, (the day be far!)  
 Should the potters make a jar  
 Out of this poor clay of mine,  
 Let the jar be filled with wine!

*Richard Henry Stoddard [1825-1903]*

#### FALSTAFF'S SONG

WHERE's he that died o' Wednesday?  
 What place on earth hath he?  
 A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,  
 Where worms approaching be;  
 For the wight that died o' Wednesday,  
 Just laid the light below,  
 Is dead as the varlet turned to clay  
 A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?  
 Good Lord, I'd not be he!  
 The best of days is foul enough  
 From this world's fare to flee;

## The Maltworm's Madrigal 1947

And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,  
With his grave turf yet to grow,  
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray  
A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?  
What better chance hath he  
To clink the can and toss the pot  
When this night's junkets be?  
For the lad that died o' yesterday  
Is just as dead—ho! ho!—  
As the whoreson knave men laid away  
A thousand years ago.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833-1908]*

### THE MALTWORM'S MADRIGAL

I DRINK of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the Ale of  
Chepe;  
At noon I dream on the settle; at night I cannot sleep;  
For my love, my love it groweth; I waste me all the day;  
And when I see sweet Alison, I know not what to say.

The sparrow when he spieth his Dear upon the tree,  
He beateth-to his little wing; he chirketh lustily;  
But when I see sweet Alison, the words begin to fail;  
I wot that I shall die of Love—an I die not of Ale.

Her lips are like the muscadell; her brows are black as ink;  
Her eyes are bright as beryl stones that in the tankard wink;  
But when she sees me coming, she shrilleth out—"Te-Hee!  
Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin, what lackest thou of me?

"Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin! Why be thine eyes so  
small?  
Why go thy legs tap-lappetty like men that fear to fall?  
Why is thy leathern doublet besmeared with stain and spot?  
Go to. Thou art no man (she saith)—thou art a Pottle-  
pot!"

"No man," i' faith. "No man!" she saith. And "Pottle-pot" thereto!

"Thou sleepest like our dog all day; thou drink'st as fishes do."

I would that I were Tibb the dog; he wags at her his tail;  
Or would that I were fish, in truth, and all the sea were Ale!

So I drink of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the Ale of  
Chepe;

All day I dream in the sunlight; I dream and eke I weep,  
But little lore of loving can any flagon teach,  
For when my tongue is loosèd most, then most I lose my  
speech.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-

#### THE POWER OF MALT

WHY, if 'tis dancing you would be,  
There's brisker pipes than poetry.  
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,  
Or why was Burton built on Trent?  
Oh, many a peer of England brews  
Livelier liquor than the Muse,  
And malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man.  
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink  
For fellows whom it hurts to think:  
Look into the pewter pot  
To see the world as the world's not.

*Alfred Edward Housman* [1859-

#### A STEIN SONG

From "Spring"

GIVE a rouse, then, in the Maytime  
For a life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into daytime  
With the sunlight of good cheer!  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

## The Kavanagh

1949

When the wind comes up from Cuba,  
And the birds are on the wing,  
And our hearts are patting juba  
To the banjo of the spring,  
Then it's no wonder whether  
The boys will get together,  
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty  
When the spring is in the air;  
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,  
And we've life and love to spare;  
And it's birds of a feather  
When we all get together,  
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,  
And the goal a golden thing,  
And that God is not censorious  
When his children have their fling;  
And life slips its tether  
When the boys get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

*Richard Hovey [1864-1900]*

### THE KAVANAGH

A STONE jug and a pewter mug,  
And a table set for three!  
A jug and a mug at every place,  
And a biscuit or two with Briel  
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,  
And a cheese like crusted foam!  
The Kavanagh receives to-night!  
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!  
And a health to the one away,  
Who drifts down careless Italy,  
God's wanderer and estray!

For friends are more than Arno's store  
Of garnered charm, and he  
Were blither with us here the night  
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,  
And let the warm night in!  
Who knows what revelry in Mars  
May rhyme with rouse akin?  
Fill up and drain the loving cup  
And leave no drop to waste!  
The moon looks in to see what's up—  
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll  
Be now an idle thing?  
The world is his who takes his toll,  
A vagrant or a king.  
What though the crown be melted down,  
And the heir a gypsy roam?  
The Kavanagh receives to-night!  
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!  
And the moonlight on the floor!  
Who were a man to do with less?  
What emperor has more?  
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,  
And three stout hearts to drain  
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth  
And the joy of the love of men.

*Richard Hovey [1864-1900]*

# GLINTS O' SUNSHINE

## SONG

From "Love's Labor's Lost"

### I—SPRING

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

### II — WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
     Tu-who;  
 Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*William Shakespeare* [1564-1616]

### THE WIDOW

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, an' the widow can sew,  
 An' mony braw things the widow can do;  
     Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 Wi' courage attack her baith early an' late;  
 To kiss her an' clap her ye maunna be blate:  
 Speak weel, an' do better: for that's the best gate  
     To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', an' never ae hair  
 The waur o' the wearing, an' has a good skair  
 O' everything lovely; she's witty an' fair,  
     An' has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naithing but draw in your stool and sit down,  
     An' sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, an' kill her wi' courtesy dead,  
 Though stark love an' kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome an' airy, an' hope to succeed  
     Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald;  
 For fortune ay favors the active an' bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thoughtless an' cauld,  
     Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

*Allan Ramsay* [1686-1751]

## Cautionary Verses to Youth 1953

### SNEEZING

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!  
All my nose is inside out, —  
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,  
Pyramid rhinocerostic,  
    Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!  
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,  
How with rapturous torment wrings me!  
    Now says, "Sneeze, you fool,—get through it."  
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-ishi—  
Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi!  
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)  
Snuff is a delicious thing.

*Leigh Hunt* [1784-1859]

### CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun  
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun;  
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an  
    offence

It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, ale may make you ail, your aunt an ant may  
    kill,

You in a vale may buy a veil, and Bill may pay the bill.

Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover, it may be  
A peer appears upon the pier, who, blind, still goes to sea.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our  
    greeting,

'Tis meet that men who meet to eat should eat their meat  
    when meeting.

Brawn on the board's no bore indeed, although from boar  
    prepared;

Nor can the fowl, on which we feed, foul feeding be declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a pear, and yet be pared again,  
And still be one, which seemeth rare until we do explain.



1954

## Glints o' Sunshine

It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care:  
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow  
hair?

A fat man's gait may make us smile, who have no gate to  
close:

The farmer sitting on his stile no stylish person knows:  
Perfumers men of scents must be; some Scilly men are  
bright;

A brown man oft deep read we see, a black a wicked wight.

Most wealthy men good manors have, however vulgar they;  
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they play;  
So poets can't the baize obtain, unless their tailors choose;  
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek  
the Mews.

The dyer who by dyeing lives, a dire life maintains;  
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his panes:  
By gardeners thyme is tied, 'tis true, when spring is in its  
prime;

But time or tide won't wait for you, if you are tied for time.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;  
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously  
shun:

The fault admits of no defence; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,  
You sacrifice for sound the sense: the sense is never sound.

So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,  
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love:  
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task  
is done;

But parents ne'er should let you go unpunished for a pun.

*Theodore Edward Hook [1788-1841]*

## A CREDO

FOR the sole edification  
Of this decent congregation,  
Goodly people, by your grant  
I will sing a holy chant—

## The Lay of the Levite 1955

I will sing a holy chant.  
If the ditty sound but oddly,  
'Twas a father, wise and godly,  
Sang it so long ago—  
Then sing as Martin Luther sang,  
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long!"

He, by custom patriarchal,  
Loved to see the beaker sparkle;  
And he thought the wine improved,  
Tasted by the lips he loved—  
By the kindly lips he loved.  
Friends, I wish this custom pious  
Duly were observèd by us,  
To combine love, song, wine,  
And sing as Martin Luther sang,  
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long!"

Who refuses this our Credo,  
And who will not sing as we do,  
Were he holy as John Knox,  
I'd pronounce him heterodox!  
I'd pronounce him heterodox,  
And from out this congregation,  
With a solemn commination,  
Banish quick the heretic,  
Who will not sing as Luther sang,  
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long!"

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### THE LAY OF THE LEVITE

THERE is a sound that's dear to me,  
It haunts me in my sleep;  
I wake, and, if I hear it not,  
I cannot choose but weep.

Above the roaring of the wind,  
 Above the river's flow,  
 Methinks I hear the mystic cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

The exile's song, it thrills among  
 The dwellings of the free;  
 Its sound is strange to English ears,  
 But 'tis not strange to me;  
 For it hath shook the tented field  
 In ages long ago,  
 And hosts have quailed before the cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

O, lose it not! forsake it not.  
 And let no time efface  
 The memory of that solemn sound,  
 The watchword of our race;  
 For not by dark and eagle eye,  
 The Hebrew shall ye know,  
 So well as by the plaintive cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,  
 Or Sidon's sunny walls,  
 Where, dial-like, to portion time  
 The palm-tree's shadow falls,  
 The pilgrims, wending on their way,  
 Will linger as they go,  
 And listen to the distant cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

*William Edmondstoune Aytoun [1813-1865]*

#### EARLY RISING

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"  
 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:  
 And bless him, also, that he didn't keep  
 His great discovery to himself; nor try  
 To make it—as the lucky fellow might—  
 A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes; bless the man who first invented sleep  
    (I really can't avoid the iteration);  
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,  
    Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,  
Who first invented, and went round advising,  
That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising!

“Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”  
    Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said:  
    But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,  
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed  
    Is in the morning, if I reason right;  
And he who cannot keep his precious head  
    Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,  
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,  
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sang about the “Seasons,” said  
    It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;  
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,  
    At ten o'clock, A. M.,—the very reason  
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,  
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—  
    Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—  
But when, alas! a nice review we take  
    Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep  
Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile  
    For the soft visions of the gentle night;  
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
    To live as only in the angels' sight,  
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,  
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought  
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;  
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

### EL CAPITAN-GENERAL

THERE was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz,  
And what we used to hear of him was always evil news:  
He was a pirate on the sea—a robber on the shore,  
The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

There was a Yankee skipper who round about did roam;  
His name was Stephen Folger, and Nantucket was his home:  
And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had been skinned full sore  
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his cash was gone,  
He said, "If there is vengeance, I will surely try it on!  
And I do wish I may be damned if I don't clear the score  
With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

He shipped a crew of seventy men—well-armèd men were  
they,  
And sixty of them in the hold he darkly stowed away;  
And, sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted from the shore  
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on board so pleased,  
And said, "*Maldito* Yankee—again your ship is seized.  
How many sailors have you got?" Said Folger, "Ten—no  
more,"  
To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"But come into my cabin and take a glass of wine.  
I do suppose; as usual, I'll have to pay a fine:

I have got some old Madeira, and we'll talk the matter o'er—  
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-general boozed,  
It seemed to him as if his head was getting quite confused;  
For it happened that some morphine had travelled from  
"the store"

To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"What is it makes the vessel roll? What sounds are these  
I hear?

It seems as if the rising waves were beating on my ear!"—

"Oh, it is the breaking of the surf—just that and nothing  
more,

My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

The governor was in a sleep which muddled all his brains;  
The seventy men had got his gang and put them all in chains;  
And when he woke the following day he could not see the  
shore,

For he was out on the blue water—the Don San Salvador.

"Now do you see that yard-arm—and understand the  
thing?"

Said Captain Folger. "For all from that yard-arm you  
shall swing,

Or forty thousand dollars you shall pay me from your store,  
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

The Capitano took a pen—the order he did sign—

"O Señor Yankee! but you charge amazing high for wine!"

But 'twas not till the draft was paid they let him go ashore,  
El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;  
It always makes the Devil laugh to see a biter bit;  
It takes two Spaniards any day to come a Yankee o'er—  
Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

*Charles Godfrey Leland* [1824-1903]

## THE LEGEND OF HEINZ VON STEIN

Out rode from his wild, dark castle  
The terrible Heinz von Stein;  
He came to the door of a tavern,  
And gazed on the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,  
And growled for a bottle of wine;  
Up came with a flask and a corkscrew  
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love-longing,  
He uttered, "O damosel mine,  
Suppose you just give a few kisses  
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business  
Is entirely out of my line;  
And I certainly will not begin it  
On a countenance ugly as thine!"

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,  
And cursed both coarse and fine;  
And asked, "How much is the swindle  
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle,  
And sat himself down to dine;  
And this is the dreadful legend  
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

*Charles Godfrey Leland [1824-1903]*

## HALLOWE'EN

Or a' the festivals we hear,  
Frae Handsel-Monday till New Year,  
There's few in Scotland held mair dear  
For mirth, I ween,  
Or yet can boast o' better cheer,  
Than Hallowe'en.

Langsyne indeed, as now in climes  
Where priests for siller pardon crimes,  
The kintry 'round in Popish rhymes  
Did pray and graen;  
But customs vary wi' the times  
At Hallowe'en.

Ranged round a bleezing ingleside,  
Where nowther could nor hunger bide,  
The farmer's house, wi' secret pride,  
Will a' convene;  
For that day's wark is thrown aside  
At Hallowe'en.

Placed at their head the gudewife sits,  
And deals round apples, pears, and nits;  
Syne tells her guests, how, at sic bits  
Where she has been,  
Bogle's ha'e gart folk tyne their wits  
At Hallowe'en.

Grieved, she recounts how, by mischance,  
Puir pussy's forced a' night to prance  
Wi' fairies, wha in thousands dance  
Upon the green,  
Or sail wi' witches owre to France  
At Hallowe'en.

Syne, issued frae the gardy-chair,  
For that's the seat of empire there,  
To co'er the table wi' what's rare,  
Commands are gi'en;  
That a' fu' daintily may fare  
At Hallowe'en.

And when they've toomed ilk heapit plate,  
And a' things are laid out o' gate,  
To ken their matrimonial mate,  
The youngsters keen  
Search a' the dark decrees o' fate  
At Hallowe'en.



A' things prepared in order due,  
 Gosh guide's! what fearfu' pranks ensue!  
 Some i' the kiln-pat throw a clew,  
     At whilk, bedene,  
 Their sweethearts by the far end pu'  
     At Hallowe'en.

Ithers, wi' some uncanny gift,  
 In an auld barn a riddle lift,  
 Where, thrice pretending corn to sift,  
     Wi' charms between,  
 Their joy appears, as white as drift,  
     At Hallowe'en.

But 'twere a langsome tale to tell  
 The gates o' ilka charm and spell;  
 Ance, gaen to saw hampseed himsel',  
     Puir Jock Maclean,  
 Plump in a filthy peat-pot fell  
     At Hallowe'en.

Half filled wi' fear, and droukit weel,  
 He frae the mire dught hardly speel;  
 But frae that time the silly chiel  
     Did never grien  
 To cast his cantrips wi' the Deil  
     At Hallowe'en.

O Scotland! famed for scenes like this,  
 That thy sons walk where wisdom is,  
 Till death in everlasting bliss  
     Shall steek their e'en,  
 Will ever be the constant wish  
     of

    Johnie Mein.

*John Mayne* [1759-1836]

YAW, DOT IS SO!

YAW, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
 "Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show!"  
     I shmokes mine pipe,  
     I trinks mine bier,

## Two Hundred Years Ago 1963

Und efry day to vork I go;  
"Dis vorltd vas all a fleeting show;"  
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
I don't got mooch down here below.  
I eadt und trink,  
I vork und sleep,  
Und find out, as I oldter grow,  
I haf a hardter row to hoe;  
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
Dis vorltd don't gife me half a show;  
Somedings to veear,  
Some food to eadt;  
Vot else? Shust vait a minude, dough;  
Katrina, und der poys! oho!  
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
Dis vorltd don't been a fleeting show.  
I haf mine frau,  
I haf mine poys  
To sheer me, daily, as I go;  
Dot's pest as anydings I know;  
Yaw, dot is so!

*Charles Follen Adams [1842- ]*

### TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Two honder year ago de worl' is purty slow,  
Even folk upon dis countree 's not so smart,  
Den who is travel roun' an' look out de pleasan' groun'  
For geev' de Yankee peop' a leetle start?  
I'll tole you who dey were, de beeg, rough voyageurs,  
Wit' deir cousin w'at you call coureurs de bois,  
Dat's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,  
An' ev'ry wan dem feller he's come from Canadaw  
Baptême!  
He's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He's got some work to do,

An' He won't trust ev'rybody, no siree!  
 Only full-blood Canadien, lak Marquette an' Hennepin,  
 An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye?  
 On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for de tour,  
 See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere—  
 Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canadien man,  
 An' after dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere.

Yass, sir!

Dey're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an' de prairie grass can tell  
 How often it is trample by de ole tam botte sauvage—  
 An' gray wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en  
 He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long portage,  
 An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces on de sky,  
 An' de breeze would come an' w'isper on deir ear  
 'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Soreal an' Trois Rivieres  
 Dey may never leev to see anoder year.

Dat's true,

Dey may never leev to kiss anoder year.

An' you'll know de place dey go, from de canyon down below,  
 Or de mountain wit' hees nose above de cloud,  
 De lak among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink hees fill,  
 Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud.  
 Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree Reeve sash  
 He don't see it on de woods of Illinois,  
 An' de musk-ox as he go, w'ere de camp-fire melt de snow,  
 De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien!

Ha! Ha!

It's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an' understan',  
 W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an' Stripe,  
 If he's little win' still lef' an' no danger hurt hese'f,  
 Den he better geev anoder cheer, ba cripe!  
 For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way across  
 From Louisbourg to Florida an' back.

## Wreck of the "Julie Plante" 1965

So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voyageurs,  
W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac—

Hooraw!

For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.

*William Henry Drummond* [1854-1907]

### WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"  
Got scar't an' run below;  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck,  
An' walk de hin' deck, too—  
He call de crew from up de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she's name was Rosie,  
She come from Montreal,  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge.  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'—cas'—wes'—  
De sout' win' she blow, too,  
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher Captinne,  
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"  
Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,  
But still de scow she dreef,  
De crew he can't pass on de shore,  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark, lak' one black cat,  
De wave run high an' fas',  
W'en de Captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas',

Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
 An' jomp off on de lak',  
 An' say, "Good by, ma Rosie dear,  
 I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' mornin' very early,  
 'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—  
 De Captinne, scow, an' de poor Rosie  
 Was corpses on de shore;  
 For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
 Bimeby she blow some more,  
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
 Wan arpent from de shore.

## MORAL

Now, all good wood scow sailor man  
 Tak' warning by dat storm,  
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
 An' leev on wan beeg farm;  
 De win' can blow lak' hurricane,  
 An' s'pose she blow some more,  
 You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,  
 So long you stay on shore.  
*William Henry Drummond [1854-1907]*

## HUMPTY DUMPTY

*"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:  
 Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men  
 Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."*

FULL many a project that never was hatched  
 Falls down, and gets shattered beyond being patched;  
 And luckily, too! for if all came to chickens,  
 Then things without feathers might go to the Dickens.

If each restless unit that moves among men  
 Might climb to a place with the privileged "ten,"  
 Pray tell us where all the commotion would stop!  
 Must the whole pan of milk, forsooth, rise to the top?

## Ballad Made in Hot Weather 1967

If always the statesman attained to his hopes,  
And grasped the great helm, who would stand by the ropes?  
Or if all dainty fingers their duties might choose,  
Who would wash up the dishes, and polish the shoes?

Suppose every aspirant writing a book  
Contrived to get published, by hook or by crook;  
Geologists then of a later creation  
Would be startled, I fancy, to find a formation  
Proving how the poor world did most woefully sink  
Beneath mountains of paper, and oceans of ink!

Or even suppose all the women were married;  
By whom would superfluous babies be carried?  
Where would be the good aunts that should knit all the  
stockings?  
Or nurses, to do up the singings and rockings?  
Wise spinsters, to lay down their wonderful rules,  
And with theories rare to enlighten the fools,—  
Or to look after orphans, and primary schools?

No! Failure's a part of the infinite plan;  
Who finds that he can't, must give way to who can;  
And as one and another drops out of the race.  
Each stumbles at last to his suitable place.

So the great scheme works on,—though, like eggs from the  
wall,  
Little single designs to such ruin may fall,  
That not all the world's might, of its horses or men,  
Could set their crushed hopes at the summit again.

*Adeline D. T. Whitney* [1824-1906]

## BALLAD MADE IN HOT WEATHER

FOUNTAINS that frisk, and sprinkle  
The moss they overspill;  
Pools that the breezes crinkle;  
The wheel beside the mill,

With its wet, weedy frill;  
Wind-shadows in the wheat;  
A water-cart in the street;  
The fringe of foam that girds  
An islet's ferneries;  
A green sky's minor thirds—  
To live, I think of these!

Of ice and glass and tinkle,  
Pellucid, silver-shrill,  
Peaches without a wrinkle;  
Cherries and snow at will  
From china bowls that fill  
The senses with a sweet  
Incuriousness of heat;  
A melon's dripping sherds;  
Cream-clotted strawberries;  
Dusk dairies set with curds—  
To live, I think of these!

Vale-lily and periwinkle;  
Wet stone-crop on the sill;  
The look of leaves a-twinkle  
With windlets clear and still;  
The feel of a forest rill  
That wimples fresh and fleet  
About one's naked feet;  
The muzzles of drinking herds;  
Lush flags and bulrushes;  
The chirp of rain-bound birds—  
To live, I think of these!

## ENVOY

Dark aisles, new packs of cards,  
Mermaidens' tails, cool swards.  
Dawn dews and starlit seas,  
White marbles, whiter words—  
To live, I think of these!

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## REVIVAL HYMN

From "Uncle Remus"

OH, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,  
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?  
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late  
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!  
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer,  
Sin's es sharp ez a bamboo-brier—  
Oh, Lord! fetch the mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a-stan'in' all aroun',  
Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?  
Who's gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',  
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?

You better come now ef you comin'—  
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin'—  
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin'—  
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,  
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,  
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,  
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!

Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';  
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in;  
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,  
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—  
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;  
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,  
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,  
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer—  
Sin's es sharp ez a bamboo-brier,  
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

*Joel Chandler Harris [1848-1908]*



## THE POWER OF PRAYER

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does  
meet.

De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.  
Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's  
feet.

It pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June,  
I 'clar, I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle soon!  
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de  
moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blin' for fo'ty years or mo',  
Dese ears dey sees de world, like th'u' de cracks dat's in de  
do';  
For de Lord has built dis cabin wid de winders hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o'  
dim;  
But den, th'u' *dem* temptations vain won't leak in on ole  
Jim!  
De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous  
slim.

And as for Hebben—bless de Lord, and praise His holy name!  
*Dat* shines in all de co'ners o' dis cabin jes' de same  
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down the ribber, Dinah! Don't you  
hyar  
Somebody holl'in' "*Hoo, Jim, hoo?*" My Sarah died las'  
y'ar;  
*Is* dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim from hyar?

My stars! dat can't be Sarah—shuh, jes' listen, Dinah, *now!*  
What kin be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?  
Fus' bellerin', like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow!

## The Power of Prayer 1971

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive! jes' hear—*Ker-woof! Ker-woof!*

De Debble's comin' round dat bend—he's comin', shuh enuff,  
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run  
away;

I'm gwine to stan' stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed day;  
You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan! Let us  
pray:

*O hebbently Mahs'r, what Thou wiltest dat mus' be jes' so,  
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's boun' to go.  
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar be-  
low!*

*Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mahs'r; for she's sich a little chile,  
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up the home-yard stile;  
But dis old traveller's feet been tired dis many an' many a mile.*

*I'se wufless as de rotten pole o' las' year's fodder-stack;  
De rheumatiz done bit my bones: you hyar 'em crack and crack?  
I can't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.*

*What use de wheel when hub and spokes is warped and split  
and rotten?*

*What use dis dried up cotton-stalk when Life done picked my  
cotton?*

*I'se like a word, dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.*

*But Dinah! Shuh! dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,  
De sap's jis risin' in her; she do grow ouldaciouslee—  
Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down—cut  
me!*

*I would not proud presume—but yet I'll boldly make reques',  
Sence Jacob had dat wastlin' match, I, too, gwine do my bes';  
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered, Yes!*

*And what for waste de wittles now, and th'ow away de bread?  
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head?  
Tink of de 'conomy, Mahs'r, ef dis ole Jim was dead!*

Stop; ef I don't believe de Debbble's gone on up de stream!  
 Jes' now he squealed down dar: — hush; dat's a mighty  
 weakly scream!

Yes, sir, he's gone, he's gone; — he snort 'way off, like in a  
 dream!

O glory, hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!  
 De Debbble's fa'rly skeered to def; he done gone flyin' by;  
 I know'd he could'n' stan' dat pra'r, I felt my Mahs'r nigh!

You, Dinah, ain't you' shamed now dat you didn't trust to  
 grace?

I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed his  
 face!

You fool, you t'ink de Debbble couldn't beat *you* in a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar,  
 When folks start prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u'  
 de a'r;

Yea, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, exceptin' fur dat pra'r?

*Sidney and Clifford Lanier*

### NEBUCHADNEZZAR

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!

Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?

I'd hab you fur to know, sah,

*I's a-holdin' ob de lines.*

You better stop dat prancin',

You's paw'ful fond ob dancin',

But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'

*Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.*

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;

Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out

How quick I'll w'ar dis line out

*On yo' ugly stubbo'n back;*

You needn't try to steal up

An' lif' dat precious heel up;

You's got to plough dis fiel' up.

*You has, sah, fur a fac'.*

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!  
 He's comin' right down to it;  
 Jes' watch him ploughin' troo it!  
 Dis nigger ain't no fool.  
 Some folks dey would 'a' beat him:  
 Now, dat would only heat him;  
 I know jes' how to treat him:  
 You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.  
 If he wuz only bigger  
 He'd fotch a mighty figger,  
 He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!  
 See how he keeps a-clickin'!  
 He's as gentle as a chicken,  
 And nebber thinks o' kickin'—  
*Whoa, dar ! Nebuchadnezzah !*

Is dis heah me, or not me?  
 Or is de debbil got me?  
 Wuz dat a cannon shot me?  
 Hab I laid heah more'n a week?  
 Dat mule do kick amazin'—  
 De beast was sp'iled in raisin'!  
 By now I 'spect he's grazin'  
 On de odder side de creek.

*Irwin Russell [1853-1879]*

## KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

You Wi'yum, come 'ere, suh, dis minute. Wut dat you got  
 under dat box?  
 I don't want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't  
 nu'h'n but *rocks*?  
 'Peahs ter me you's owdashus pertickler. S'posin' dey's uv a  
 new kine.  
 I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! does you think dat  
 I's bline?

1974

## Glints o' Sunshine

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, en I knows  
whah it growed;  
It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on t'er side er de  
road.  
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum  
down in de lot.  
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a  
grease spot!

*I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy!* go cut me a hick'ry—make  
'ase!  
En cut me de toughes' an keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on  
de place.  
I'll l'arn you, Mr. Wi'yum Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter lie,  
you young sinner,  
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave  
cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, suh? I is. I's ashamed  
you's my son!  
En de holy accorjun angel he's ashamed er wut you has  
done;  
En he done tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red  
letters—  
“One watermillion stoled by Wi'yum Josephus Vettters.”

En wut you s'posin' Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday  
school,  
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n  
Rule?  
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a  
black villiun?  
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's  
watermillion.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have  
narry bite,  
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—en dat in de day's  
broad light—

Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's GREEN! Mirandy! Mi-ran-dy! come on  
wi' dat switch!

*Well*, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion! who ever heerd tell  
er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump 'um, en w'en  
dey go pank dey is green;

But when dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en  
dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hooks watermillions—you heered me, you  
ign'ant young hunk,

Ef you don't want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers  
go “punk!”

*Harrison Robertson* [1856—

### A PLANTATION DITTY

De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:

“Who—who—is—you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, hit's des po' me,

En I ain't quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;

I'm po' en sinful, en you 'lowed I'd be;

Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morrer!”

De gray owl sing fum de cypress tree:

“Who—who—is—you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, ef you look you'll see

Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,

En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;

Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morrer!”

*Frank Lebby Stanton* [1857—

### CHRISTMAS CHIMES

LITTLE Penelope Socrates,

A Boston maid of four,

Wide opened her eyes on Christmas morn,

And looked the landscape o'er.

"What is it inflates my *bas de bleu*?"  
 She asked with dignity;  
 "'Tis Ibsen in the original;  
 Oh, joy beyond degree!"

Miss Mary Cadwallader Rittenhouse,  
 Of Philadelphia town,  
 Awoke as much as they ever do there,  
 And watched the snow come down.  
 "I'm glad that it is Christmas,"  
 You might have heard her say,  
 "For my family is one year older now  
 Than it was last Christmas day."

'Twas Christmas in giddy Gotham,  
 And Miss Irene de Jones  
 Awoke at noon and yawned and yawned,  
 And stretched her languid bones.  
 "I'm sorry it is Christmas,  
 Papa at home will stay,  
 For 'Change is closed, and he won't make  
 A single cent to-day."

Windily dawned the Christmas  
 On the city by the lake,  
 And Miss Arabel Wabash Breezy  
 Was instantly awake.  
 "What's that thing in my stocking?  
 Well, in two jiffs I'll know!"  
 And she drew a grand piano forth  
 From 'way down in the toe.

*Unknown*

#### LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

OH, the Roman was a rogue,  
 He erat was, you bettum;  
 He ran his automobilis  
 And smoked his cigarettum;

## The Wisdom of Folly

1977

He wore a diamond studibus  
And elegant cravattum,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hoc,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, though,  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on sprees  
And said, on starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my hic—hic—domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

*Thomas Ybarra* [18 -

## THE WISDOM OF FOLLY

THE cynics say that every rose  
Is guarded by a thorn that grows  
To spoil our posies:  
But I no pleasure therefore lack;  
I keep my hands behind my back  
When smelling roses.



'Tis proved that Sodom's appletarts  
 Have ashes as component parts  
     For those that steal them:  
 My soul no disillusion seeks;  
 I love my apples' rosy cheeks,  
     But never peel them.

Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,  
 The inner half of every cloud  
     Is bright and shining:  
 I therefore turn my clouds about  
 And always wear them inside out  
     To show the lining.

Our idols' feet are made of clay;  
 So stony-hearted critics say  
     With scornful mockings:  
 My images are deified  
 Because I keep them well supplied  
     With shoes and stockings.

My *modus operandi* this—  
 To take no heed of what's amiss;  
     And not a bad one:  
 Because as Shakespeare used to say  
 A merry heart goes twice the way  
     That tires a sad one.

*Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler* [18 -

### THE POST THAT FITTED

Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,  
     This ditty explains  
 No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve  
     If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was engaged to  
     marry  
 An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my little  
     Carrie."  
 Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other way.  
 Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry dubs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty furnished  
quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's  
daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,  
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another  
match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed and clothe the  
bride,

Got him made a Something Something somewhere on the  
Bombay side,

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry—  
As the artless Sleary put it: "Just the thing for me and  
Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of a baser  
mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could gather:—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of  
lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite  
Sleary with distressing vigor—always in the Boffkins' sight.  
Ere a week was over, Minnie weepingly returned his ring,  
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all thought of  
marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened holy joy,—  
Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ,—  
Wired three short words to Carrie—took his ticket, packed  
his kit—

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and laughed until she  
wept—

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits  
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865—

## JUST NONSENSE

NO!

No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
    No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
    No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—  
No end to any Row—  
No indications where the Crescents go—  
No top to any steeple—  
    No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing ’em—  
No knowing ’em!  
    No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
    No inkling of the way—no notion—  
“No go”—by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
    No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
    No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
    No comfortable feel in any member—  
    No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
    No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
    November!

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

## TO MINERVA

FROM THE GREEK

My temples throb, my pulses boil,  
I’m sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—  
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,  
And pour it on a lobster salad.

1980

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,  
I cannot write a verse, or read,—  
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,  
And let us have a lark instead.

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

## THE ALPHABET

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;  
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;  
C is the Chaperon, who cheated at cards;  
D is the Deuxtemps with Frank of the Guards;  
E is the Eye, killing slowly but surely;  
F is the Fan whence it peeped so demurely;  
G is the Glove of superlative kid;  
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid;  
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded;  
J is the Juvenile that dainty who handed;  
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;  
L is the Lace which composed the chief part;  
M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance;  
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;  
O is the Olga (just then in its prime);  
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;  
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;  
R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers;  
S is the Supper where all went in pairs;  
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;  
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin'";  
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in;  
W is the Waiter who sat up till eight;  
X is the exit, not rigidly straight;  
Y is the Yawning fit caused by the Ball;  
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

*Charles Stuart Calverley [1831-1884]*

## A TRAGIC STORY

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore;  
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,  
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,  
 And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,  
 And have it hanging at his face,  
     Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—  
 I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;  
     But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,  
 All day the puzzled sage did spin;  
 In vain—it mattered not a pin,—  
     The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,  
 And up, and down, and in, and out  
 He turned; but still the pigtail stout  
     Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
 And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
 Alas! still faithful to his back,  
     The pigtail hangs behind him.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### THE JUMBLIES

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;  
     In a sieve they went to sea;  
 In spite of all their friends could say,  
 On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
     In a sieve they went to sea.  
 And when the sieve turned round and round,  
 And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"  
 They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;  
 But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:  
     In a sieve we'll go to sea!"  
     Far and few, far and few,  
     Are the lands where the Jumbles live:  
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;  
     And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,  
 In a sieve they sailed so fast,  
 With only a beautiful pea-green veil  
 Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,  
 To a small tobacco-pipe mast.  
 And every one said who saw them go,  
 "Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?  
 For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;  
 And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
 In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;  
 The water it soon came in:  
 So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
 In a pinky paper all folded neat:  
 And they fastened it down with a pin.  
 And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;  
 And each of them said, "How wise we are!  
 Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,  
 Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,  
 While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;  
 And, when the sun went down,  
 They whistled and warbled a moony song  
 To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
 In the shade of the mountains brown,  
 "O Timballoo! How happy we are  
 When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!  
 And all night long, in the moonlight pale,  
 We sail away with a pea-green sail  
 In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—  
 To a land all covered with trees:  
 And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,  
 And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,  
 And a hive of silvery bees;  
 And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,  
 And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,

And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,  
And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came back,—  
In twenty years or more;  
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And every one said, "If we only live,  
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumbles live:  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;  
And they went to sea in a sieve.

*Edward Lear [1812-1888]*

### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat:  
They took some honey, and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the bong-tree grows;  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,

## The Pobble Who Has No Toes 1985

With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.  
“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

*Edward Lear [1812-1888]*

### THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

THE Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we;  
When they said, “Some day you may lose them all;”  
He replied, “Fish fiddle-de-dee!”  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink,  
For she said, “The World in general knows  
There’s nothing so good for a Pobble’s toes!”  
The Pobble who has no toes  
Swam across the Bristol Channel;  
But before he set out he wrapped his nose  
In a piece of scarlet flannel.  
For his Aunt Jobiska said, “No harm  
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;  
And it’s perfectly known that a Pobble’s toes  
Are safe,—provided he minds his nose.”  
The Pobble swam fast and well,  
And when boats or ships came near him,  
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,  
So that all the world could hear him.



And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,  
When they saw him nearing the further side,—  
“He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska’s  
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!”

But before he touched the shore,—  
The shore of the Bristol Channel,—  
A sea-green Porpoise carried away  
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.  
And when he came to observe his feet,  
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,  
His face at once became forlorn  
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,  
From that dark day to the present,  
Whoso had taken the Pobble’s toes,  
In a manner so far from pleasant.  
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,  
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—  
Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes  
Was placed in a friendly Bark,  
And they rowed him back, and carried him up  
To his Aunt Jobiska’s Park.  
And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,  
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;  
And she said, “It’s a fact the whole world knows,  
That Pobbles are happier without their toes.”

*Edward Lear [1812–1888]*

### THE COURTSHIP OF THE YONGHY- BONGHY-BÔ

On the Coast of Coromandel  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
In the middle of the woods  
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bô.

Two old chairs, and half a candle,  
 One old jug without a handle,—  
     These were all his worldly goods:  
     In the middle of the woods,  
     These were all the worldly goods,  
 Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,  
 Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Once, among the Bong-trees walking  
     Where the early pumpkins blow,  
     To a little heap of stones  
     Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
 There he heard a Lady talking  
 To some milk-white Hens of Dorking,—  
     “’Tis the Lady Jingly Jones!  
     On that little heap of stones  
     Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!  
     Sitting where the pumpkins blow,  
     Will you come and be my wife?”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
 “I am tired of living singly,—  
 On this coast so wild and shingly,—  
     I’m a-weary of my life;  
     If you’ll come and be my wife,  
     Quite serene would be my life!”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“On this Coast of Coromandel,  
     Shrimps and water-cresses grow,  
     Prawns are plentiful and cheap,”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
 “You shall have my chairs and candle,  
 And my jug without a handle!  
     Gaze upon the rolling deep  
     (Fish is plentiful and cheap);  
     As the sea, my love is deep!”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,  
And her tears began to flow,—  
“Your proposal comes too late,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!  
I would be your wife most gladly!”  
(Here she twirled her fingers madly,  
“But in England I’ve a mate!  
Yes! you’ve asked me far too late,  
For in England I’ve a mate,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“Mr. Jones—(his name is Handel,—  
Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.)  
Dorking fowls delights to send,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!  
Keep, oh! keep your chairs and candle,  
And your jug without a handle,—  
I can merely be your friend!  
—Should my Jones more Dorkings send,  
I will give you three, my friend!  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“Though you’ve such a tiny body,  
And your head so large doth grow,—  
Though your hat may blow away,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!  
Though you’re such a Hoddy Doddy,—  
Yet I wish that I could modify the words I needs must say!  
Will you please to go away?  
That is all I have to say,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!”

Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
To the calm and silent sea  
Fled the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,  
Lay a large and lively Turtle;—

"You're the Cove," he said, "for me;  
On your back beyond the sea,  
Turtle, you shall carry me!"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Through the silent-roaring ocean  
Did the Turtle swiftly go;  
Holding fast upon his shell  
Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
With a sad primeval motion  
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen  
Still the Turtle bore him well.  
Holding fast upon his shell,  
"Lady Jingly Jones, farewell!"  
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

From the Coast of Coromandel,  
Did that Lady never go;  
On that heap of stones she moans  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
On that Coast of Coromandel,  
In his jug without a handle,  
Still she weeps and daily mourns;  
On that little heap of stones  
To her Dorking Hens she moans  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

*Edward Lear [1812-1888]*

#### NONSENSE VERSES

THERE was an Old Man with a beard,  
Who said, "It is just what I feared!  
Two Owls and a Hen,  
Four Larks and a Wren,  
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

There was an Old Man in a tree,  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?"  
He replied, "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

There was an Old Man in a boat,  
 Who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"  
 When they said, "No, you ain't!"  
 He was ready to faint,  
 That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

There was an Old Man with a poker,  
 Who painted his face with red ochre;  
 When they said, "You're a Guy!"  
 He made no reply,  
 But knocked them all down with his poker.

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!  
 I perceive a young bird in this bush!"  
 When they said, "Is it small?"  
 He replied, "Not at all!  
 It is four times as big as the bush!"

*Edward Lear [1812-1888]*

### THE TURTLE AND FLAMINGO

A LIVELY young turtle lived down by the banks  
 Of a dark rolling stream called the Jingo,  
 And one summer day, as he went out to play,  
 Fell in love with a charming flamingo—  
 An enormously genteel flamingo!  
 An expansively crimson flamingo!  
 A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

Spake the turtle in tones like a delicate wheeze:  
 "To the water I've oft seen you in go,  
 And your form has impressed itself deep on my shell,  
 You perfectly modeled flamingo!  
 You tremendously 'A 1' flamingo!  
 You inex-pres-si-ble flamingo!

"To be sure I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,  
 And *my* language is not your fine lingo;  
 But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright flame,  
 You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!  
 You blazingly beauteous flamingo!

You turtle-absorbing flamingo!  
 You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"

Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever before,  
 And that was quite un-nec-es-sa-ry,  
 And she stood on one leg and looked out of one eye,  
 The position of things for to vary,—  
 This aquatical, musing flamingo!  
 This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!  
 This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:  
 "Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?  
 I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,  
 And you're an illogical turtle,—  
 A waddling, impossible turtle!  
 A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!  
 A highly improbable turtle!"

Then the turtle sneaked off with his nose to the ground,  
 And never more looked at the lasses;  
 And falling asleep, while indulging his grief,  
 Was gobbled up whole by Agassiz,—  
 The peripatetic Agassiz!  
 The turtle-dissecting Agassiz!  
 The illustrious, industrious Agassiz!

Go with me to Cambridge some cool, pleasant day,  
 And the skeleton lover I'll show you:  
 He's in a hard case, but he'll look in your face,  
 Pretending (the rogue!) he don't know you!  
 Oh, the deeply deceptive young turtle!  
 The double-faced, glassy-cased turtle!  
 The *green*, but a very *mock*-turtle!

*James Thomas Fields* [1816-1881]

### JABBERWOCKY

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought.—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

*Lewis Carroll [1832-1898]*

### THE GARDENER'S SONG

From "Sylvie and Bruno"

HE thought he saw an Elephant,  
That practised on a fife:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A letter from his wife.  
"At length I realize," he said,  
"The bitterness of life!"

## The Gardener's Song

1993

He thought he saw a Buffalo  
Upon the chimney-piece:  
He looked again, and found it was  
His Sister's Husband's Niece.  
"Unless you leave this house," he said,  
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake  
That questioned him in Greek:  
He looked again, and found it was  
The Middle of Next Week.  
"The one thing I regret," he said,  
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk  
Descending from the 'bus:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Hippopotamus.  
"If this should stay to dine," he said,  
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo  
That worked a coffee-mill:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Vegetable-Pill.  
"Were I to swallow this," he said,  
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four  
That stood beside his bed:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Bear without a Head.  
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!  
It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross  
That fluttered round the lamp:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.  
"You'd best be getting home," he said:  
"The nights are very damp!"



He thought he saw a Garden Door  
That opened with a key:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Double-Rule-of-Three:  
"And all its mystery," he said,  
"Is clear as day to me!"

*Lewis Carroll [1832-1898]*

### THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

From "Through the Looking-Glass"

THE sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright—  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done—  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead—  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand:  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

## The Walrus and the Carpenter 1995

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"  
The Walrus did beseech.  
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more—  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
Of cabbages—and kings—  
And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,  
"Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!"  
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,  
"Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed—  
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
"After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!"  
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.  
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
"Cut us another slice.  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:  
"I deeply sympathize."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,  
"You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?"  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.

*Lewis Carroll [1832-1898]*

## SONGS WITHOUT SENSE

For the Parlor and Piano

### I.—THE PERSONIFIED SENTIMENTAL

AFFECTION's charm no longer gilds  
The idol of the shrine;  
But cold Oblivion seeks to fill  
Regret's ambrosial wine.  
Though Friendship's offering buried lies  
'Neath cold Aversion's snow,  
Regard and Faith will ever bloom  
Perpetually below.

I see thee whirl in marble halls,  
In Pleasure's giddy train;  
Remorse is never on that brow,  
Nor Sorrow's mark of pain.  
Deceit has marked thee for her own;  
Inconstancy the same;  
And Ruin wildly sheds its gleam  
Athwart thy path of shame.

## II.—THE HOMELY PATHETIC

THE dews are heavy on my brow;  
 My breath comes hard and low;  
 Yet, mother dear, grant one request,  
 Before your boy must go.  
 Oh! lift me ere my spirit sinks,  
 And ere my senses fail:  
 Place me once more, O mother dear!  
 Astride the old fence-rail.

The old fence-rail, the old fence-rail!  
 How oft these youthful legs,  
 With Alice' and Ben Bolt's, were hung  
 Across those wooden pegs.  
 'Twas there the nauseating smoke  
 Of my first pipe arose:  
 O mother dear! these agonies  
 Are far less keen than those.

I know where lies the hazel dell,  
 Where simple Nellie sleeps;  
 I know the cot of Nellie Moore,  
 And where the willow weeps.  
 I know the brook-side and the mill,  
 But all their pathos fails  
 Beside the days when once I sat  
 Astride the old fence-rails.

## III.—SWISS AIR

I'm a gay tra, la, la,  
 With my fal, lal, la, la,  
 And my bright——  
 And my light——  
 Tra, la, le. (Repeat)

Then laugh, ha, ha, ha,  
 And ring, ting, ling, ling,  
 And sing fal, la, la,  
 La, la, le. (Repeat)

*Bret Harle* [1839-1902]

## THE LOVERS

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher who taught,  
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught,  
Though his enemies called him a screecher who sraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,  
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and wunk;  
While she, in her turn, kept thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,  
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;  
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;  
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,  
And they came to the place to be tied, and were toed.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove,  
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove,  
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;  
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he knole;  
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While Time his swift circuit was winging, and wung;  
And this was the thing he was bringing, and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught;  
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught;  
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and she sraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze,  
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze  
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and  
left,

"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"

And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

*Phæbe Cary (?) [1824-1871]*

### THE TWINS

IN form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached a fearful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed;  
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John got christened me,  
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged,  
For John turned out a fool.  
I put this question, fruitlessly,  
To every one I knew,  
"What *would* you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were *you*?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow, my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.

## A Threnody

2001

In fact, year after year the same  
Absurd mistakes went on,  
And when I died, the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

*Henry Sambrooke Leigh [1837-1883]*

## A THRENODY

*The Ahkoond of Swat is dead—London Papers*

WHAT, what, what,  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news,  
Bad news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
Sea and the Med-  
iterranean—he's dead;  
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Ahkoodn't.  
Dead, dead, dead;  
(Sorrow, Swats!)

Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,  
Swats whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory,  
As the case might be,  
Sorrow, Swats!

Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water.  
Your great Ahkoond is dead!  
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!  
Your great Ahkoond is not,  
But lain 'mid worms to rot.  
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught



(Because he was a good Ahkoond)  
 Up to the bosom of Mahound.  
 Though earthy walls his frame surround  
 (Forever hallowed be the ground!)  
 And sceptics mock the lowly mound  
 And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"  
 His soul is in the skies,—  
 The azure skies that bend above his loved  
 Metropolis of Swat.  
 He sees with larger, other eyes,  
 Athwart all earthly mysteries—  
 He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
 With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!  
 Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
 With the noise of the mourning  
     Of the Swattish nation!  
     Fallen is at length  
     Its tower of strength,  
 Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;  
 Dead lies the great Ahkoond,  
     The great Ahkoond of Swat  
 Is not!

*George Thomas Lanigan [1845-1886]*

#### THE FASTIDIOUS SERPENT

THERE was a snake that dwelt in Skye,  
 Over the misty sea, oh;  
 He lived upon nothing but gooseberry-pie  
 For breakfast, dinner, and tea, oh.  
 Now gooseberry-pie—as is very well known—  
 Over the misty sea, oh,  
 Is not to be found under every stone,  
 Nor yet upon every tree, oh.  
 And being so ill to please with his meat,  
 Over the misty sea, oh,  
 The snake had sometimes nothing to eat,  
 And an angry snake was he, oh.

## The Lobster and the Maid 2003

Then he'd flick his tongue and his head he'd shake,  
Over the misty sea, oh,  
Crying, "Gooseberry-pie! For goodness' sake  
Some gooseberry-pie for me, oh!"

And if gooseberry-pie was not to be had,  
Over the misty sea, oh,  
He'd twine and twist like an eel gone mad,  
Or a worm just stung by a bee, oh.

But though he might shout and wriggle about,  
Over the misty sea, oh,  
The snake had often to go without  
His breakfast, dinner, and tea, oh.

*Henry Johnstone [1844-*

### THE LOBSTER AND THE MAID

HE was a gentle lobster  
(The boats had just come in),  
He did not love the fishermen,  
He could not stand their din;  
And so he quietly stole off,  
As if it were no sin.

She was a little maiden,  
He met her on the sand,  
"And how d'you do?" the lobster said,  
"Why don't you give your hand?"  
For why she edged away from him  
He *could* not understand.

"Excuse me, sir," the maiden said:  
"Excuse me, if you please,"  
And put her hands behind her back,  
And doubled up her knees;  
"I always thought that lobsters were  
A little apt to squeeze."

"Your ignorance," the lobster said,  
 "Is natural, I fear;  
 Such scandal is a shame," he sobbed,  
 "It is not true, my dear,"  
 And with his pocket-handkerchief  
 He wiped away a tear.

So out she put her little hand,  
 As though she feared him not,  
 When someone grabbed him suddenly  
 And put him in a pot,  
 With water which, I think he found  
 Uncomfortably hot.

It may have been the water made  
 The blood flow to his head,  
 It may have been that dreadful fib  
 Lay on his soul like lead;  
 This much is true—he went in gray,  
 And came out very red.

*Frederic Edward Weatherly* [1848—

#### THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;  
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom.  
 Every endeavor engineers essay  
 For fame, for fortune,—fighting furious fray:  
 Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God  
 How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!  
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
 Kindred kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!  
 Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines;  
 Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.  
 Now noisy, noxious numbers notice naught  
 Of outward obstacles opposing ought:  
 Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,  
 Quite quailing, quaking, quickly quarter quest.

Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
 Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds:  
 Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train!  
 Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!  
 Vanish vain victory! vanish victory vain!  
 Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were  
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?  
 Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!  
 Zeno's, Zarpatus', Zoroaster's zeal,  
 All, all arouse! all against arms appeal!

*Unknown*

# ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN

MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN

Was the son of an elderly laboring man.

You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,  
 And p'raps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the lovely Deeside,  
 Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,  
 There wasn't a child, or woman, or man  
 Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan.

No other could wake such detestable groans,  
 With reed and with chanter—with bag and with drones:  
 All day and all night he delighted the chiels  
 With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,  
 And the neighboring maidens would gather around  
 To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,  
 Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

All loved their M'Clan, save a Sassenach brute,  
 Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;  
 He dressed himself up in a Highlander way,  
 Though his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense  
 To make him a Scotchman in every sense;  
 But this is a matter, you'll readily own,  
 That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,  
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;  
Stick a skeän in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—  
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day  
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay:  
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,  
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.  
If you really must play on that cursed affair,  
My goodness! play something resembling an air."

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson M'Clan—  
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man:  
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween!—  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Let's show," said M'Clan, "to this Sassenach loon  
That the bagpipes *can* play him a regular tune.  
Let's see," said M'Clan, as he thoughtfully sat,  
"' In My Cottage' is easy—I'll practice at that."

He blew at his "Cottage," and blew with a will,  
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until  
(You'll hardly believe it) M'Clan, I declare,  
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—  
It wandered about into several keys;  
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,  
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed and the Sassenach danced,  
He shrieked in his agony, bellowed and pranced;  
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around:  
And fill a' yer lugs wi' the exquisite sound.

An air frae the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!  
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land;  
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,  
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore  
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,  
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),  
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for Angus M'Clan,  
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man,  
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay  
To find them "take on" in this serious way.  
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,  
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

"Oh, maidens," said Pattison, touching his hat,  
"Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that;  
Observe, I'm a very superior man,  
A much better fellow than Angus M'Clan."

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"  
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,  
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

*William Schwenck Gilbert [1836-1911]*

## TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of Space  
Roll on!  
What though I'm in a sorry case?

What though I cannot meet my bills?  
 What though I suffer toothache's ills?  
 What though I swallow countless pills?  
     Never *you* mind!  
     Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
 Through seas of inky air  
     Roll on!  
 It's true I've got no shirts to wear;  
 It's true my butcher's bill is due;  
 It's true my prospects all look blue—  
 But don't let that unsettle you!  
     Never *you* mind!  
     Roll on. (*It rolls on*)  
*William Schwenck Gilbert* [1836-1911]

#### HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL

I'LL sing you a song, not very long,  
 But the story somewhat new,  
 Of William Kidd, who, whatever he did,  
     To his Poll was always true.  
 He sailed away in a gallant ship  
 From the port of old Bristol,  
     And the last words he uttered,  
     As his handkercher he fluttered,  
 Were, "My heart is true to Poll."

His heart was true to Poll,  
 His heart was true to Poll.  
     It's no matter what you do,  
     If your heart be only true:  
 And his heart *was* true to Poll.

'Twas a wreck. *William*, on shore he swam,  
 And looked about for an inn;  
 When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,  
     Came up with a kind of grin:

"Oh, marry *me*, and a king you'll be,  
And in a palace loll;  
Or we'll eat you willy-nilly."  
So he gave his *hand*, did Billy,  
But his *heart* was true to Poll.

Away a twelvemonth sped, and a happy life he led  
As the King of the Kikeryboos;  
His paint was red and yellow, and he used a big umbrella,  
And he wore a pair of over-*shoes*;  
He'd corals and knives, and twenty-six wives,  
Whose beauties I cannot here extol:  
One day they all revolted,  
So he back to Bristol bolted,  
For his *heart* was true to Poll.

*Francis Cowley Burnand* [1837-

### RED RIDING HOOD

Most worthy of praise were the virtuous ways  
Of Little Red Riding Hood's ma,  
And no one was ever more cautious and clever  
Than Little Red Riding Hood's pa.  
They never misled, for they meant what they said,  
And frequently said what they meant:  
They were careful to show her the way she should go,  
And the way that they showed her she went.  
For obedience she was effusively thanked,  
And for anything else she was carefully spanked.

It thus isn't strange that Red Riding Hood's range  
Of virtues so steadily grew,  
That soon she won prizes of various sizes,  
And golden encomiums too.  
As a general rule she was head of her school,  
And at six was so notably smart  
That they gave her a check for reciting The Wreck  
Of the Hesperus wholly by heart.  
And you all will applaud her the more, I am sure,  
When I add that the money she gave to the poor.



At eleven this lass had a Sunday-school class,  
At twelve wrote a volume of verse,  
At fourteen was yearning for glory, and learning  
To be a professional nurse.  
To a glorious height the young paragon might  
Have climbed, if not nipped in the bud,  
But the following year struck her smiling career  
With a dull and a sickening thud!  
(I have shed a great tear at the thought of her pain,  
And must copy my manuscript over again!)

Not dreaming of harm, one day on her arm  
A basket she hung. It was filled  
With drinks made of spices, and jellies, and ices,  
And chicken-wings, carefully grilled,  
And a savory stew, and a novel or two  
She persuaded a neighbor to loan,  
And a Japanese fan, and a hot-water can,  
And a bottle of eau de cologne,  
And the rest of the things that your family fill  
Your room with whenever you chance to be ill.

She expected to find her decrepit but kind  
Old grandmother waiting her call,  
Exceedingly ill. Oh, that face on the pillow  
Did not look familiar at all!  
With a whitening cheek she started to speak,  
But her peril she instantly saw:  
Her grandma had fled and she'd tackled instead  
Four merciless paws and a maw!  
When the neighbors came running the wolf to subdue,  
He was licking his chops—and Red Riding Hood's, too!

At this terrible tale some readers will pale,  
And others with horror grow dumb,  
And yet it was better, I fear, he should get her:—  
Just think what she might have become!  
For an infant so keen might in future have been  
A woman of awful renown,  
Who carried on fights for her feminine rights,  
As the Mayor of an Arkansas town,

Or she might have continued the sins of her 'teens  
And come to write verse for the Big Magazines!

THE MORAL: There's nothing much glummer  
Than children whose talents appal.  
One much prefers those that are dumber.  
And as for the paragons small—  
If a swallow cannot make a summer,  
It can bring on a summary fall!  
*Guy Wetmore Carryl [1873-1904]*

## A NAUTICAL BALLAD

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip  
Was the "Walloping Window-blind,"  
No gale that blew dismayed her crew  
Or troubled the captain's mind.  
The man at the wheel was taught to feel  
Contempt for the wildest blow,  
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,  
That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,  
Yet fond of amusement, too;  
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch  
While the captain tickled the crew.  
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,  
For he sat on the after rail,  
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,  
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat  
And dined in a royal way  
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs  
And gummery bread each day.  
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such;  
For the food that he gave the crew  
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns  
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

And we all felt ill as mariners will  
On a diet that's cheap and rude;  
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook  
In a tub of his gluesome food.  
Then nautical pride we laid aside,  
And we cast the vessel ashore  
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,  
And the Anagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,  
And trimmed with cinnamon straws;  
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue  
Of the Tickletoteaser's claws.  
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge  
And shot at the whistling bee;  
And the Binnacle-bats wore water-proof hats,  
As they danced in the sounding sea.

On rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,  
We fed, till we all had grown  
Uncommonly shrunk—when a Chinese junk  
Came by from the torriby zone.  
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,  
And we cheerily put to sea;  
And we left the crew of the junk to chew  
The bark of the rubagub tree.

*Charles Edward Carryl [1841—*

#### THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

"CANARY-BIRDS feed on sugar and seed,  
Parrots have crackers to crunch;  
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles  
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.  
But there's never a question  
About MY digestion—  
ANYTHING does for me!

"Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,  
Chickens can roost upon rails;  
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,  
And oysters can slumber in pails.

But no one supposes  
A poor Camel dozes—  
ANY PLACE does for me!

“Lambs are enclosed where it’s never exposed,  
Coops are constructed for hens;  
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,  
And pigs are protected by pens.  
But a Camel comes handy  
Wherever it’s sandy—  
ANYWHERE does for me!

“People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,  
Or mounted the back of an ox;  
It’s nobody’s habit to ride on a rabbit,  
Or try to bestraddle a fox.  
But as for a Camel, he’s  
Ridden by families—  
ANY LOAD does for me!

“A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,  
And weasels are wavy and sleek;  
And no alligator could ever be straighter  
Than lizards that live in a creek,  
But a Camel’s all lumpy  
And bumpy and humpy—  
ANY SHAPE does for me!”

*Charles Edward Carryl [1841–*

# THE FROG

BE kind and tender to the Frog,  
And do not call him names,  
As “Slimy-skin,” or “Polly-wog,”  
Or likewise, “Uncle James,”  
Or “Gape-a-grin,” or “Toad-gone-wrong,”  
Or “Billy Bandy-knees:”  
The Frog is justly sensitive  
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay  
A treatment kind and fair,

At least so lonely people say  
 Who keep a frog (and, by the way,  
 They are extremely rare).

*Hilaire Belloc [1870-*

### SAGE COUNSEL

THE lion is the beast to fight:  
 He leaps along the plain,  
 And if you run with all your might,  
 He runs with all his mane.  
 I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,  
 But if I were, with outward cal-lum  
 I'd either faint upon the spot  
 Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt:  
 He's fleetier than the wind,  
 And when the chamois is in front  
 The hunter is behind.  
 The Tyrolese make famous cheese  
 And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums;  
 I'd choose the former, if you please,  
 For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug  
 Almost as white as snow:  
 But if he gets you in his hug,  
 He rarely lets you go.  
 And polar ice looks very nice,  
 With all the colors of a prissum:  
 But, if you'll follow my advice,  
 Stay home and learn your catechisum.  
*Arthur Quiller-Couch [1863-*

### CHILD'S NATURAL HISTORY

#### GEESE

EV-ER-Y child who has the use  
 Of his sen-ses knows a goose.  
 Sees them un-der-neath the tree  
 Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,

While she reads them by the hour  
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.  
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!  
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend  
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driv-ing at?  
Oh, not at all; but what of that?  
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;  
And, for that mat-ter, nor does he.

## A SEAL

See, Chil-dren, the Fur-bear-ing Seal;  
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;  
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care  
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air  
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice  
For fear his fur should not be nice  
And fine and soft and smooth and meet  
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street.  
And yet some-how I often feel  
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal  
I harbor a Re-spect Pro-found)  
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

## THE YAK

This is the Yak, so neg-li-gee;  
His coif-fure's like a stack of hay;  
He lives so far from Any-where,  
I fear the Yak neg-lects his hair,  
And thinks, since there is none to see,  
What mat-ter how un-kempt he be:  
How would he feel if he but knew  
That in this Pic-ture-book I drew  
His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn,  
For chil-dren to de-ride and scorn?

## THE MON-GOOS

This, Children, is the famed Mon-goos.  
He has an ap-pe-tite ab-struse:  
Strange to re-late, this crea-ture takes  
A cu-ri-ous joy in eat-ing snakes—

All kinds—though, it must be con-fessed,  
 He likes the poi-son-ous ones the best.  
 From him we learn how ve-ry small  
 A thing can bring a-bout a Fall.  
 O Mon-goos, where were you that day  
 When Mistress Eve was led a-stray?  
 If you'd but seen the ser-pent first,  
 Our parents would not have been cursed,  
 And so there would be no ex-cuse  
 For MILTON, but for you—Mon-goos!

*Oliver Herford [1863—*

### IN FOREIGN PARTS

WHEN I lived in Singapore,  
 It was something of a bore  
 To receive the bulky Begums who came trundling to my  
 door;  
 They kept getting into tangles  
 With their bingle-bongle-bangles,  
 And the tiger used to bite them as he sat upon the floor.

When I lived in Timbuctoo,  
 Almost everyone I knew  
 Used to play upon the sackbut, singing "toodle-doodle-doo,"  
 And they made ecstatic ballads,  
 And consumed seductive salads,  
 Made of chicory and hickory and other things that grew.

When I lived at Rotterdam,  
 I possessed a spotted ram,  
 Who would never feed on anything but hollyhocks and ham;  
 But one day he butted down  
 All the magnates of the town,  
 So they slew him, though I knew him to be gentle as a lamb.

*But!*

When I got to Kandahar,  
 It was very, very far,

## The Purple Cow

2017

And the people came and said to me, "How *very* plain  
you are!"

So I sailed across the foam,

And I toddle-waddled home,

And no more I'll go a-rovering beyond the harbor bar.

*Laura E. Richards* [1850-

### A MOSQUITO TRIOLET

HE presented his bill,

And I could not evade it.

In valley, on hill,

He presented his bill,

With stinging ill-will;

So with blood, sir, I paid it.

He presented his bill,

And I could not evade it.

*Aristine Anderson* [18 -

### A GRAIN OF SALT

OF all the wimming doubly blest

The sailor's wife's the happiest,

For all she does is stay to home

And knit and darn—and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth

The sailor has the finest berth,

For in 'is cabin he can sit

And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

*Wallace Irwin* [1875-

### THE PURPLE COW

Reflections on a Mythic Beast,  
Who's Quite Remarkable, at Least.

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow;

I never Hope to See One;

But I can Tell you, Anyhow,

I'd rather See than Be One.



## CINQ ANS APRÈS

(Confession: and a portrait, Too,  
Upon a Background that I Ruel)

Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow"—  
I'm sorry, now, I Wrote it!  
But I can Tell you, Anyhow,  
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!

*Gelett Burgess* [1866—

## NONSENSE VERSES

THE Window has Four little Panes:  
But One have I:  
The Window-Panes are in its Sash,—  
I wonder why!

My Feet they haul me 'round the House:  
They hoist me up the Stairs:  
I only have to steer them and  
They ride me everywhere.

Remarkable truly, is Art!  
See—Elliptical wheels on a Cart!  
It looks very fair  
In the Picture up there:  
But imagine the Ride when you start!

I'd rather have Fingers than Toes:  
I'd rather have Eyes than a Nose:  
And as for my hair,  
I'm glad it's all there,  
I'll be awfully sad when it goes!

I wish that my Room had a Floor;  
I don't so much care for a Door,  
But this walking around  
Without touching the ground  
Is getting to be quite a bore!

*Gelett Burgess* [1866—

## VERS NONSENSIQUES

I AM gai. I am poet. I dwell  
 Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.  
 And I sing tralala  
 And I love my mamma,  
 And the English, I speaks him quite vell!

"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,  
 O mer, sur vos froids gris cilloux!"  
 Ainsi tradusit Laure  
 Au profit d'Isadore  
 (Bon jeune homme, et son future époux.)

Il existe une espinstere à Tours  
 Un peu vite, et qui portait toujours  
 Un ulster peau-de-phoque,  
 Un chapeau biliquoque,  
 Et des nicroboquers en velours.

Un marin naufrage (de Doncastre)  
 Pour prière, au milieu du désastre  
 Repetait à genoux  
 Ces mots simples et doux:—  
 "Scintellez, scintellez, petit astre!"  
*George du Maurier [1834-1896]*

## HOME

A MELANCHOLY little man was seated on the ground;  
 He showed supreme indifference to everything around.  
 "Why do you not run home," I cried, "and tumble into  
 bed?"  
 He looked at me expressively, and presently he said:

"One rubber plant can never make a home,  
 Not even when combined with brush and comb,  
 And spoon, and fork, and knife,  
 And graphophone, and wife.  
 No! Something more is needed for a home."

I said: "What does your dwelling lack? The pretty hearth-side tone?

The note of domesticity?" He gave a fearful groan.

"Alas!" he cried, while from his seat he slowly upward bobbed

And seized his hat, "a flat's a flat!" Together then we sobbed:

"One rubber plant can never make a home;

One day did not suffice for building Rome.

One gas-log and a cat

Can't civilize a flat.

No! Something more is needed for a home."

*Unknown*

#### FOUR LIMERICKS

A CANNER, exceedingly canny,  
One morning remarked to his granny,

"A canner can can

Anything that he can;

But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

A BRIGHT little maid of St. Thomas

One day found a suit of pajamas;

Said the maiden, "Well, well,

What these are, I can't tell,

But I'm certain the garments ain't mama's."

A TUTOR who tooted a flute

Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.

Said the two to the tutor,

"Is it harder to toot, or

To tutor two tooters to toot?"

THERE was a young fellow named Tait,

Who dined with his girl at 8:08;

As Tait did not state,

I cannot relate

What Tait and his tête-à-tête ate at 8:08.

*Carolyn Wells* [18 -

MORE LIMERICKS

THERE was an old man of Tarentum,  
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em:  
And when asked for the cost  
Of what he had lost,  
Said, "I really can't tell, for I reht 'em!"

A LADY there was of Antigua,  
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"  
He answered, "My queen,  
Is it manners you mean,  
Or do you refer to my figure?"

THE poor benighted Hindoo,  
He does the best he kinddo;  
He sticks to caste  
From first to last;  
For pants he makes his skindoo.

THERE were three young women of Birmingham,  
And I know a sad story concerning 'em:  
They stuck needles and pins  
In the reverend shins  
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

THERE was a young lady of Niger  
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;  
They returned from the ride  
With the lady inside,  
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

THERE was a young lady of Wilts,  
Who walked up to Scotland on stilts;  
When they said it was shocking  
To show so much stocking,  
She answered: "Then what about kilts?"

THERE was a young girl of Lahore,  
The same shape behind as before.  
As you never knew where  
To offer a chair,  
She had to sit down on the floor.

*Cosmo Monkhouse* [1840-1901]

## Just Nonsense

IN good looks I am not a star.  
There are others more lovely by far.  
But my face—I don't mind it,  
Because I'm behind it—  
It's the people in front that I jar.

THERE was a small boy of Quebec,  
Who was buried in snow to his neck;  
When they said, "Are you friz?"  
He replied, "Yes, I is—  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."  
*Rudyard Kipling [1865-*

THERE was a young man so benighted  
He didn't know when he was slighted,  
But went to the party  
And ate just as hearty  
As if he'd been duly invited!

THERE was an old man of Nantucket  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;  
But his daughter, named Nan,  
Ran away with a man—  
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

## OLD FAVORITES

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

From "The Vicar of Wakefield"

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,—  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,—  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes:  
The naked every day he clad,—  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye:  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:—  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

*Oliver Goldsmith [1728-1774]*

### AN ELEGY

ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

Good people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word—  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,  
And always found her kind;  
She freely lent to all the poor—  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please  
With manners wondrous winning;  
And never followed wicked ways—  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new  
With hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumbered in her pew—  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The King himself has followed her—  
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all;  
The doctors found, when she was dead—  
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,  
For Kent Street well may say,  
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—  
She had not died to-day.

*Oliver Goldsmith* [1728-1774]

### THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND  
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.



"I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came downstairs,  
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot become a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;  
Away went hat and wig:  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around;  
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"  
"Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
    'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
    Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
    His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
    Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
    Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
    As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
    With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
    Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
    These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
    Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about  
    On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
    Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
    From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
    To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!”  
    They all at once did cry;  
“The dinner waits, and we are tired;”—  
    Said Gilpin—“So am I.”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there!  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware,

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.


The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come,  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here.—  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word  
But to the house went in;



Whence straight he came with hat and wig;  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
"My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!  
For which he paid full dear;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might.  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
He lost them sooner than at first;  
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain:  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein;


But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.



And so he did, and won it too,  
 For he got first to town;  
 Nor stopped till where he had got up  
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!  
 And Gilpin, long live he!  
 And when he next doth ride abroad  
 May I be there to see!

*William Cowper* [1731-1800]

THE RAZOR-SELLER

A FELLOW in a market-town,  
 Most musical, cried "Razors!" up and down,  
 And offered twelve for eighteen pence;  
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,  
 And, for the money, quite a heap,  
 As every man should buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—  
 Poor Hodge, who suffered by a thick black beard,  
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:  
 With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,  
 And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
 "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose!

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
 Provided that the razors *shave*;  
 It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."  
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
 Just like a hedger cutting furze;  
 'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried,—  
 All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,  
 "I wish my eighteen pence were in my purse."



In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore;  
 Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry  
 faces,  
 And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:


His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;  
 So kept it,—laughing at the steel and suds.  
 Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,  
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
 "Razors! a base, confounded dog!  
 Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow,—found him,—and begun:  
 "P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun  
 That people flay themselves out of their lives.  
 You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
 Giving my whiskers here a scrubbing,  
 With razors just like oyster-knives.  
 Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't shave!"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave;  
 As for the razors you have bought,  
 Upon my soul, I never thought  
 That they would *shave*."  
 "Not think they'd *shave*!" quoth Hodge, with wondering  
 eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;  
 "What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries.  
 "*Made*," quoth the fellow, with a smile,— "*to sell*."  
John Wolcot [1738-1819]

### THE THREE WARNINGS

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground:  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increased with years



So much, that in our later stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,—  
If old assertions can't prevail,—  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,  
Death called aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room,  
And looking grave—"You must," says he,  
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!  
With you!" the hapless husband cried;  
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:  
My thoughts on other matters go;  
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger;  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;  
And farther, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have,  
Before you're summoned to the grave.  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve,  
In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
But, when I call again this way,

Well-pleased the world will leave."  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse

The willing Muse shall tell.

He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,

He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth increase,  
While thus along Life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood  
As all alone he sat,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate

Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,  
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cried.

"So soon, d' ye call it?" Death replies.

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!

Since I was here before

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined,  
"To spare the aged would be kind:

However, see your search be legal;

And your authority—is 't regal?

Else you are come on a fool's errand,

With but a secretary's warrant.

Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;

But for that loss of time and ease,

I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best  
I seldom am a welcome guest;

But don't be captious, friend, at least:  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!  
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:  
"However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,  
But still there's comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,  
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unwarrantable yearnings;  
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
You've had your three sufficient warnings.

So, come along, no more we'll part."  
He said, and touched him with his dart.  
And now old Dodson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

*Hester Thrale Piozzi* [1741-1821]

### THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowling:  
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't ye hear it roar, now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities them  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

“Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,  
 What danger they are all in,  
 And now lie quaking in their beds,  
 For fear the roof should fall in;  
 Poor creatures! how they envies us,  
 And wishes, I’ve a notion,  
 For our good luck, in such a storm,  
 To be upon the ocean!

“And as for them who’re out all day  
 On business from their houses,  
 And late at night are coming home,  
 To cheer their babes and spouses,—  
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
 Are comfortably lying,  
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
 About their heads are flying!

“And very often have we heard  
 How men are killed and undone  
 By overturns of carriages,  
 By thieves, and fires in London;  
 We know what risks all landsmen run,  
 From noblemen to tailors;  
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
 That you and I are sailors.”

*Charles Dibdin [1745-1814]*

### TAM O' SHANTER

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 And folk begin to tak the gate;  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
 And gettin' fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou wast na sober;  
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;  
Or caught wi' warlocks i' the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how monie counsels sweet,  
How monie lengthened, sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;—  
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And aye the ale was growing better:


The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious:  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,—  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowned himself among the nappy!  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,  
Q'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:  
Or like the snowfall in the river,—  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
(A better never lifted leg,)  
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;



Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;—  
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neckbane;  
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll;  
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.


Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!  
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
 She ventured forward on the light;  
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;



A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge:  
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl,  
Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrip slight,  
Each in its cauld hand held a light:  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,—  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!



But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,  
Louping and flinging on a crummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie;  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;  
For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished monie a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear.)  
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
In longitude though sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' two pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)  
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,  
And thought his very e'en enriched;  
Even Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,  
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark;  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.  
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager run the market-crowd,  
 When, ' Catch the thief!' resounds abroad;  
 So Maggie runs the witches inlode,  
 Wj monie an eadrick screed and inlode.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam, thou'lt get thy hairin'!  
 It beel they'll roast thee like a heekin'!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
 Kate soon will be a weefin' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane o' the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss;  
 A running stream they dare na cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The bent a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail;  
 The carline caught her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed!  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear:—  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

### GLUGGITY GLUG

From "The Myrtle and the Vine"

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,  
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper;  
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,  
 And sat with his face to the crupper:

"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,  
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,  
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,  
While I was enagged at the bottle,  
Which went gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,  
'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level;  
But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,  
So he scampered due north, like a devil:  
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,  
"I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill;  
And 'tis cheap,—for he never can eat off his head  
While I am engaged at the bottle,  
Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The steed made a stop,—in a pond he had got,  
He was rather for drinking than grazing;  
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should trot,  
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"  
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,  
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;  
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose,—  
I wish I were over a bottle,  
Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug!"  
*George Colman the Younger [1762-1836]*

#### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;  
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;  
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep;  
But favor wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well,—  
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouthered, as guid as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;

He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,—  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that!

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,  
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine.  
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na,"  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;  
He mounted his mare, and rade cannily;  
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
"Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,  
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

*The first seven stanzas by Carolina Nairne [1766-1845]*

*The last two by Susan Ferrier [1782-1854]*

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A WELL there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

The Well of St. Keyne 2047

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh;  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,  
At the Well to fill his pail,  
On the Well-side he rested it,  
And bade the Stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,  
"For, an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For, an if she have, I'll venture my life  
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
The Stranger he made reply;  
"But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time  
Drank of this crystal Well;  
And, before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on the water a spell,—

"If the Husband, of this gifted Well  
 Shall drink before his Wife,  
 A happy man henceforth is he,  
 For he shall be Master for life;—

"But, if the Wife should drink of it first,  
 Heaven help the Husband then!"—  
 The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"  
 He to the Cornish-man said;  
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head:—

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my Wife in the porch;  
 But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church."

*Robert Southey [1774-1843]*

#### ADDRESS TO A MUMMY

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)  
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy.  
 Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tune;  
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?  
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,—  
Then say what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a Priest,—if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;  
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations:  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations;



And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou hear not the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,—  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:  
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed **that face**?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh,—Immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man,—who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence!  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

*Horace Smith* [1779-1849]

### JOHN GRUMLIE

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the light o' the moon  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.

His wife rose up in the morning  
Wi' cares and troubles enow—  
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,  
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear;  
And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
Or else ye'll spoil the beer;  
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
That I span yesterday;  
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear;  
But he forgot to turn the malt,  
And so he spoiled the beer:  
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel  
That his wife span yesterday;  
But he forgot to put up the hens,  
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;  
He kirked, nor butter gat;  
And a' gade wrang, and naught gade right;  
He danced wi' rage, and grat;  
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe  
Wi' mony a wave and shout—  
She heard him as she heard him not,  
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,  
A weary wife and sad,  
And burst into a laughter loud,  
And laughed as she'd been mad:  
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If my wife should na win a penny a day  
She's aye her will for me.

*Allan Cunningham* [1784-1842]

## THE NEEDLE

THE gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling  
 In waltz or cotillion, at whist or quadrille;  
 And seek admiration by vauntingly telling  
 Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;  
 But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
 Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,  
 Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
 While plying the needle with exquisite art:  
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
 The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,  
 A talisman, ever resistless and true—  
 A charm that is never evaded or broken,  
 A witchery certain the heart to subdue—  
 'Tis this—and his armory never has furnished  
 So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;  
 Let Beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,  
 And, oh! it is certain of touching the heart:  
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
 The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration  
 By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;  
 You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,  
 Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
 As gayly convened at a work-covered table,  
 Each cheerfully active and playing her part,  
 Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,  
 And plying the needle with exquisite art:  
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
 The needle directed by beauty and art.

*Samuel Woodworth [1785-1842]*

## MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*)

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,  
 I saw a little vulgar Boy,—I said, "What make you here?"

Misadventures at Margate 2053

'The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;'

Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deemed I meant to scoff,—

And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off."

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking nine,"

I said,

"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold,—

O fie!

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,

His bosom throbbed with agony,—he cried like anything!

I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur,—

"Ah!

I have n't got no supper! and I have n't got no Ma!

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;

I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to cheer my heart,

Nor '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,

By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)

"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent

To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man,—cheer up!" I kindly said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head;

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,

Perhaps your neck,—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me  
and sup!

My landlady is Mrs. Jones,—we must not keep her up,—  
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you,—  
Come home, you little vulgar Boy,—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy."  
I bad him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—  
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,  
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,  
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."  
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the  
delf,  
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho,—I went to Mr. Cobb,—  
I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a Bob)—  
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,—  
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it  
mild!"

When I came back I gazed about,—I gazed on stool and  
chair,—  
I could not see my little friend,—because he was not there!  
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa, too,—  
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons.—I looked, but could not see  
The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea;  
I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch,—oh, dear!  
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my mackintosh,—it was not to be seen!  
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and lined  
with green;  
My carpet-bag,—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and  
soy,—  
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

## Misadventures at Margate 2055

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,  
"Oh, Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?

That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night  
He's stolen my things and run away!" Says she, "And sarve you right!"

Next morning I was up betimes,— I sent the Crier round,  
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound  
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;  
But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,  
There was a common sailor-man a walking up and down;  
I told my tale,—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well,  
And called me "Poor old Buffer."—what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore  
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,—  
A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me, what could he mean?—  
With a "carpet-swab" and "mucking-togs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"—  
It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer;  
And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,—  
It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say  
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away  
In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,  
And they were now, as he supposed, "*somewheres*" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the  
 Mill,—  
 And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping  
 Bill!"  
 He said "he'd done me werry brown," and "nicely *stowed*  
 the *swag*,"—  
 That's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;  
 He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"  
 I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."  
 He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you  
 are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,  
 And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done  
 me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,  
 But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys  
 about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"  
 My mackintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;  
 He promised that the New Police should all their powers  
 employ,  
 But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

#### MORAL

Remember, then, that when a boy I've heard my Grandma  
 tell,

"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO  
 FULL WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed  
 abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be  
 blowed!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out  
 To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your  
 stout!

“The Captain Stood on the Carronade” 2057

And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,  
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I’m pretty well!

*Richard Harris Barham* [1788–1845]

“THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE”

THE Captain stood on the Carronade—“First lieutenant,”  
says he,

“Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:  
I haven’t the gift of the gab, my sons, because I’m bred to  
the sea;

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.  
Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I’ve been to sea,  
I’ve fought ’gainst every odds—but I’ve gained the vic-  
tory.

“That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don’t take *she*,  
’Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;  
I haven’t the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his  
gun;

If she’s not mine in half an hour, I’ll flog each mother’s son.  
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I’ve been to sea,  
I’ve fought ’gainst every odds—and I’ve gained the vic-  
tory.”

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had  
enough;

“I little thought,” said he, “that your men were of such  
stuff;”

The Captain took the Frenchman’s sword, a low bow made  
to he;

“I haven’t the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish  
to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I’ve been to sea,  
I’ve fought ’gainst every odds—and I’ve gained the vic-  
tory.”

Our Captain sent for all of us; “My merry men,” said he,  
“I haven’t the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;



You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his  
gun;  
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged  
each mother's son.  
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,  
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory."  
*Frederick Marryat* [1792-1848]

## FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

## A PATHETIC BALLAD

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
Said he, "They're only pegs;  
But there's as wooden members quite  
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours  
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform!"

She said, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both feet in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajoz's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray,  
I know why you refuse:—  
Though I've no feet, some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But now a long farewell!  
For you will be my death:—alas!  
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off,—of course  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died—  
And they buried Ben at four cross-roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside!

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

#### FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That, though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright;  
"Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the tender-ship, you see."  
"The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,  
"What a hardship that must be!

"O, would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him!  
But O, I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow!"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, "All's Well!"  
But could not, though he tried;  
His head was turned,—and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

#### "PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE"

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:  
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:  
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—  
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,  
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*:  
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe;  
For the moment will come when such comers must go.  
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—  
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

## OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man  
We never shall see more:  
He used to wear a long black coat,  
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true;  
His hair was some inclined to gray—  
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burned;  
The large, round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;  
He knew no base design:  
His eyes were dark and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true;  
His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes  
He passed securely o'er,  
And never wore a pair of boots  
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown:  
He wore a double-breasted vest—  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert:  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—  
 Was sociable and gay:  
 He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
 He did not bring to view,  
 Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,  
 As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
 In trust to fortune's chances,  
 But lived (as all his brothers do)  
 In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,  
 His peaceful moments ran;  
 And everybody said he was  
 A fine old gentleman.

*Albert Gorton Greene* [1802-1868]

#### THE ANNUITY

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—  
 An unco week it proved to be—  
 For there I met a waesome wife  
 Lamentin' her viduity.  
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,  
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell,  
 And,—I was sae left tae mysel,—  
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—  
 She just was turned o' sixty-three;  
 I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,  
 By human ingenuity.  
 But years have come, and years have gane,  
 And there she's yet as stieve 's a stane—  
 The limmer's growin' young again,  
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin,  
 But that, it seems, is naught to me;  
 She's like to live—although she's in  
 The last stage o' tenuity.  
 She munches wi' her wizened gums,  
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums;  
 But comes, as sure as Christmas comes,  
 To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,  
 As spunkie as a growin' flea—  
 An' there she sits upon my back,  
 A livin' perpetuity.  
 She hunkles by her ingle side,  
 An' toasts an' toasts her wrunkled hide—  
 Lord kens how lang she yet may bide  
 To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care  
 For an insurance company;  
 Her chance o' life was stated there,  
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.  
 But tables here or tables there,  
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,  
 An's like to live a dizzen mair,  
 To ca' for her annuity.

I got the loun that drew the deed—  
 We spelled it o'er right carefully;—  
 In vain he yerked his souple head,  
 To find an ambiguity:  
 It's dated—tested—a' complete—  
 The proper stamp—nae word delete—  
 And diligence, as on decreet,  
 May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast,—  
 I thought a kink might set me free;  
 I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,  
 Wi' constant assiduity.



But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,  
And missed the auld anatomy—  
It just cost me a tooth, forbye  
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—  
Her only son was lost at sea—  
But aff her wits behoved to flit,  
An' leave her in fatuity!  
She threeps, an' threeps, he's livin' yet,  
For a' the tellin' she can get;  
But catch the doited runt forget  
To ca' for her annuity!

If there's a sough o' cholera,  
Or typhus,—wha sae gleg as she?  
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',  
In siccan superfluity!  
She doesna need—she's fever proof—  
The pest gaed owre her very roof—  
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof  
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell, her arm she brak—  
A compound fracture as could be—  
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,  
Whate'er was the gratuity.  
It's cured! She handles 't like a flail—  
It does as weel in bits as hale—  
But I'm a broken man mysel  
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes  
Are weel as flesh and banes can be;  
She beats the tades that live in stanes,  
An' fatten in vacuity!  
They die when they're exposed to air,  
They canna thole the atmosphere—  
But her! expose her anywhere,  
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,  
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me;  
 Ca' t murder—or ca' t homicide—  
 I'd justify 't—an' do it tae.  
 But how to fell a withered wife  
 That's carved out o' the tree of life—  
 The timmer limmer dares the knife  
 To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?  
 Her vital parts are hid frae me;  
 Her backbone wanders through her sark  
 In an unkennd corkscrewity.  
 She's palsified, an' shakes her head  
 Sae fast about, ye scarce can see 't;  
 It's past the power o' steel or lead  
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she'll not  
 Within a mile o' loch or sea;  
 Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat  
 O' siccan exiguity.  
 It's fitter far to hang the rope—  
 It draws out like a telescope;  
 'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop  
 To settle her annuity.

Will poison do 't? It has been tried,  
 But, be't in hash or fricassee,  
 That's just the dish she can't abide,  
 Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.  
 It's needless to assail her doubts,—  
 She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,—  
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits  
 Hersel an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man  
 Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;  
 She's ninety-four. Let them wha can,  
 Explain the incongruity.

She should hae lived afore the flood—  
 She's come o' patriarchal blood,  
 She's some auld Pagan, mummified  
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and oot—  
 She's sauted to the last degree—  
 There's pickle in her very snoot  
 Sae caper-like an' cruelty.  
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—  
 They've kyanized the useless knir,—  
 She canna decompose—nae mair  
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,  
 As this eternal jaud wears me;  
 I could withstand the single shock,  
 But not the continuity.  
 It's pay me here, an' pay me there,  
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair—  
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—  
 I'm *charged* for her annuity!  
*George Outram [1805-1856]*

### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
 Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,  
 Was humming with its wonted noise  
 Of threescore mingled girls and boys;  
 Some few upon their tasks intent,  
 But more on furtive mischief bent.  
 The while the master's downward look  
 Was fastened on a copy-book;  
 When suddenly, behind his back,  
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,  
 As 'twere a battery of bliss  
 Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
 "What's that?" the startled master cries;  
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,

“The Pope He Leads a Happy Life” 2069

“Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,—  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!”  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, “Hither, Will!”  
Like wretch o’ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came,—  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.  
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
The threatener faltered,—“I’m amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude!  
Before the whole set school to boot—  
What evil genius put you to’t?”  
“’Twas she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad,  
“I did not mean to be so bad;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered, I was ’fraid of girls  
And dursn’t kiss a baby’s doll,  
I couldn’t stand it, sir, at all,  
But up and kissed her on the spot!  
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not.  
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—  
I thought she kind o’ wished me to!”

*William Pitt Palmer* [1805-1884]

“THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE”

From “Harry Lorrequer”

THE Pope he leads a happy life,  
He fears not married care nor strife,  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,—  
I would the Pope’s gay lot were mine.

But yet all happy’s not his life,  
He has no maid, nor blooming wife;  
Nor child has he to raise his hope—  
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,  
 His is a life of jollity;  
 He's wives as many as he will—  
 I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,  
 He must obey the Alcoran;  
 He dare not drink one drop of wine—  
 I would not change his lot for mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,  
 I'll drink my own, my native land;  
 I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,  
 And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me,  
 I'll think that I the Sultan be;  
 And when my cheery glass I tope,  
 I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

*Charles Lever* [1806-1872]

#### THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time  
 In wondrous merry mood,  
 And thought, as usual, men would say  
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
 I laughed as I would die;  
 Albeit, in the general way,  
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;  
 How kind it was of him,  
 To mind a slender man like me,  
 He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
 And, in my humorous way,  
 I added (as a trifling jest),  
 "There'll be the devil to pay."

## The Ballad of the Oysterman 2071

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear;  
He read the third; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;  
The fifth; his waistband split;  
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809-1894]*

### THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;  
He saw her wave a handkerchief, as much as if to say,  
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,  
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should  
see;  
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this  
here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining  
stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight  
gleam;

Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—  
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Oh, what was that, my  
daughter?"

"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so  
fast?"

"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming  
past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Now bring me my har-  
poon!

I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb;  
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a  
clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her  
swound,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was  
drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below

*Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809-1894]*

### LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city  
Who took a boat and went to sea.  
But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee.  
Now when they got as far as the Equator  
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

## The Jackdaw of Rheims 2073

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"I am extremely hungaree."  
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"With one another we shouldn't agree!  
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie."  
When Bill received this information  
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,  
Which my poor mammy taught to me."  
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee.  
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment  
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
And North and South Amerikee:  
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee:  
But as for little Bill he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair:  
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,



With a great many more of lesser degree,—  
In sooth, a goodly company;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.  
    Never, I ween,  
    Was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

    In and out  
    Through the motley rout,  
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;  
    Here and there  
    Like a dog in a fair,  
    Over comfits and cates,  
    And dishes and plates,  
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all!  
    With a saucy air,  
    He perched on the chair  
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,  
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;  
    And he peered in the face  
    Of his Lordship's Grace,  
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"  
    And the priests, with awe,  
    As such freaks they saw,  
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,  
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,  
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!  
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,—  
    Came in order due,  
    Two by two,  
Marching that grand refectory through.  
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Embossed and filled with water, as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur

Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
 Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;  
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more  
 A napkin bore,  
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
 And a Cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
 Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:  
 From his finger he draws  
 His costly turquoise;  
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
 Deposits it straight  
 By the side of his plate,  
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;  
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

. . . . .

There's a cry and a shout,  
 And a deuce of a rout,  
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
 But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;  
 The friars are kneeling,  
 And hunting, and feeling  
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
 The Cardinal drew  
 Off each plum-colored shoe,  
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;  
 He peeps, and he feels  
 In the toes and the heels;  
 They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—  
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,  
 —They turn up the rugs,  
 They examine the mugs:

But no!—no such thing;  
 They can't find **THE RING!**  
 And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,  
 Some rascal or other had popped in and priggid it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
 He called for his candle, his bell, and his book:  
 In holy anger, and pious grief,  
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!  
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,  
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head!  
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;  
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,  
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;  
 He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!  
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!  
 But what gave rise  
 To no little surprise,  
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,  
 The night came on,  
 The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;  
 When the sacristan saw,  
 On crumpled claw  
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw.  
 No longer gay,  
 As on yesterday;  
 His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;  
 His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand,  
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;  
 His eye so dim,  
 So wasted each limb,  
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "**THAT'S HIM!**  
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!  
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;  
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,  
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"  
Slower and slower  
He limped on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw.

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took;  
The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!  
—When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
He grew sleek and fat;  
In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat.  
His tail wagged more  
Even than before;  
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,  
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.  
He hopped now about  
With a gait devout;  
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, or if any one swore,  
Or slumbered in prayer-time, and happened to snore,  
That good Jackdaw  
Would give a great "Caw!"  
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"  
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,  
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride  
 Of that countryside,  
 And at last in the odor of sanctity died;  
 When, as words were too faint  
 His merits to paint,  
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;  
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
 It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
 So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

*Richard Harris Barham [1788-1845]*

### THE ALARMED SKIPPER

MANY a long, long year ago,  
 Nantucket skippers had a plan  
 Of finding out, though "lying low,"  
 How near New York their schooners ran.  
  
 They greased the lead before it fell,  
 And then by sounding, through the night,  
 Knowing the soil that stuck so well,  
 They always guessed their reckoning right.  
  
 A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,  
 Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;  
 And so below he 'd "douse the glim,"—  
 After, of course, his "something hot."  
  
 Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,  
 This ancient skipper might be found;  
 No matter how his craft would rock,  
 He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.  
  
 The watch on deck would now and then  
 Run down and wake him, with the lead;  
 He'd up and taste, and tell the men  
 How many miles they went ahead.  
  
 One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,  
 A curious wag—the peddler's son;  
 And so he mused (the wanton wretch!)  
 "To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

## The Puzzled Census Taker 2079

"We're all a set of stupid fools,  
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,  
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools  
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,  
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth  
That stood on deck—a parsnip-bed,—  
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."  
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,  
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,  
And then upon the floor he sprung.

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,  
Hauled on his boots, and roared to Marden,  
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are  
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

*James Thomas Fields* [1816-1881]

### THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said  
To a lady from over the Rhine;  
And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband of course?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the Marshal said  
 To the lady from over the Rhine;  
 And again she shook her flaxen head,  
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,  
 And always answering 'Nine'?"  
 "*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said  
 The lady from over the Rhine.

John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]

### PYRAMUS AND THISBE

THIS tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,  
 Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.  
 One Ovid, a writer of some reputation,  
 Has told it before in a tedious narration;  
 In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,  
 But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young Peter Pyramus,—*I* call him Peter,  
 Not for the sake of the rhyme or the meter,  
 But merely to make the name completer,—  
 For Peter lived in the olden times,  
 And in one of the worst of pagan climes  
 That flourish now in classical fame,  
 Long before either noble or boor  
 Had such a thing as a *Christian* name,—  
 Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau  
 As any young lady would wish to know;  
 In years, I ween, he was rather green,  
 That is to say, he was just eighteen,—  
 A trifle too short, and a shaving too lean,  
 But "a nice young man" as ever was seen,  
 And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl  
 As ever ensnared the heart of an earl  
 In the magical trap of an auburn curl,—

A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door  
(They slept, in fact, on the very same floor,  
With a wall between them, and nothing more,—  
Those double dwellings were common of yore),  
And they loved each other, the legends say,  
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,  
That every young maid and every young blade  
Are wont to do before they grow staid,  
And learn to love by the laws of trade.  
But (alack-a-day, for the girl and the boy!)  
A little impediment checked their joy,  
And gave them, awhile, the deepest annoy.—  
For some good reason, which history cloaks,  
The match didn't happen to please the old folks!

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother  
Began the young couple to worry and bother,  
And tried their innocent passion to smother  
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!  
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred  
Or even deferred  
By any contrivance so very absurd  
As scolding the boy, and caging his bird?

Now, Peter, who wasn't discouraged at all  
By obstacles such as the timid appal,  
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,  
Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick  
Made a passage,—though rather provokingly small.  
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,  
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,  
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter, —  
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,  
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,  
Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot  
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;  
For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,



Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,  
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.

In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,  
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,  
The mulberry-tree impatient to find;  
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,  
Strolled leisurely out some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting-tree,  
A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on  
Came roaring along quite horrid to see,  
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee;  
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is  
Blood,—and "a terrible thing among ladies,")  
And, losing her veil as she ran from the wood,  
The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter, arriving, and seeing the veil  
All covered o'er and reeking with gore,  
Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,  
And sat himself down to weep and to wail;  
For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter  
Made up his mind in very short meter  
That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her!  
So breathing a prayer, he determined to share  
The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"  
And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau  
Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),  
She guessed in a moment, the cause of his erring,  
And, seizing the knife, that had taken his life,  
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring!

#### MORAL

Young gentlemen: Pray recollect, if you please,  
Not to make assignations near mulberry-trees;  
Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head  
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.

Young ladies: You shouldn't go strolling about  
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out;  
And remember that accidents often befall  
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall.

*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

## MY FAMILIAR

*Ecce iterum Crispinus!*

AGAIN I hear that creaking step!—  
He's rapping at the door!—  
Too well I know the boding sound  
That ushers in a bore.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the friend  
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,  
And asks about the news,  
He peers into my manuscript,  
And gives his candid views;  
He tells me where he likes the line,  
And where he's forced to grieve;  
He takes the strangest liberties,—  
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through  
Before I've seen a word;  
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),  
And thinks it quite absurd;  
He calmly smokes my last cigar,  
And coolly asks for more;  
He opens everything he sees—  
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,  
And tells me of the pains  
He suffers from a score of ills  
Of which he ne'er complains;

And how he struggled once with Death  
To keep the fiend at bay;  
On themes like those away he goes—  
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words  
Some shallow critic wrote;  
And every precious paragraph  
Familiarly can quote;  
He thinks the writer did me wrong;  
He'd like to run him through!  
He says a thousand pleasant things—  
But never says, "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—  
Disguise it as I may,  
I know that, like an autumn rain,  
He'll last throughout the day.  
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;  
In vain I scowl and pout;  
A frown is no extinguisher—  
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,  
Put crape upon the door,  
Or hint to John that I am gone  
To stay a month or more.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the friend  
Who never, never goes!  
*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

#### HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,  
Dey had biano-blayin;  
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,  
Her name was Madilda Yane.

She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und ven dey looket indo mine,  
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I vent dere you'll pe pound.  
I valset mit Madilda Yane  
Und vent shpinnen round und round.  
De pootiest Frauelein in de House,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she give a shoomp  
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I dells you it cost him dear.  
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.  
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in  
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.  
I dinks dat so vine a barty  
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,  
Ven de sooper coomed in, de gompany  
Did make demselfs to house;  
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,  
De Bratwurst und Braten fine,  
Und vash der Abendessen down  
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
We all cot troonk ash bigs.  
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,  
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.  
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane  
Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany fited mit duple-lecks  
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—  
 Where ish dat barty now?  
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
 Dat float on de moundains' prow?  
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—  
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
 All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—  
 Afay in de Ewigkeit!

*Charles Godfrey Leland [1824-1903]*

### "NOTHING TO WEAR"

#### AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,  
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
 That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)  
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping  
 In one continuous round of shopping,—  
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,—  
 For all manner of things that a woman can put  
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
 In front or behind, above or below;  
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;  
 Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls;  
 Dresses to sit in and stand in and walk in;  
 Dresses to dance in and flirt in and talk in;  
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all;  
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;  
 All of them different in color and pattern,  
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,  
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,  
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;

In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,  
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;  
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,  
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago,  
Formed, McFlimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,  
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
Such particular interest, that they invested  
Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,  
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;  
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,  
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.  
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
For an actual belle and a possible bride;  
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,  
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,  
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the  
day  
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,  
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
The last time we met was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—  
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;  
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,

When, at the same moment, she had on a dress  
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less  
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,  
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"  
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,  
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."  
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,  
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.  
Without any romance or raptures or sighs,  
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
It was one of the quietest business transactions,  
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,  
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,  
And flirt when I like,—now, stop, don't you speak,—  
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,  
Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
But always be ready to come when I call;  
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough  
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be  
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,  
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey and gained her,  
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
 At least in the property, and the best right  
 To appear as its escort by day and by night;  
 And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball,—  
     Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,  
     And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—  
 I considered it only my duty to call,  
     And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
 I found her,—as ladies are apt to be found,  
 When the time intervening between the first sound  
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
 Than usual,—I found—I won't say, I caught her,—  
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
 To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
 She turned as I entered,—“Why, Harry, you sinner,  
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!”  
 “So I did,” I replied; “but the dinner is swallowed  
     And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,  
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
     Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door;  
 And now will your ladyship so condescend  
 As just to inform me if you intend  
 Your beauty and graces and presence to lend  
 (All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)  
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?”

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
 And answered quite promptly, “Why, Harry, *mon cher*,  
 I should like above all things to go with you there;  
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear.”

“Nothing to wear! go just as you are;  
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
 I engage, the most bright and particular star  
     On the Stuckup horizon”—I stopped—for her eye,  
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
     Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
     (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,



"How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade,"  
(Second turn-up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."  
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—  
"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."  
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—  
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a  
Quaker."

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-  
maker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac  
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."  
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—  
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike  
it

As more *comme il faut*"—"Yes, but, dear me! that lean  
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,  
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine,  
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,  
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich *grenadine*"—  
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported  
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,  
When you quite turned the head of the head of the  
nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,  
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,  
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,  
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,  
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I ripped *out* something, perhaps rather rash,  
 Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression  
 More striking than classic, it “settled my hash,”  
 And proved very soon the last act of our session.  
 “Fiddlesticks, it is, sir? I wonder the ceiling  
 Doesn’t fall down and crush you—oh! you men have no  
 feeling;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,  
 Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,  
 Your silly pretense,—why, what a mere guess it is!  
 Pray, what do you know of a woman’s necessities!  
 I have told you and shown you I’ve nothing to wear,  
 And it’s perfectly plain you not only don’t care,  
 But you do not believe me” (here the nose went still  
 higher).

“I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.  
 Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;  
 You’re a brute and a monster, and—I don’t know what.”  
 I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,  
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,  
 As gentle expletives which might give relief;  
 But this only proved as spark to the powder,  
 And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;  
 It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed  
 Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed  
 To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,  
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-  
 ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,  
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;  
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how,—  
 On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,  
 At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;  
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar  
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,  
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be  
bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted  
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,  
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,  
But that there exists the greatest distress

In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."  
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts  
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
Of which let me mention only a few:

In one single house, on Fifth Avenue,  
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,  
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new  
In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,  
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion, near the same place,  
Was found a deplorable, heartrending case  
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,  
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;  
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits

The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;  
One deserving young lady almost unable

To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;  
Another confined to the house, when it's windier  
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.

Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific  
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,  
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation  
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation  
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),

But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars  
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,  
 And all as to style most *recherche* and rare,  
 The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,  
 And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic  
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic;  
 For she touchingly says that this sort of grief  
 Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,  
 And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare  
 For the victims of such overwhelming despair.  
 But the saddest by far of all these sad features  
 Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures  
 By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,  
 Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds  
 By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for  
 days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,  
 Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,  
 And deride their demands as useless extravagance;  
 One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
 Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,  
 Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
 To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.  
 The consequence was, that when she got there,  
 At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,  
 And when she proposed to finish the season

At Newport, the monster refused out and out,  
 For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,

Except that the waters were good for his gout.  
 Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,  
 And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain  
 From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,  
 Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity  
 Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
 And spur up Humanity into a canter  
 To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.  
 Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,  
 Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?

Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is  
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter Cooper  
The corner-stone lay of some spendid super-  
Structure, like that which to-day links his name  
In the Union unending of honor and fame;  
And found a new charity just for the care  
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,  
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,  
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?  
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,  
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?  
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,  
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,  
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,  
Won't someone discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,  
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt  
Their children have gathered, their city have built;  
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,  
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;  
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,  
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,  
Grove through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair  
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
Half-starved, and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.  
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;  
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell  
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,  
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,  
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;  
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—  
Spoiled children of Fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere  
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,

## Darius Green and His Flying-Machine 2095

Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time  
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretence,  
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;  
O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

*William Allen Butler* [1825-1902]

### DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE

IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,  
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,  
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump  
With flapping arms from stake or stump,  
Or, spreading the tail of his coat for a sail,  
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,  
And wonder why *he* couldn't fly,  
And flap and flutter and wish and try,—  
If ever you knew a country dunce  
Who didn't try that as often as once,  
All I can say is, that's a sign  
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:  
The son of a farmer,—age fourteen;  
His body was long and lank and lean,—  
Just right for flying, as will be seen;  
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,  
And a freckled nose that grew between,  
A little awry;—for I must mention  
That he had riveted his attention  
Upon his wonderful invention,  
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,  
And working his face as he worked the wings,  
And with every turn of gimlet and screw  
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,  
Till his nose seemed bent to catch the scent,

Around some corner, of new-baked pies,  
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes  
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,  
 That made him look very droll in the face,  
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more  
 Than ever a genius did before,  
 Excepting Daedalus of yore  
 And his son Icarus, who wore  
 Upon their backs those wings of wax  
 He had read of in the old almanacs.  
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,  
 That the air was also man's dominion,  
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,  
 We soon or late should navigate  
 The azure as now we sail the sea.  
 The thing looks simple enough to me;  
 And, if you doubt it,  
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it:

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?  
 Must we give in," says he with a grin,  
 "'T the bluebird an' phoebe are smarter'n we be?  
 Jest fold our hands, an' see the swaller  
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?  
 Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,  
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?  
 Jest show me that! er prove 't the bat  
 Hez got more brains than's in my hat,  
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see  
 What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,  
 Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—  
 Ain't my business importanter'n his'n is?  
 That Icarus was a silly cuss,—  
 Him an' his daddy Daedalus;  
 They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax  
 Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks:  
 I'll make mine o' luther, er suthin' er other."

## Darius Green and His Flying-Machine 2097

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:

“But I ain’t goin’ to show my hand  
To nummies that never can understand  
The fust idee that’s big an’ grand.  
They’d ‘a’ laft an’ made fun  
O’ Creation itself afore ‘twas done!”  
So he kept his secret from all the rest,  
Safely buttoned within his vest;  
And in the loft above the shed  
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread  
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,  
And all such things as geniuses use;—  
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!  
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;  
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as  
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;  
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;  
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;  
And a big strong box, in which he locks  
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke  
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk  
Around the corner to see him work,—  
Sitting cross-leggèd, like a Turk,  
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,  
And boring the holes with a comical quirk  
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.  
But vainly they mounted each other’s backs,  
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;  
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks  
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;  
And a bucket of water, which one would think  
He had brought up into the loft to drink  
When he chanced to be dry,  
Stood always nigh, for Darius was sly!  
And, whenever at work he happened to spy  
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,  
He let a dipper of water fly:



"Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,  
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"  
And he sings as he locks his big strong box:  
"The weasel's head is small an' trim,  
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,  
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,  
An', ef yeou'll be advised by me,  
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day  
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,  
Till at last 'twas done,—  
The greatest invention under the sun!  
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,  
And not a cloud was on all the sky,  
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,  
Half mist, half air,  
Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—  
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen  
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius, "Now I shan't go  
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:  
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!  
An' then, when' the folks 'ave all gone off,  
I'll hev full swing fer to try the thing,  
An' practyse a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"  
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!  
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—  
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"  
Said Jotham, "'Sho! guess ye better go."

But Darius said, "No!  
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,  
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red  
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."  
For all the while to himself he said,—  
"I tell ye what!

## Darius Green and His Flying-Machine 2099

I'll fly a few times around the lot,  
To see how 't seems, then soon's I've got  
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,  
I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,  
By flyin' over the celebration!  
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;  
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;  
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;  
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!  
I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;  
An I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,  
'What world's this 'ere that I've come near?'  
Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;  
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;  
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,  
"I'm a-gittin' over the cold 'n my head."

And away he sped,  
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,  
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,  
"What on airth is he up to, hey?"  
"Don'o',—the' 's suthin' er other to pay,  
Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."  
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!  
*He* never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,  
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."  
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!  
Le's hurry back, an' hide 'n the barn,  
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"  
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,  
Along by the fences, behind the stack,  
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,  
In under the dusty barn they crawl,  
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;  
And a very astonishing sight was that,  
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat  
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid; and Reuben slid  
The fastenings back, and the door undid.

“Keep dark!” said he,  
“While I squint an’ see what the’ is to see.”

As knights of old put on their mail,—  
From head to foot an iron suit,  
Iron jacket and iron boot,  
Iron breeches, and on the head  
No hat, but an iron pot instead,  
And under the chin the bail,—  
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)—  
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,  
Sallying forth to overwhelm  
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm;  
So this modern knight prepared for flight,  
Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—  
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—  
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—  
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!  
And a helm had he, but that he wore,  
Not on his head, like those of yore,  
But more like the helm of a ship.

“Hush!” Reuben said, “he’s up in the shed!  
He’s opened the winder,—I see his head!  
He stretches it out, an’ pokes it about,  
Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,  
An’ nobody near;—  
Guess he don’o’ who’s hid in here!  
He’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill!  
Stop laffin’, Solomon! Burke, keep still!  
He’s a climbin’ out now—Of all the things!  
What’s he got on? I van, it’s wings!  
An’ that t’other thing? I vum, it’s a tail!  
An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail!  
Steppin’ careful, he travels the length  
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.  
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;  
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,

Darius Green and His Flying-Machine 2101

Fer to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;  
But the 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.  
*They* turn up at him a wonderin' eye,  
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!  
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!  
Flop—flop—an' plump to the ground with a thump!  
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,  
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—  
Heels over head, and head over heels,—  
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—  
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,  
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,  
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,  
Broken braces and broken springs,  
Broken tail and broken wings,  
Shooting-stars, and various things,—  
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,  
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.  
Away with a bellow fled the calf,  
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?  
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,  
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying;  
"Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,  
Darius just turned and looked that way,  
As he stanchd his sorrowful nose with his cuff,  
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"  
He said; "but the 's ain't sich a thunderin' sight  
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here:  
And this is the moral,—Stick to your sphere;  
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,  
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,  
The moral is,—Take care how you light.

*John Townsend Trowbridge* [1827—

## THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;  
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;  
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row  
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan  
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,  
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,  
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see  
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,  
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones  
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,  
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;  
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,  
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost  
mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at  
fault,—  
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:  
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,  
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent  
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;  
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant  
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when  
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,  
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the  
floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage  
 In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;  
 And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a  
     sin,  
 Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,  
 For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful  
     James;  
 And I've told in simple language what I know about the row  
 That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

*Bret Harle* [1839-1902]

## DOW'S FLAT

1856

Dow's FLAT. That's its name:  
 And I reckon that you  
 Are a stranger? The same?  
     Well, I thought it was true,—  
 For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place  
     at first view.

It was called after Dow,—  
     Which the same was an ass;  
 And as to the how  
     Thet the thing kem to pass,—  
 Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here  
     in the grass.

You see this 'yer Dow  
     Hed the worst kind of luck;  
 He slipped up somehow  
     On each thing thet he struck.  
 Why, ef he'd a-straddled thet fence-rail, the derved thing  
     'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
Till he couldn't pay rates;  
He was smashed by a car  
When he tunnelled with Bates;  
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five  
kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff  
For a house, on the sly;  
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on  
when no one was nigh.

But this 'yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to  
be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys wouldn't stay;  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away;  
But Dow in his well kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous  
way.

One day,—it was June,—  
And a year ago, jest,—  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid  
in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen and think:  
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder  
made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay:  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heer'd  
the folks say.

And—That's a peart hoss  
Thet you've got—ain't it now?  
What might be her cost?  
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—  
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that  
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side,  
And he looked and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—beg your  
parding, young man,—there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same  
isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;  
And the thing of it is  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness:  
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck  
made him certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,  
To the left of yon tree;  
But—a—look h'yur, say?  
Won't you come up to tea?  
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after  
Dow,— and thet's *me*.

*Bret Harle* [1839-1902]



## PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870

WHICH I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinees is peculiar:  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny,  
In regard to the same,  
What that name might imply;  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike.  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand:  
It was Euchre. The same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled, as he sat by the table,  
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinees,  
And the points that he made,  
Were quite frightful to see,—

Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, "Can this be?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—  
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed,  
Like the leaves on the strand,  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs,—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

*Bret Harte [1839-1902]*

### THE RETORT

OLD Birch, who taught the village school,  
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;  
He was as stubborn as a mule,  
And she as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become a wife  
Before her husband sought to make her  
The pink of country-polished life,  
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,  
 And simple Katie sadly missed him;  
 When he returned, behind her lord  
 She shyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red  
 And white his face alternate grew:  
 "Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,  
 "O, dear! I *didn't know 'twas you!*"  
*George Pope Morris [1802-1864]*

### THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW

COME, Micky and Molly and dainty Dolly,  
 Come, Betty and blithesome Bill;  
 Ye gossips and neighbors, away with your labors!  
 Come to the top of the hill.  
 For there are Jenny and jovial Joe;  
 Jolly and jolly, jolly they go,  
 Jogging over the hill.

By apple and berry, 'tis twelve months merry  
 Since Jenny and Joe were wed!  
 And never a bother or quarrelsome pother  
 To trouble the board or bed.  
 So Joe and Jenny are off to Dunmow:  
 Happy and happy, happy they go,  
 Young and rosy and red.

Oh, Jenny's as pretty as doves in a ditty;  
 And Jenny, her eyes are black;  
 And Joey's a fellow as merry and mellow  
 As ever shouldered a sack.  
 So quick, good people, and come to the show:  
 Merry and merry, merry they go,  
 Bumping on Dobbins' back.

They've pranked up old Dobbins with ribbons and bobbin,  
 And tethered his tail in a string!  
 The fat flitch of bacon is not to be taken  
 By many that wear the ring!

## The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell" 2109

Good luck, good luck, to Jenny and Joe!  
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go.

Hark! how merry they sing:

"O, merry, merry, merry are we,  
Happy as birds that sing in a tree!  
All of the neighbors are merry to-day,  
Merry are we, and merry are they.  
O merry are we! for love, you see,  
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

"O happy, happy, happy is life  
For Joe (that's me) and Jenny my wife!  
All of the neighbors are happy, and say—  
'Never were folk so happy as they!'  
O happy are we! for love, you see,  
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

"O jolly, jolly, jolly we go,  
I and my Jenny, and she and her Joe.  
All of the neighbors are jolly, and sing—  
'She is a queen, and he is a king!'  
O jolly are we! for love, you see,  
Fetters a heart and sets it free."

*James Carnegie* [1827-1905]

### THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he;  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,  
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men  
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So we drewed a lot, and, accordin', shot  
The captain for our meal.

## The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell" 2111

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,  
And a delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both be blown if we'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—  
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
"Twill soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,  
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth;  
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
 And—as I eating be  
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,  
 For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . .

"And I never larf, and I never smile,  
 And I never lark nor play;  
 But sit and croak, and a single joke  
 I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold  
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain's gig!"

*William Schwenck Gilbert* [1836-1911]

#### CAPTAIN REECE

Of all the ships upon the blue,  
 No ship contained a better crew  
 Than that of worthy Captain Reece,  
 Commanding of the *Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,  
 For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,  
 Did all that lay within him to  
 Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,  
 Their captain danced to them like mad,  
 Or told, to make the time pass by,  
 Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,  
 Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
 Brown windsor from the captain's store,  
 A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,  
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,  
And on all very sultry days  
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops":  
And, also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea  
From Mister Mudie's librarree;  
The *Times* and *Saturday Review*  
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men;  
In point of fact, good Captain Reece  
Beatified the *Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men),  
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do,  
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan  
I'll make you happy if I can;  
My own convenience count as *nil*;  
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee  
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,  
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man);  
He cleared his throat, and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,  
Ten female cousins and a niece,  
A ma, if what I'm told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.



"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all shall be,  
If you united of 'em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,  
Let each select from them a wife;  
And as for nervous me, old pal,  
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,  
Debated on his coxswain's plan:  
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting girl,  
Has just been promised to an earl,  
And all my other familiee  
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to  
The happiness of all my crew?  
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,  
I'll settle thousands on you all,  
And I shall be, despite my hoard,  
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the *Mantelpiece*,  
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:  
"I beg your honor's leave," he said,  
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who  
Would be the very thing for you—  
She long has loved you from afar,  
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—  
Addressed her in his playful way—  
“And did it want a wedding-ring?  
It was a tempting ickle sing!

“Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We’ll all be married this day week  
At yonder church upon the hill;  
It is my duty, and I will!”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,  
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,  
Attended there as they were bid;  
It was their duty, and they did.

*William Schwenck Gilbert* [1836-1911]

“’SPÄCIALLY JIM”

I wus mighty good-lookin’ when I wus young,  
Peert an’ black-eyed an’ slim,  
With fellers a-courtin’ me Sunday nights,  
’Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of ’em all wus he,  
Clipper an’ han’som’ an’ trim;  
But I tossed up my head an’ made fun o’ the crowd,  
’Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn’t no ’pinion o’ men,  
An’ I wouldn’t take stock in him!  
But they kep’ on a-comin’ in spite o’ my talk,  
’Späcially Jim.

I got so tired o’ havin’ ’em roun’  
(’Späcially Jim!)  
I made up my mind I’d settle down  
An’ take up with him.

So we wus married one Sunday in church,  
’Twas crowded full to the brim;  
’Twas the only way to git rid of ’em all,  
’Späcially Jim.

*Bessie Morgan* [18 -

## ROBINSON CRUSOE

THE night was thick and hazy,  
When the Piccadilly Daisy  
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;  
And I think the water drowned 'em,  
For they never, never found 'em,  
And I know they did n't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely  
When I found myself the only  
Population on this cultivated shore;  
But I've made a little tavern  
In a rocky little cavern,  
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking  
For a girl to do my cooking,  
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;  
But I had that fellow Friday  
Just to keep the tavern tidy,  
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden  
That I'm cultivating lard in,  
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;  
For I live on toasted lizards,  
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,  
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,  
And it made me fret and worry  
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;  
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,  
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,  
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion  
In a family excursion

With the few domestic animals you see;  
And we take along a carrot  
As refreshments for the parrot,  
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel  
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
And we chip off little specimens of stone;  
And we carry home as prizes  
Funny bugs of handy sizes,  
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy,  
We remain at home and study,—  
For the Goat is very clever at a sum,—  
And the Dog, instead of fighting,  
Studies ornamental writing,  
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,  
And we rise again at seven;  
And I wish to call attention, as I close,  
To the fact that all the scholars  
Are correct about their collars,  
And particular in turning out their toes.

*Charles Edward Carryl* [1841—

### CASEY AT THE BAT

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to  
play;  
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,  
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
They thought, if only Casey could but get a whack, at that,  
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the  
bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,  
There was Jimmy safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,  
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell;  
It struck upon the hillside, and recoiled upon the flat;  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his  
place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's  
face;  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with  
dirt,  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on  
his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through  
the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire  
said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled  
roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant  
shore;

"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised  
his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo  
answered, "Fraud!"  
But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles  
strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in  
hate,  
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are  
light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children  
shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck  
out.

*Ernest Lawrence Thayer* [18 -

### AN IDAHO BALL

Grr yer little sage hens ready,  
Trot 'em out upon the floor—  
Line up there, you cusses! Steady!  
Lively, now! One couple more.  
Shorty, shed that old sombrero;  
Bronco, douse that cigarette;  
Stop that cussin', Casimero,  
'Fore the ladies! Now, all set!

S'lute yer ladies, all together!  
Ladies opposite the same—  
Hit the lumber with yer leathers!  
Balance all, an' swing yer dame!  
Bunch the heifers in the middle;  
Circle stags an' do-se-do!  
Pay attention to the fiddle!  
Swing her round an' off you go!

First four forward! Back to places!  
Second follow—shuffle back!  
Now you've got it down to cases—  
Swing 'em till their trotters crack!  
Gents all right a-heel-and-toein'!  
Swing 'em, kiss 'em if you kin—  
On to next an' keep a-goin'  
Till you hit yer pards ag'in!

Gents to center; ladies round 'em,  
Form a basket; balance all!  
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em!  
Promenade around the hall!  
Balance to yer pards an' trot 'em  
Round the circle double quick!  
Grab an' kiss 'em while you've got 'em—  
Hold 'em to it if they kick!

Ladies, left hand to yer sonnies!  
Alaman! Grand right an' left!  
Balance all, an' swing yer honeys—  
Pick 'em up an' feel their heft!  
Promenade like skeery cattle—  
Balance all an' swing yer sweets!  
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!  
Keno! Promenade to seats.

*Unknown*







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